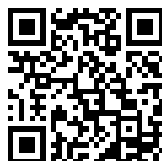

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BEYOND THE ROAD TO ROME

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS

Author of "Trammelings" and Editor of "Some Roads
to Rome in America" and "The American
Catholic Who's Who."

"One thing our Faith demands—
not to be condemned before it is known."

TERTULLIAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., 1914

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**✠ Joannes J. Glennon,
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TO
THE REV. F. BECHTEL, S.J.
OF ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF A
FRIENDSHIP AND INTEREST THAT
LED AND INSTRUCTED ME, UNTIL
I HAPPILY REACHED THE PATH
THAT LIES BEYOND THE
ROAD TO ROME

nd Bull 4/6, April 20, 1917 (T)x

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
408 NORTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE.

January the 25th, 1913.

Miss Georgina Pell Curtis,
5000 North Ashland Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Curtis:—

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 23rd instant by which you inform me that you are to publish a companion volume to your "Some Roads to Rome," entitled "Beyond the Road to Rome." I am very much pleased to hear this, and trust that it may receive the same cordial reception from the public as your first work.

Wishing you success in your laudable enterprise,
I am

Most Faithfully Yours in Xto.,

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The idea of editing this book came to me five years ago, when I had in preparation my first book, "Some Roads to Rome in America." Not wishing to depend entirely on my own judgment, however, I laid the plan of the proposed work before different members of the Hierarchy, and in reply received most kind and encouraging letters. Their Eminences, Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Farley; Archbishops Glennon, Ireland and Quigley; Bishops Canevin, Northrop and Garrigan; Monsignor Shahan of the Catholic University, and Father Hudson of the *Ave Maria*; one and all wrote to me and expressed their cordial approval.

Since then, six months have been devoted to the task, and in many ways it has proved a difficult one, chiefly because it was hard to make those who were asked to write understand the true object of the book. And that object is to convince non-Catholics that we converts remain where we are because we believe Divine Providence has led us; because we are satisfied; because we are sure our step was the right one; in a word — because we have not been disillusioned, as numerous people, before we took the step, predicted we would be.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Some of the stories herein deal exclusively with the Road beyond Rome; others touch on the Road to Rome, in order more clearly to explain what follows, or to point later experiences; and wherever this has seemed necessary, or helpful, or interesting, it has been allowed. Some of the articles are personal, others very impersonal; but each and all have their value as presenting some one objection entertained by non-Catholics against the Church; or some difficulty encountered by the convert because it was so new, or so unlike what he had been accustomed to in former days. And all these many questions and perplexities, it seems to me, have been well met and answered in these pages.

They should also make helpful reading to non-Catholics who have been drawn to the Church, but who are afraid to enter because of a thousand fears.

It is my earnest hope (and I am sure the wish of all those who have helped to make it), that this book may convince all doubting souls that there is no terror or regret in store for them if they enter the gate and set their feet on the road beyond; for the Good Shepherd leads the way. Out in the wilderness He has sought and found us; He it is who brings us within the Fold — strange, trembling, often afraid — to find therein rest and warmth and light, and the peace that passeth all understanding; because it is His own Sheepfold, within which we are fed in green pastures and led by the waters

EDITOR'S PREFACE

of comfort, till we reach that road which leads onward to Eternal Life. And so, with this hope in its mission for good, we who have made the book, send it forth.

Chicago, Ill.

September, 1913.

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BEYOND THE ROAD TO ROME

WILFRID EDWARDS ANTHONY,

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Architect; Writer.

Having been brought up amidst Protestant surroundings, I was sent to Sunday school at Plymouth Church, where the late Henry Ward Beecher was the pastor. It so happened that I never came into intimate contact with Catholics, nor even with Anglicans. I never dreamt of an historical Christianity until one Lent I attended the noon-day services of Old Trinity in New York. Once on leaving the church I helped myself to a little tract which gave a very clear and concise outline of the Christian religion from a strictly Catholic standpoint; and which, as my instructor subsequently pointed out, might easily be taught, with some few necessary exceptions, from any Catholic pulpit. This tract quite took me off my feet and gave me, as it were, an entirely new insight and interest in matters religious. By degrees I became less and less attached to pure Protestantism, frequenting various Angli-

can churches almost exclusively. At the end of about three years' time I decided to look for a suitable Anglican clergyman to whom I might go for further instruction. As I have said, I had no friends to whom I felt disposed to talk on matters pertaining to religion. I had never been to a Catholic service except on two occasions when I was quite a child, nor did I ever give a serious thought to the Catholic Church, although my prejudices were gradually decreasing.

At last I discovered the clergyman to whom I felt I could unburden my difficulties; so one day I gathered courage and set forth to call upon him. What was my surprise and disappointment on reaching his house to be informed that he had just gone to another charge in a city some hundreds of miles distant. For a time I was quite at a loss as to what course I should pursue. Divine Providence, however, did not leave me long in doubt. At this period I was superintending the erection of a library situated on a prominent thoroughfare. One day, on looking across the way, I saw a clergyman pass by whom I supposed to be the very one of whom I had been in quest. My thoughts were revolving quickly, and I suddenly determined to waive all ceremony, so I crossed the street and overtaking him accosted him then and there, believing him to have returned for a visit, and not daring to lose this opportunity which Providence seemed to have placed in my path. I greeted him with an

apology and asked him if he were not Mr. — of St. Mary's. He smiled very cordially and informed me that he was not, though he had frequently been mistaken for the clergyman in question, but that he was a Catholic priest. I well remember how I inwardly declared that whatever happened I would never become a Catholic! His genial manner caused me to thaw sufficiently to tell him some of my intentions. He gave me his card and invited me to call. This of course I took, at the same time firmly resolving never to avail myself of his invitation. But again my intentions were brought to naught, for by the end of that same week I went to see him. This was in December — the beginning of the end — for by the following Easter I was happily gathered into the Fold of Peter.

From that time on — thirteen years — I have been supremely happy in the consciousness of possessing that "faith once delivered to the Saints." Who but the convert can appreciate the wonderful peace and calm that follows in the wake of conversion to the One Catholic and Apostolic Church! Once the trying season of doubt and distress is passed, heart and mind are at rest, for the convert *knows* with a certainty not born of this world that so long as he remains faithful to the graces he has received, nothing can arise to disturb or overturn that placid calm upon which he has entered. The season immediately following conversion is full of

wonderful experiences and of welcome refreshment after so many struggles and gropings for the light. The convert is in a position readily to understand how it is that so many of the Catholic-born are able, serenely to accept almost wholesale, their religion on faith and without question. This the non-Catholic cannot grasp, ascribing the fact rather to ignorance or the influence of priestcraft, utterly failing to recognize the operations of the Holy Ghost.

The Catholic's outlook on life must of necessity be one of optimism, for he knows he cannot be wrong and that eventually the truth must win against the forces of evil and stubborn unbelief.

Another strange and noticeable feature of the Church as compared with the sects is her great and enduring toleration of her wayward children. She is not a cloak for smug respectability, but she is ever ready to welcome the return of the prodigal, no matter how often or how grievously he may have offended, and even though he be guilty of besmirching her fair name. Moreover, the Catholic grows old gracefully, and with an humble certainty of future happiness.

Our religion possesses a marvelous adaptability to the needs of human nature without regard to race, temperament or social position; it makes an appeal to the learned as well as to the ignorant, the artistic and the intellectual. There is no sphere which cannot be reasonably satisfied. Where out-

side the Catholic Church can we find that unique quality of the Pauline precept of being all things to all men; where else can we find such united diversity? It does not exist elsewhere, for without the Church diversity spells *division*. This must of necessity be the case where a visible head and a guiding hand are non-existent.

In conclusion — is it necessary for me to add that since my conversion I have never felt a single regret — save for my unworthiness in having been the recipient of so great a spiritual favor in making so vital a change — rather, every day it is borne in on me how great a privilege it is to be able to name oneself “a Catholic” when the opportunity arises.

HARRY S. BAGLEY,

BOSTON, MASS., AND WASHINGTON, D. C.

Secretary, Catholic Converts' League of Washington, now
employed in the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Dept.
of Agriculture.

Nearly five years ago I made the greatest decision of my life, and became a pilgrim on the Road to Rome. There was much hesitation on my part before I finally had courage to make the journey. Doubts and fears impeded my progress for many years, for I fully realized the seriousness of the step; and it was a long, hard mental struggle before I was finally ready to set out on my pilgrimage. There were no doubts as to the validity of the claims of the Church, no fears as to what the step would mean to me from a moral standpoint; but there were worldly considerations which made me doubtful, fearful and lacking in courage. Not until I had become reconciled to the thought of being isolated from home and friends, if needs be, and had come to the realization that I must take the step regardless of the earthly sacrifices that it might mean to me, did I receive the necessary grace which led me from darkness to light, from uncertainty to certainty, and from unrest to contentment.

After having made all necessary preparations I faced the East; I went to Rome. There I found greater joys in store for me than I had anticipated. The light was clearer and brighter than I had expected to find it; the certainty and contentment which I have enjoyed through the possession of that knowledge has brought a fuller measure of satisfaction and happiness into my life than I had thought it could bring.

It would be a strange order of things if one who had been blind from birth were suddenly to have his physical sight restored; and, after enjoying the beauties of the universe in which he lived, should deliberately walk away from the light, burying himself in some cavernous pit, where no ray of sunshine ever illumined his vision, there to end his days in darkness and desolation. Not less strange would it be for a convert who has once seen the light of Faith ever to turn away from it. Rather will his cry be "More light! More light!" for with certainty he knows that he must work out his salvation while his soul still has the light to assist him, for the "night cometh when no man can work." Nor can he gain this light by closing his eyes whenever he sees an opportunity before him, nor by jealously hiding the luminous spark which he has received at baptism. Rather will he exert himself to gain further knowledge by prayer and good works, by carefully reading well-chosen literature, and by a systematic course of study taken up with

even more zeal than when he looked at the claims of the Church from without the Fold. Then will he more fully comply with the Divine injunction: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven."

It has been my experience that on every side — at home, at my place of employment, among acquaintances and friends — there is always an opportunity to show the world that our holy religion is practical, that it fills the needs of our everyday lives, that it is truly a part of our existence, without which we would not feel the peace and contentment which tend to make the rough places smooth. A convert should not be content to rest from his labors after accomplishing his own conversion. Surely no offering could be more pleasing to Our Divine Lord than to assist in the saving of souls, and in this age of gross materialism and irreligion, nobody can say that there is not a broad field for the layman to work in.

I have always been impressed with the fact that the Catholic Church is an institution which was founded for everybody. Taking the Church as an edifice, it is built for service. While it is true that much attention is paid to the ornate, the chief purpose for which it is constructed is to serve the throngs which are in daily or weekly attendance at Divine services. A non-Catholic once asked me why our Church floors are without carpets, and

why we do not provide our pews with comfortable cushions, and, still further, why our kneeling-benches are so bare and hard. I had but to refer to the thousands of worshippers who use the Church to convince him that a Catholic Church could hardly be furnished like a drawing-room.

Beyond the Road to Rome, I have found that "Universal Brotherhood" which makes us all brothers in Christ, where rich and poor, white and black, saint and sinner, are united in one common cause, namely, the worship of Almighty God. Not only in public worship is this brotherhood in evidence. What lodge, fraternal order, or charitable association does as much to provide for the sick, the poor and the orphans as our Holy Mother, the Church? Down through the ages she has proved her right to the sacred name of "Mother" to her children. Our joys are her joys, our sorrows her sorrows, and we, as her children, know that between her and us there is a complete and permanent union. We may for a time live apart from her and forget that she is silently grieving and waiting for us to return, yet when trials and sorrows come until they are too great for us to bear, it is Holy Mother Church that brings peace into our hearts and wipes away our tears. Instinctively we turn to her, always confident that out of the fullness of her heart, we will receive that of which we are in the greatest need.

Beyond the Road to Rome I have found a spir-

itual mother, brothers and sisters, a consecrated home in which Christ is the Divine Host at every Eucharistic Banquet. I have found the one spot in all creation where the Voice speaks to me: "Be still, and know that I am God."

LAURA M. BAKER,

REDLANDS, HARPSDEN, HENLEY-ON-THAMES, ENGLAND.

Hon. Secretary of the Correspondence Guild for Inquiries (in relation to Catholic doctrine) of London; a convert from Judaism; received into the Church, 1897. Daughter of Philip Salomons of Brighton; niece of the late Sir David Salomons, first Jewish Lord Mayor of London, and first Jew to sit in the English Parliament.

It is now quite thirty years ago since I went for the first time into a Catholic church, simply for the music, and singing, of which I am very fond. After that I went at long intervals, for the same reason. I also went now and again to the Anglican High Church, but did not like it, as I wondered why they imitated Catholic worship without being Catholic; I went also to the ordinary church of England service. That again puzzled me, as the two services were so unlike each other, and yet both were of the Church of England. Some years after this I became acquainted with some Catholic ladies, of whom I asked questions. Now and then I went with them to church, and they loaned me books, among them being the *Imitation of Christ*, which gave me the idea, for the first time, of reading the New Testament, which Jewish people do not read,

as part of the Bible. These two books, the Imitation and the New Testament, were sufficient to bring about my ultimate conversion. In the Gospels I saw how, in all things, Catholics follow Christ's teachings, and I decided that if ever I became a Christian it could only be as a Catholic. The wonderful correlation between the seventy-one members of the Sanhedrim, presided over by the law-giver, Moses, and the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord; with the High Priests in the Old dispensation, and the Apostles in the New, at once claimed my attention. They seemed to me to find their logical fulfillment in the Vicar of Christ, and the College of Cardinals. The Pope, through the Church, speaks with the same authority as did the High Priest presiding over the Sanhedrim. Protestants, on the contrary, have no teaching head and no unity, while all the Catholic churches I have been to were exactly alike; and then the fact that they alone did what Christ commanded made me certain in my own mind that the Catholic church was the true one.

Although born and bred in Judaism, whenever I went into a Catholic church I wished I could really believe as its members did, and could join in the services as a Catholic. I knew, however, that to become a Christian was a momentous question; it meant trouble not only for me, but for those about me, and I knew I should have to make up my mind to face a very hard time. However,

the Grace of God was given to me. I took the step and was received into the Church sixteen years ago. The months following were filled with severe discipline and suffering, but never for one instant have I regretted the step I took. Now, as Hon. Secretary for the "Correspondence Guild for Enquiring Protestants," I have the means of helping others to find that peace which is found nowhere so perfectly as in the fold of the one true church.

HON. NICHOLAS D. BECK,

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Judge of the Supreme Court of Alberta.

It is almost thirty years since — Deo Gratias — I was received into the Catholic Church — Civitas Dei Regnum Cœlorum.

The Vatican Council declares: “. . . the Catholic Church by itself, with its marvelous extension, its eminent holiness, and its inexhaustible fruitfulness in every good thing; with its Catholic unity and its invincible stability, is a great and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefutable witness of its own divine mission.” All that I have since learned, from past or contemporary history, from personal observation in many lands and personal intercourse with people of many nationalities, and of many religions or none, has gone to make the truth of the Council’s declaration more and more vivid, and more deeply embedded in both heart and intellect.

“Unum Corpus et unus Spiritus” (Eph. iv. 4)
“Credo in Unum Sanctam sanctificantem Ecclesiam” (St. Thomas Aquin, Summa Theol.).

I cannot conceive my joyous belief in the Cath-

olic Church ceasing except, perhaps, if possibly I permitted my heart to be corrupted; for then my mind might be darkened and the gift of faith withdrawn. So long at least as my *Confiteor* is sincere my *Credo* is invincible.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS BEESLEY,

BY HIS SON,

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY, M.A.; F.P.G.

Thomas Beesley—born in Birmingham, England, on the Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M., September 8, 1829. Educated Oxford. Anglican. Physicist and Inventor. Converted to Catholicism in America shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. Died in Chicago, Illinois, on the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, Holy Week, 1902.

In a very real sense is this memoir written "Beyond the Road to Rome," for my father had been a dweller in the Eternal City for three decades when first I looked upon its towers and battlements. Another decade has elapsed since his departure for the Heavenly City, the New Jerusalem, yet the religious impressions which he left upon my mind are as fresh and vivid now, as are those of yesterday. And I shall always hold his memory in benediction for the heritage of Faith which he bequeathed to me. To be born within the gates of Rome is a privilege immeasurably precious!

Peculiar difficulties present themselves to one who would describe another's life within the Church and yet who did not struggle with him along the

road that leads to the Holy City. It is hard to measure, in the first place, the full joy of the realization of the long-sought ideal. Again, it is not easy to express the firmness of conviction of her Truth, which daily intimacy with the Church increases in those of candid mind and earnest purpose. Nor can one truly know how exquisitely sweet are the spiritual fruits of God's kingdom on earth, to the eager lips and hearts that are tasting them in all their fullness after a long and parching journey. "To him that thirsteth, I will give of the fountain of the water of life, freely. He that shall overcome shall possess these things, and I will be his God; and he shall be my son" (Apoc. XXI—6, 7).

Perhaps, however, one may be permitted to choose and to select incidents which, though widely separated in time and kind, might serve to indicate the character of the dwelling that sheltered my father at the end of his road to Rome. He was a native of that distant isle which even Cæsar could not "pacify," and the very mention of whose name in early centuries was full of terror for the magnificent but pagan city on the banks of the river Tiber. And yet, in later centuries, the captains of God's army sent out from Rome invaded that land with the Cross as their sword and the Gospel as their buckler, and won it unto Christ! And from that conquest many roads have since led back to Rome. The débris of the Reformation seemed, for a time, to close them with impassable barriers. But, with

time, the pendulum was swinging back until, with Newman and the Oxford Movement, the hour of the Catholic revival in England struck. It was a profoundly serious moment for religion in England when, between the years 1840 and 1852, ninety-two members of the University of Oxford, sixty-three of whom were clergymen, and forty-three members of Cambridge, of whom nineteen had taken holy orders, entered the Catholic Church!

Father found his path into the Church, as a distant aftermath of this great event. It required resolute courage for him to carry out his convictions, but the temporary unhappiness and trials it brought him were as nothing to the great peace and joy which he knew during his long life at the end of the Way. His whole course seemed to be under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He was born upon the feast of Her Nativity. He was received into the Church in the Springtime. He died upon the feast of the Annunciation, in Holy Week. It was only in the Church itself that he found the true meaning of devotion to the Mother of God, which so many of those outside the fold so grievously and hopelessly misunderstand. He found that the term "Mariolatry" was only the invention of narrow and prejudiced minds. That to whatever extent occasional exaggerations in the utterances of devotion were to be deplored, still the essence and soul of the veneration paid to the Mother of the Messiah was beyond question reverent and

logical. The dignity, the glory, the sanctity of Mary, was to father what it was to Wordsworth:

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

His devotion to the Queen of Angels was constant and intense in its zeal. It is scarcely too much to say that it colored his whole life in the Church. And is it irreverent to consider as something more than a unique coincidence that the day of his birth was also the feast of the Virgin's Nativity, and the day of his death the feast of the Annunciation?

Father, too, had an ardent love for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Like Newman, to him nothing was "so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us." He "could attend Masses forever, and not be tired." It was to him, as to Newman, "a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth . . . not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. . . . There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it."

The Real Presence of God upon the altar in the Blessed Sacrament was a sublime and humbling glory to father's heart and soul. He realized how long he had been without the true Bread of Life, how dry for him had been the Fountain of Waters. Here at last there was peace, here was strength, here was consolation. All the sacramental uncertainty was gone, all the quibblings swept aside, all the fallacies exposed. Now was there complete assurance of validity, complete conviction of truth, now the comfort of the Sacrament of Penance, now the Divine Presence in Holy Communion.

And some of the sweetest moments of father's life in Rome were those times when, weary or depressed or worried, he would pause on his way home in the late afternoon, and enter the little Gothic parish church to kneel in prayer before the Throne of Christ, there to receive into his soul that refreshment which is promised those who are burdened and who come unto Him. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the just and his ears unto their prayers" (1 St. Peter iii, 12). Those precious quarter hours of prayer were one of the greatest treasures which father found beyond the Road. There was a quickening of his spiritual pulse, and a stimulating of his religious consciousness—for here was the *true* Church. The other, the Church of England, now so evidently a merely human institution, seemed but a rapidly receding memory of the distant past.

Father was essentially a forward-looking man.

Perhaps to his scientific experimentation was due this philosophizing on the future in which he frequently indulged. The possibilities of mechanics and of electricity fascinated him, but never to the point of domination over the things more purely of the intellect. He believed with Bishop Spalding that the more machinery entered into the daily life of the world, the more evident it was that man's highest and truest sphere was the world of thought, of love, of aspiration. Consequently, the problems of higher education and particularly of *religious* education extensively engaged his thought. I emphasize *religious*, because to father it hardly admitted of argument that religion is man's first and deepest concern—"seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice." The future of the race depends so much upon proper education, and away from the experienced guidance of the Church so much that is false is taught as dogma, that father was distressed by the purely rationalistic, almost materialistic trend of modern instruction. Especially so after his conversion, although he was always keenly interested in the Church's attitude towards education. He was, of course, perfectly familiar before entering Catholicism with the various stock criticisms hurled at Rome in this regard, and with the venerable calumnies that Rome is an enemy to progress, a foe to education, the represser of freedom of intellect, and always opposed to science. A university man himself, he had particular scorn for those in the

chairs of learning who held such benighted views. And his every day spent at the end of the road to Rome, convinced him more and more that those who uttered such senseless criticisms were victims either of the prejudice of others, or of their own culpable lack of correct information.

Perhaps what I am going to relate may not be with the strictest propriety considered one of father's religious experiences during his life in Catholicism, but his great interest in matters educational and his profound conviction of the teaching office of the Church was so marked as really to merit a place herein. For every succeeding year of his life as a Catholic convinced him more and more that the Church's stand in the education of the race guaranteed true progress, liberal enlightenment and genuine Christianity. Nor did he find, after joining the Church, that it was necessary to sacrifice any liberty or any freedom of thought, for license is never liberty and free thinking is never real freedom of thought — even had he ever indulged in them. And so it is to this particular, though it is hoped not extraneous point, that the present memoir will now be directed, in the humble trust that perchance it may discover the anathema-breathing dragon supposed to lie in wait behind the gates of Rome ready to seize upon and devour the unwary intellectual who venture therein, and to prove it is a superstition and a myth, unworthy of the credence of mature minds!

It is a matter of fact that professional men are

apt to be narrow and one-sided, to think in a groove, to see only some of the important aspects of a question, with a biased opinion as the result. Histories are not unseldom written after this fashion, and are correspondingly worthless. Luther, to take a common example, is portrayed as having given the Bible to the world, whereas there are bibles in existence printed in German and in Germany *the year Luther was born*. Physical scientists have deduced that there is no God from the fact that their telescopes did not reveal His presence in the heavens. When the microscope will not discover for them the tissue of the soul they conclude that it does not exist. And, with these pseudo-scientists it is a common thing to confuse the unimaginable and the unthinkable and then proceed to tear the New Testament to tatters. They are, like Iago, "nothing if not critical." With such, father never had any patience. He could understand how a man might be a skillful physician, an acute lawyer, a trained theologian, and yet lack mental culture, but only on the ground of a complete lack of all religion could he comprehend the caprices of pseudo-science. For were not Copernicus, Bacon, Descartes, Galileo, Newton, Ampère, Faraday, Leibnitz, Pasteur, and Mme. Curie, Christians?

Nor did father find in the Church the constantly reactionary body against which he had been solemnly warned. He *did* find a conservative tendency, but the truth is always conservative. It is the false which flies with the winds. And he found a sane

and progressive conservatism, which has always been able to adapt itself to constantly changing environment, to the character of every people and the particular wants of every age. Had she not been so, the Church would long ago have been face to face with the hopeless problem now confronting Protestantism — which cannot reach the poor and cannot hold the rich. In fact, college mates of mine have said to me upon occasion in all simplicity: "Your church seems to have all the poor people." Their obvious, though unconsciously snobbish, implication being that their own denominations (usually Episcopalian or Presbyterian), held all the cultured people. What folly! The reply seemed to surprise them, that it was one of the glories of the Church that unto the poor the Gospel is preached. Yet that same Gospel is listened to in her edifices by the most cultured and those in the very highest station, who kneel at the canon of the Mass side by side with the laborer and the peasant!

The attitude was as prevalent, almost, in father's day as it is in ours, that Faith is something to be sneered at, something to be rejected by the reasoning, intellectual man. And by Faith was meant, generally, the acceptance of Revelation and adherence to the Catholic Church. Those who dwell at the end of the Road, and many who, by the will of God, as yet do not, know that knowledge begins and ends in Faith. Father, with them, did not consider that he stultified his intellect when he accepted au-

thority,—or when he acknowledged infallible dogmatic utterance. But he *did* consider that the inevitable logical conclusion to any *denial* of infallibility was the denial of revelation itself. Nor did he find that the Church kept her children in intellectual darkness—for he knew that the oracles in the temples of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome had been silenced by the voice of the Church, that superstition had given way to Truth, that the shrines of the gods were now the foundations of many a basilica! Father did not live to witness the advent of the Modernists, or to behold some of the extravagances of “higher criticism”; but if he had I doubt if he would have been much perturbed by some of their animadversions. There have always been great minds in the Church, and men have been searching the Scriptures for centuries! Indeed, as Bishop Spalding says, “No gift is incompatible with true religion; for has not the Church intellects as many-sided and as high as Augustine and Chrysostom, Dante and Calderon, Descartes and Da Vinci, De Vega and Cervantes, Bossuet and Pascal, Saint Bernard and Gregory the Seventh, Aquinas and Michael Angelo, Mozart and Fénelon?”

No, the Catholic Church has never been the foe of education, provided that it was correct education. One must confess that at times the instruments which impart education are imperfect and yield imperfect results. This should not be, especially now at a time in which “education has be-

come the potent factor in the world's progress, in which our manifold and ever-growing science has placed in our hands new and undreamed-of forces wherewith to direct and control political, social, and economic life." It was always father's opinion that the Church could not afford to be represented by ministers who were not thoroughly cultured, or by laymen who were imperfectly instructed. The battle is too keen for the captains to be other than men of might! And especially now when higher education is rapidly coming within the possibilities of the many and is no longer the privilege of the few. Those who represent the Church must not only be trained in the things of God, but also as well in the earthly things of the mind — for culture and faith go hand in hand, and the Church of God who is the teacher of Truth must necessarily be an imparter of culture. Hers have been many of the great minds of the past — hers must also be, if the signs of the times are an augury, most of the great minds of the future!

Princeton University,
Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, 1913.

THE VERY REV. MONSIGNOR ROBERT
HUGH BENSON, M.A.

BUNTINGFORD, HERTS, ENGLAND.

Privy Chamberlain since 1911 to His Holiness the Pope; son of the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury; author of "The Light Invisible," "By What Authority," "The King's Achievement," "Lord of the World," "Richard Raynal, Solitary," "Come Rack, Come Rope," "The Religion of the Plain Man," and numerous other works.

The only sound reason for submitting to the Catholic Church is that the illuminating Grace of God, acting through the channels of intellect and emotion and intuition, and other faculties and powers of human nature, forms a conviction in the convert's whole being that that Church is the one organ of Divine Revelation, and aids the will to act upon that conviction.

To give an exhaustive account, therefore, of all the parts of this process, in the case of any individual, is of course a hopeless impossibility. The man who falls in love with a woman, who marries her and thereby stakes his future upon her fidelity, who lives with her in harmony and joy, and finds that his act of faith was abundantly justified, cannot, for all that, analyze precisely all the minute details that urged him to it; still less can he describe

the passion that knit those details into a coherent unity. Much less, therefore, can a convert to Catholicism who, also, "fell in love" with God as presented to him in the Visible Society which is Christ's Body, give an exact account of all that experience. He can only indicate very vaguely the kind of lines along which his conviction was formed.

Briefly: in my pre-Catholic days, when, partly because of the hopeless divisions in Protestant Christianity, and partly because of the alluring aspect of Catholicism, I began to reconsider my position, I found that there were two points from which light might be expected. The first was Scripture, and the second was History. For here are two things that come from God, and each of them outside of myself. Scripture, I believed in common with Christians in general, to be the Word of God; and History is a kind of record of God's dealings with men — a working out, so to speak, of the principles revealed in Scripture. A good deal might be expected, therefore, from a comparison of one with another. They stand in the same kind of relations, one with the other, as a book on arithmetic would to a blackboard covered with calculations.

Now Scripture, it is notorious, is capable of innumerable interpretations, if the one guide to its meaning lies in Private Judgment. Five equally learned and devout men may read such a sentence as "This is My Body," or "Whosoever sins you

forgive, they are forgiven," and interpret it each in his own way. Now, in spite of this drawback, Private Judgment was, as a matter of fact, the best and indeed, the only instrument I had; since the very point on which I was in doubt was as to the existence, or the identification of any other. I could not accept (so soon as my doubts became formidable) the teaching of the Anglican Church as to the meaning of Scripture, since it was precisely of this right of Anglicanism to teach that I doubted. Neither could I any more accept the Catholic teaching, since I also doubted of this. Still less could I accept blindly the authority of any individual, however learned or holy, since first it is obvious I could not give Divine Faith to a mere man like myself, and secondly, there was always to be found another equally learned or holy man who contradicted the first.

I was left then with Private Judgment, and Private Judgment only, as my guide. I was forced to hope that since I was responsible for my own soul (and no one else) God would help and illuminate that Reason which, though fallible and limited, still was a gift from Him.

I turned first to Scripture then, and tried to read it without prejudice, as if it were a direct message from God to me. I knew it was much more than this; but at least it was this. I had already read all the controversialists I could find on either side; but like the woman in the Gospel who had spent all

her substance upon physicians, I grew worse. I tried, therefore, to set all these aside, and to come to Christ so far as He showed Himself to me in the garments of Scripture.

Now my Private Judgment upon Scripture told me that the simplest interpretation of Christ's words, as regarded the authority by which Christianity must be interpreted, was that He appointed Peter to be the Head of His Church, and that He intended the office of Peter to be the permanent foundation of that Church. The "Good Shepherd" bade Peter feed His sheep; the "One Foundation" named Cephas as the Rock on which the Church should be built; the "Door" gave Peter the Keys. These, and twenty-six other less significant texts, appeared to my Private Judgment, therefore, to support the Roman Catholic claims.

But how was I to test the soundness of my view? The only other guide I had was, as has been said, History. So I turned to History in its broadest aspect; and there I became aware of a startling corroboration of my view. For I found, roughly speaking, that those Christians who based their religion upon that view, were remarkable throughout the whole world, and through the whole course of it, for complete unanimity upon all other points of doctrine; that they produced Saints such as no other body produced; and that those signs and marvels accompanied them which Christ said should accompany His disciples.

And, on the other side, I found that those who rejected the Petrine claims were notoriously dis-united on points of doctrine, that they did not produce that supernatural type of holiness which is called sanctity, and that they were beginning to give up even a belief in that kind of supernatural intervention which is called miraculous.

History, then, seemed to me to corroborate that which appeared to be the evident meaning of Scripture, and the record of God in His dealings with men in general. It ratified the record of that particular and unique dealing of God with men which we call Revelation.

It was along these lines, therefore, that the Grace of God acted in my particular case. Since my conversion to the Catholic Church, it has still been along those lines that my faith has been confirmed and strengthened; for I suppose it is unnecessary to say that it has been so strengthened. As I look back on Protestantism, or upon Anglicanism in particular, I am amazed that it ever could have held me at all. I cannot conceive — (although I know that such is the case) — that it can retain to-day one intelligent prayerful man, or that it can give, as it undoubtedly does give to some temperaments, a sense of stability and security. I can only conclude that such men, in spite of their intelligence and their prayer, do not really face the question as to the foundation on which their faith rests, but remain content with the Objects of Faith. They know and love Jesus

Christ; they mistake the overflowing grace which He gives in answer to their love, for actual Sacramental Grace, they study and revere the Scriptures; and it seems to them, when perplexity rises, that those Objects of Faith, and His Grace, are sufficient — (as indeed they are, if men are true to conscience).

But they do not seriously penetrate to the grounds of faith, or if they do, they start back appalled by the sacrifices — (I do not mean pecuniary or worldly sacrifices) — which a change of religion would involve: they start back from such acts of abject humility, for instance, as the acceptance of Rome's judgment of the Orders of their clergy, and take refuge again in the objects of faith and ordinary unsacramental grace.

For the whole system under which they live is one wild and whirling confusion. Scarcely two of them agree altogether as to the place of Authority in Christ's Religion, or its scope, or its limitations; scarcely two of them can agree as to where that Authority resides, or how it speaks, or when. And yet without an Authority, there cannot be a Revelation; for a Revelation is not that which men work out for themselves; it is a body of truth which God proposes. How, therefore, does God propose this? By what authority?

I find, then, this confusion everywhere, wherever the Petrine authority is not accepted; or if not confusion, at least stagnation.

Then, when as a Catholic of ten years' standing, I turn to the Church of which I am a member by God's grace, I find precisely the opposite. There are quarrels, indeed, among Catholics; there are unedifying incidents and persons; there are as many divisions, in purely human matters, as among Protestants on divine matters. But amongst Catholics, on divine matters, there are no divisions at all. That tiny fragment of history, of which I have had personal experience, once more corroborates and ratifies — (as did the general history which I studied before my conversion) — that which so long ago appeared to me as the evident meaning of Scripture. *Ubi Petrus; Ibi Ecclesia. Where Peter is, there is the Church;* there is, and nowhere else, an intelligible coherent Authority such as revelation demands; there is unity and clearness on those matters on which alone we have a right to demand unity and clearness — on affairs of Faith and Morals, by which alone we can please God and come to Him.

So, too, as I regard Scripture through Catholic eyes, I find a unity and a coherence that I could never find as an Anglican. There are the great Representatives of God in the Old Law, Moses, Aaron, Samuel, David — men who each sustained and represented one function of Him who is Law-giver, Priest, Prophet and King, and who should follow and fulfill these types hereafter. Here is the Church of Visible Unity of the Old Law, that "peculiar people" chosen out from the world as a

model, in spite of all their shortcomings and infidelities; as a type in spite of their deformities. Here is the ordered code of worship and sacrifice and faith and morals, revealed by God, and embodied in Israel.

Then Christ comes, not to destroy, but to fulfill, to break down not one growth of God's garden, but only its boundaries, that all the earth may be Paradise. And therefore the Church of the Old Dispensation must become the Church of the New, and the New must keep the glory of the Old, without its limitations. Here, therefore, stands the New Jerusalem, come down from God out of Heaven. It is Visibly One as the Old was Visibly One; it too has its sacrifices, its worship, its faith and its morals revealed by God and embodied in the new Israel — no longer one nation, but all of every tongue, and people and tribe. And here, above all, is the New Representative of Christ, bearing all together that of which Moses and David, and Aaron and Samuel could each bear but a part; here is the very Vicar of Christ Himself, a Lawgiver under God, binding in Heaven what he binds on earth; a Prophet in that he is safeguarded from uttering error; a King since he is their father and overlord under Christ; a Priest after the Order of Melchisedech.

It is the Catholic Church which alone makes sense of Scripture, as it is the Catholic Church alone that is the key to history.

I suspected this when I first submitted to her authority; and now, after ten years, I can only say in the words of the Queen of Sheba when she saw the glory of Solomon, that "the half was not told me."

MALTON BOYCE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Director of St. Matthew's Choir, Washington; cousin of Lord Alverstone, late Lord Chief Justice of England.

I

It may perhaps not be amiss in writing these experiences to relate shortly the circumstances before, as well as after my reception into the Church.

To begin with, then, I was brought up very strictly Church of England, and very early taught to abhor all forms of dissent from that church, by which was meant all sects of Protestantism, of which there was one in the village in England, where my father was and still is Vicar. I well remember as a child the superior air with which we always looked down on "Chapel people" as we called them, and the feeling almost of horror that always gripped me as I went by their little ugly chapel and the annoyance I felt because it was nearer to the center of the village than my father's church. This church, I may remark, is a perfectly beautiful specimen of a small medieval English Church (built by Bodley only about 20 years ago), with rood screen and Lady Chapel, all exquisitely proportioned; worthy in every way for a House of God; and it

naturally was a great attraction to us, and was very much admired.

Of Catholics I knew then nothing: the one and only impression I ever had of them was that they worshipped the Virgin Mary, for so I remember being told. This was firmly engraved on my mind; personally, however (though I did not say so), I did not see any great harm in it, even if others did! I never came into contact with any Catholics at all, indeed it was not until I was fifteen that I went to reside permanently in a large town; of which more later. Of dogma or doctrine I assimilated nothing; nor of course did I learn of Grace as we understand it. I did learn the catechism in the Book of Common Prayer, as far as the words went, but the hold it had on my reason, my will, or my heart, was absolutely nil. I do not speak of what my instructors wished to teach, but of what I learnt; of what I apprehended; of what made a conscious impression on my young mind. But that those who were my instructors had themselves any very clear idea of what the particular doctrines they taught meant, I do not now believe; in fact, I do not know to this day what is my father's attitude towards certain burning questions that are troubling the Church of England, much less what he believes of the various doctrines of Christianity, as, for example, the Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. But that he has strong opinions and an exceedingly strong will to back them up I do know. The fate of the Church

of England seems to be an inability to teach dogmas because there is no authority behind them, however much her individual ministers may firmly believe them to be true. They remain really and only opinions, which each member may hold for himself as he pleases. That they do so hold them is proved in every parish in England and America; wherever in fact the Church of England is, there is diversity of opinion on fundamental doctrines, on the nature and number of the Sacraments, not only among the laity, but more so among her ministers, of whom part now call themselves priests, though this claim is fiercely repudiated by the other part; facts which must utterly prevent any teaching with success. She agrees perfectly on the multiplication table, and is in consequence able to teach it with confidence and success; the same may be said in a perhaps lesser degree of the other sciences and arts; in religion alone, England is so far from unanimity that actual variability of opinion is not only not to be shunned, but is even thought highly desirable.

At the age of fourteen I went to Nottingham to stay for a short time with my uncle, a very definite and High Churchman. I well remember the interest I felt at my first "High Mass," with the lights, the acolytes, and the pleasurable smell of incense, the music, etc.; how very much more interesting I thought it than the, to me, monotonous service of Matins or Morning Prayer. Here at my uncle's I first heard the word Catholic used with a definite meaning.

It conveyed, however, but one thing to my mind, and that was expressed in a question to him, one day, which must, I fear, have annoyed him by its obtuseness: "You mean Roman Catholic, of course?" He denied it; "No, no; *Anglo* Catholic," was his answer, and I said no more, but nevertheless I was of the same opinion still! Not indeed that I thought it any particular harm; only to my unsophisticated mind it appeared passing strange, even impossible, that two such opposites as his Church and my father's could belong to the same organization.

He always insisted on our going to "Mass" every Sunday; he always himself received Communion fasting; he heard Confessions (though this I did not know until later), and sang Requiem Masses, and was most definite in his teaching as far as he went, that is, up to the Supremacy of the Pope (and perhaps also the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception); there he stopped short, unlike one of his greatest friends (now a devoted Catholic Priest) who used, I learnt later, to advocate even that doctrine (I believe from the pulpit)!

About one year later I went to stay in the small town of Guilford, where there was a large and fashionable church. Here I received Confirmation and Holy Communion according to the Church of England. I was carefully prepared; and later was asked by the Assistant Curate who was "instructing" me, and who was somewhat "High Church" (though in contradiction to the Church he was in) if I cared

to go to Confession, which I did. The book we followed was Mortimer's Catholic Faith. Both my Confession and Communion, however, were highly emotional, a very undesirable state for me, as I can now see, and equally of course this intense feeling very quickly vanished, leaving me worse off than before. How could it be otherwise? I had no Faith, nor yet any foundation on which to rest what little I believed from reading Mortimer's book.

Shortly afterwards I returned to the city where my uncle lived, but this time to a church position where I played the organ and studied music in many of its branches, under my master to whom I was articled, and of whom I shall have more to say. In this church were also taught practically the same doctrines as my uncle held.

By, and on what authority, they and he taught these advanced doctrines I do not know. Certainly not by that of their Bishop or the two Archbishops of the Anglican Church; certainly not with the authority of the Church of Rome, for she repudiated them and their pretensions; and it requires considerable stretching of the Book of Common Prayer for it to stand as endorsing such doctrines, where it does not actually condemn them. They had no church to which they could appeal with any hope of recognition, much less approval. Theirs was and is only private judgment once removed; they have taken an idea of a Church and set it up, and taught what they imagined to be its teachings. There

never was any such Church as they seem to claim, and it does not seem likely that there ever will be,

Here, then, I first began to learn something about these doctrines, to read about and to comprehend my faith, and to try to give some reason for it. Here, also, I was brought into contact with many people, some of them Catholics, even Catholic Priests — Roman Catholics as I called them.

Here my Master, who was and always had been a most advanced Churchman, took me for the first time into the Catholic Cathedral; the first time I had ever been in any Catholic Church, and I well remember my sudden fear lest I should be perhaps seized by some Priest and taken I knew not where! Foolish, of course; but such is the power of the Protestant Tradition of which Newman speaks in his wonderful *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*. At the Cathedral entrance was the familiar stand of Pamphlets, which — my first visit being only one of many, in accordance with a broad minded theory that we and they were all one Church — I soon took to reading eagerly, and with which I very soon learned to agree; pamphlets which have made clear to me so many points, because of their clean cut, logical, but at the same time gentle reasoning in relation to the differences between the Church and the sects, of which there are so many. Here, too, I learned to know and love that wonderful Chant, so melodious, so placid, so prayerful, so elevating, the Plain Chant which we invariably used

at our own Church at "High Mass" and Evensong. It was here, too, that I soon assimilated all the most advanced doctrines put forward by the High Church Party, and in particular I was quite firmly convinced, from the evidences of Scripture, and the testimony of the Fathers, that the Pope was the Head of the Church, to which I believed I belonged; indeed, at a later period we fiercely denied the Church of England any right to think for herself on any matter of Faith or Morals, and scarcely of Discipline or Ceremonial. We believed in the whole Church, and granted no powers to such a minute fraction of it as the two Provinces of Canterbury and York.

This was our last stand: Why go over to Rome? said we: here we are, with our beautiful churches, built after Catholic models, with Catholic services (so they were outwardly), with Catholic Doctrines; we have everything (so we said), we believe everything, why can we not be content with all these things, what more can anyone want?

There was one thing, however, that rankled always, nay more, pierced me through as an arrow, each time I read it, or heard it read, or thought of it: "*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.*" Were we with Peter? In the soul, yes! In the body? Could

I so deceive myself as to think that? It was on the face of it, an absurdity. Well, then, but was it necessary to be in the body with Peter? Was everything that was not with him against him? I procrastinated; I delayed thinking about that; I was held by our own beautiful service, the wonderful melody of the English of the King James Bible, and more especially of the Psalms of the Book of Common Prayer, in comparison with which the Catholic Musical Service was an abomination to me and the Catholic translations a thorn in the flesh; perhaps also I was held by "bread and butter" reasons, as we called them afterwards. • Yes! feeble reasons indeed they are I know; but those who have trodden the same path know how hard it is to "let go" and what frail threads for excuses one will cling to at such a time. But the measureless, resistless might of the Mercy of God was pushing me on (as I see now) and one memorable day, Oct. 12, 1902 (curiously enough, or rather, as I prefer to think supernaturally enough; my Name Saint's Day), moved by some definite impulse, I got up from some work I was doing, went out to the Cathedral, not five minutes' walk away, and there before the Blessed Sacrament I knelt and made an Act of Faith in the Catholic Church. I believed I had crossed the Rubicon; whatever happened afterwards, nothing could undo that. I went at once and wrote home to the effect that I must become a Catholic. By return of post came letters imploring me not to do anything

of the kind, in any case not to be hasty, above all things not to do anything in a hurry. Such indeed was the general chorus, from all my relations and friends. While it did not in the least change my mind, it had its effect. In any case, I was not prepared to move at once, for I had nothing settled, except to become a Catholic. Thank God nothing changed that, and although unable to see any way before me, this settled decision remained with me.

Practically nothing more was said for perhaps fifteen or sixteen months, when through differences with the Rector, I lost my position. Here then was the point for which I had been waiting. No excuse could avail me now, and so I wrote home again that I had, as they wished, waited — too long indeed — and since I was of precisely the same mind as in the previous October year, I proposed to become a Catholic at once. Then came more letters, full of astonishment. "Why, we thought you had forgotten all about it, you never referred to it." Forgotten! Had I ever forgotten for even one day? There followed all the old arguments with which converts will all be painfully familiar. When these were of no avail they made the most trying appeal of all: "Do come home and talk it over." I felt then, and I am convinced now, that the mercy of God, which had opened the way for me to this point, showed me that here was the most dangerous argument of all; if I went home it would be to walk away from the light and to lose the oppor-

tunity then granted me; and I can never be sufficiently thankful for the grace that gave me courage to say: "Could I be instructed by the Priest in the little mission in the nearest town?" The answer was "no;" nor could I go to my sister (who had married a clergyman), and be instructed while there by any Priest. For the first time then in my life I flatly disobeyed my father. I refused to go home; and again the Lord opened a way for me. A certain Priest whom I had known previously, and who was in charge of a mission, wrote me or told me (I forget which: I forget, too, how he knew of my predicament) to come and stay with him and he would give me instruction. I went; and one of the first letters I received there was one from my father containing a check, which he could ill afford, for fear, he said, I should be short of funds. Such kindness, as unexpected as it was welcome, was truly hard to receive, when I had so to wound him in return. Only by setting my mind firmly on the goal, closing my eyes to earthly sentiments and affections, and pressing forward blindly, indifferent to feelings, was I able to withstand the pressure. Never shall I forget the next five weeks, nor the careful and solid instruction I received from that devoted Priest; nor will the memory ever fade of that morning when the telegram, the answer to an inquiry as to when I could be received, came from a Priest in the same town where I had lived so long, and by whom I was for various reasons to be received,

saying just this: "Thursday at eleven." I have it still, this telegram, that meant so much to me.

Thither then I travelled on Wednesday, July 6, 1904, to find that my dear Master (under whom I had worked for four years), who had travelled to the same goal as I by a different route, was to be received by the same Priest at the same hour.

II

On Thursday, July 7, 1904, then, in company with my Master, who had taught me more than he was, I think, aware, in other realms than that of music, I, abjuring all schisms and heresies and any other religion than the one she taught, made my solemn Profession of Faith, received Conditional Baptism, made my General Confession, and was received into the Bosom of Holy Mother Church. It does not seem possible to me that I shall ever forget that wonderful day. It was, exteriorly, one of those ideal English summer days, than which none is more beautiful; the description of which, however, may well be left to pens more facile than mine; whilst interiorly the peace which reigned can only be described as the Peace that passeth all understanding. Those who have experienced it know; it would be impossible to explain it satisfactorily to others. To feel that one is at last safe on the Rock, that Rock on which the Church was built; to realize that one was at last a member of that very church against which the gates of Hell never have prevailed and

never will prevail; with which Christ was, and is to be until the end of time; which He had founded as His Bride and which had always remained and would always remain so; to know, with a clear certainty exactly what one was to believe, and to do, in order to be saved, and to know it on the authority of that church which God Himself had commissioned and to which He had given His message for the world; without disputes, without doubt, without fear, for rich, wise and simple alike; to find that this was indeed the path of salvation, in which fools should not err; I say that to know, to realize, to feel, to find all this, was to be in such a position that one trembled at the immensity thereof. That day when, in company with a few friends, a brake ride was taken into the country, the endless refrain of my meditations the day long was "I am a Catholic," "I am a Catholic," "I am a Catholic"; scarcely anything else could I say or even think of. Every stone, every tree, every brook, everything seemed suddenly to have fitted into its place with a click, and to be in harmony with itself, with the world, with us, with its God. The riddle of the Universe was solved, for here was the key! Though tomorrow the clouds might rise and obscure the glorious sun, the mists of earthly difficulties close in on us, the storms of passion and pain burst upon us and buffet us, and perhaps for a time overwhelm us, at least to-day all was clear and unclouded and we might rejoice in the exaltation of our Spirit. It

was no mere sentimental emotion that sprang from a feeling of gratitude, it was an overwhelming condition of mind produced from without, something of which I was not the cause nor had any part in producing. It was as different from an emotional devotion as light from darkness.

On the Sunday following I received my first Holy Communion, and in the evening of the same day, the Sacrament of Confirmation. Of the former it will not be expected of me to say much. Some experiences are too sacred for words, and must remain forever untold. Never once, however, neither then nor since, have I failed on the blissful occasions of the receiving of the Body and Blood of our Blessed Lord, to receive the help and consolation that I was in need of, or it might be reproof (alas! that the occasion required it); but ever was He the tenderest of Surgeons, cut sharply and deeply though He might have to.

What then of my other post-convert experiences? One of the things prominent in my mind is the reality of Grace, in the Catholic Church, and the fact that the Sacraments do confer Grace *per se*, of themselves, without dependence upon the disposition of the recipient; and that this Grace is a real perceptible influence, a definite gift of God, outside ourselves. Gone are all the emotional strainings after "feeling good" that were a corollary of the reception of the Sacraments in the Church of England; in their place is a solid reasonable performance of a

work, as necessary and as satisfactory to the soul as a good meal to the body. One may not always experience satisfaction, it is not necessary and may not be good for one, that one should; but there is never any unreasonableness in it; performing our duty to the best of our ability at the time, we know that it cannot fail to bear fruit, and are content to leave the rest in the hands of Him who made and knows us. That is the secret; *doing*, not *feeling*; the latter may or may not be present, but nothing must interfere with the former. So it is in one's daily life. Say your prayers, though you feel dryness of heart; go to the Sacraments, though you experience no feelings of joy, little or no emotion at the time; perform your daily tasks, though they be tedious, monotonous, laborious; forgive your enemies, *because* it is humiliating to you; control your temper even though it hurt you; be patient, though you be boiling with anger. In a word, regard not how you *feel*, but *do*.

Then further, when the "doing" is very hard, and it may be, left undone; or the habits and passions of early life will not "down," but some time rise up and smite you, even to the ground, there remains, in that wonderful Storehouse of God's mercy, His Church, the opportunity of wiping away, of totally obliterating, those negligences, ignorances and hardnesses of heart; it may be also, sad though it be, that there are sins, perhaps many and continued, but no matter how long continued or how many, we have

the opportunity of a fresh start in life, by the means of a good Confession; no one the wiser but God, the Priest, and yourself; the first Who has promised to forget, the second, who is not allowed to remember, and the third, who is, as it were, taken up out of the deep mire, and set upon the straight and narrow way, with a face turned once more in the right direction. Then may we once more partake of that Food of Angels, that heavenly Manna, the precious Body and Blood of Christ Jesus our Lord, whereby we are enabled to continue our arduous journey through life and with perseverance be received at last into the Heavenly Kingdom.

All done, it may be, in a business-like, but always thoroughly efficient manner, as such an important matter as the educating and strengthening of our immortal soul would seem to require; and to me at least the more satisfactory for that reason. We are made with bodies as well as with souls, and cannot disassociate them, when attending even to the matter of our religion which is concerned, of course, chiefly with the soul. To Anglicans, and to the majority of the other Protestants, a state of mind that can delight in a business-like method of practicing religion is quite inexplicable. All must be left vague and nebulous, everything dependent on the feelings, the emotions, rather than on the will. They seem unable to appreciate the Catholic teaching that the Sacraments are certain channels of Grace, through which, as it were, Grace will flow, inde-

pendent of the disposition of the recipient. Let it not be thought of course for a minute that I am suggesting that it is unnecessary to prepare one's self for the reception of the Sacraments, or to try to receive them with other than the best possible dispositions!

Just as the teaching of doctrines in the Church of England is vague, indefinite, variable, so is the teaching of the Catholic Church clear, definite, invariable. She tells you definitely and clearly what you must believe and do, and how you must do it, and has taught the same Faith in the same way ever since She was established, and will do so until the end of time, without hesitation, resolutely, steadfastly. For myself, I affirm with delight, like William George Ward, that were she to propose to me every week a fresh Dogma for my belief, I would give my assent to and believe them as gladly and as willingly as I assent to and believe every other Dogma that she has in the course of time so proposed, and on exactly the same grounds, namely the authority to proclaim these Dogmas given to her by our Lord Himself; whether it be the Dogma of the Blessed Trinity, in the third century, or the Dogma of the Blessed Sacrament, in the twelfth century, or the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope in the nineteenth century, or some other Dogma, contained to be sure in the original deposit of Faith, but yet to be unfolded to the faithful, in the fullness of time, by Christ

through His Mouthpiece, the Catholic Church, and through its Head on Earth, Christ's Vicar, the Pope.

That is another point which impresses me most forcibly, I mean the complete change of one's attitude; formerly one believed such and such a doctrine, because one believed it was found in the Bible (on what authority did we believe the Bible *was* the Bible?) or that it was taught by the "early and undivided" Church of the first centuries (though what claim such a Church could have on us in the 20th century I know not), or for some other fantastical reason; now we believe because the Church teaches, and we know that whatever it is it is true because she teaches it. We do, I think, but put into effect Christ's own words, "Hear the Church." We believe a living Body the living mouthpiece of our Lord Himself, Who left her to take His place; a Body that cannot go wrong nor change nor falter; and we are content. It is like coming out of darkness into light; like wandering, rudderless and guideless over a tempestuous sea, and being suddenly brought into the Haven where we would be, where is a fair and beauteous City, founded on a Rock, and filled with all delights. Trials, troubles, tribulations, temptations, all these we have still, no doubt, but there is always the quiet church where the Lord resides in His Tabernacle; to Whom we can always betake

ourselves in time of stress, and be sure of a patient hearing and of certain help.

This is, I suppose, the greatest of all blessings, that the very Lord who died for us on Calvary and now reigns in glory in Heaven, is also present with us on each Altar, free of access to all, and ready, nay, anxious to hear and bless all. It is something which seems difficult even for Catholics thoroughly to realize. How much sympathy should we not have then for those poor souls outside, who perhaps do not even know that the Lord is with us always? It seems to me that they should be the special object of our prayers, since we converts also have been even as they are, and cannot say that it is due to our own merits that we have been enabled to come out of it. To me it is a mystery that Almighty God should so trouble Himself about such a one as myself; and I feel in the position of him who had the talents given him, and tremble lest I should be unfaithful to so much love and trust. Much could be said of the "sweet reasonableness" of the Faith; argument will do little however — it will do nothing, nay, it may cause positive harm, particularly when the disputants do not take the trouble even to meet on common ground, so that one is arguing from premises that to the other are entirely false. Those outside the Church are in the position of being outside a stained glass window; let them look at it from any point *there*, and they

will look in vain. Prayer alone can make them walk round and get on the right side of the window. It would seem an impossible thing to happen perhaps, in many cases; to us Yes! but with God? There is the point; present those hard cases before the Throne of Grace, and they will insensibly soften and miraculously change their very natures by the dropping of the gentle rain of God's Grace which we shall implore and obtain for them. And when can we find a better opportunity than when we are at Holy Communion and when is He readier to hear us than then? Let us, then, especially those of us who have loved ones on the other side, make a point of remembering them at every Holy Communion, as being something definite and practical to do for them, and our efforts can not be in vain. Let at least our experiences avail for them as much as possible; we know what they have not, and what it would mean for them to possess what we possess, through the mercy of God, Who has visited us with the light from on high, whereby we were enabled to come from darkness into light, namely, the gift of Faith. That He may bring us all at the Last Day to the glorious Light of His Countenance, where Faith shall be lost in sight, that we may rejoice and reign with Him in eternal Happiness in Heaven, is my constant and earnest prayer.

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There are many religious opinions in the world, but there is only one Divine Reality. The various forms of Protestantism are only different arrangements of opinions corresponding to human idiosyncrasies. Protestantism stands for the right of man to have "views" about God, and "*Quot homines tot sententiae.*" Catholicism is the revelation of God's "view" about man and consequently the negation of man's right to have "views" about God.

Supernatural faith is to the Catholic what reason is to the Mathematician and experience within the Catholic Church is little more than the realization of this fact.

If a man desires to become a Catholic, he must sell his possessions, particularly his theoretical ones, for it will cost a great deal to buy the field wherein Divine Reality lies hidden from the gaze of men. The convert does not cease to think, but he begins to know and that knowledge, which is the result of the act of faith, is impatient of theories and opinions because it is the truth making us free. Per-

haps, on the very eve of reception, assent of the Church's faith may seem an act of self-abnegation almost terrible in its intensity, but when once assent is given, faith becomes the proving of things unseen. The convert realizes that the Catholic Church sees the world as God sees it and therefore as it is. Catholicism brings a man into relation with reality and if he simply desires God's will disillusionment with the Church is impossible, for the soul cannot be disillusioned with God, but only with itself and with men: and the Church is the mystical body of Christ.

But the act of faith involves the submission of the whole personality, it is not merely an assent to a new series of propositions. Men have thought themselves into the Catholic Church and thought themselves out again and apparently with the greatest ease; clearly they have never realized Catholicism as a revelation (*revelatio revelata*) which necessarily involves submission because it is the Truth.

Supernatural faith is the focus of Catholicism and this faith is God's gift. Here lies the secret of the world's hatred and of the Catholic's strength, the source of that simplicity which is the attraction and despair of those without.

Dogmas are not the conclusions of a speculative philosophy, but facts which make the spiritual life possible. A Catholic may be sympathetic and appreciative, he may know that there is a great deal said against his Faith, but he knows also that "ten

thousand difficulties do not make one doubt " and for this reason his thought can never be comprehensive in the Anglican sense of the word. As a Protestant one marvelled at this simplicity of faith, it seemed very like the temperament of the early Christians and very bizarre in the 20th century.

Anglicanism strives to unite men by a comprehensive theory of which " Central Churchmanship " is the most recent expression.

Catholicism does unite men by submission to spiritual facts which are incomprehensible because they are real.

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ONE WINDOW AT THE INN.

I believe that my "conversion" to the Catholic Faith was, humanly speaking, very much a matter of "reversion" or atavism. I remember my father — a man of deep religion and nimble wit — saying to the priest who had just baptized me, "It must have been in the blood." And the good Celtic parochus agreed laughingly, neither of them realizing the profound truth of the remark. Nor did I realize it at the time, although there seemed so little strangeness in the step I was taking — so great a sense of familiarity, as of a pilgrim coming home to sunlight and firelight known long before.

I had certainly had religious experiences; but I had never been seriously interested in religion until, quite without any intention of my own, I became interested in Catholicity. God alone knows when the first seed fell. It may have been hidden in some novels of the early Christian time — Kingsley's

"Hypatia" was, ironically enough, one of them, and "Quo Vadis" was another—or it may have blown into the study of Florentine art, about which I was excessively keen for a while. But I had been used to a dignified, moderately "high" Episcopal ritual. Theoretically, at least, the *Church idea* was not new to me. Then somehow—I cannot say whether it was through constantly passing a hospital of the Sisters of Charity, or through dipping into the Memoirs of Mme. Navarro, or through accidentally hearing a description of the office of Tenebræ,—I woke up to the fact that this *Church idea* was still a vital force in the world. I was just a school-girl at the time: I had never been through a convent or spoken to a priest in my life. But the immensity of the thought did certainly arrest me. That simple linking of past and present was so vivid, so majestic, so incredibly thrilling! I did not talk much about the subject (never being able to talk of deep things without a certainty of sympathy in the listeners), but I began to read. First it was every scrap of Catholic news in the daily papers, the magazines, the encyclopedias,—prolific sources, if dubious! Then, like a thief in the night, I stole off to a little Catholic bookshop, where I happened very fortunately upon the Baltimore Catechism and Father di Bruno's "Catholic Belief." I was more interested in these than (even!) in the Shakesperian dramas in which I had immersed myself for months before. Considering my age, I think I was ab-

normally interested! I suspect I gave my first romantic love to that venerable, tangible, mystical thing known as Catholicism. I had been accustomed to a very "respectable" religion: here I found sanctity and the seven deadly sins. I had been used to the compromises of Anglicanism: here I found one "speaking with authority, and not as the scribes."

It was a great joy, this secret of mine: then, presently, I perceived that it was going to be a great pain. The pearl had its price, and I was not to be alone in paying for it. My family, as I have already hinted, possessed much Catholic blood: on my father's side a whole half-heritage from the French; on my mother's a potent but less direct strain of the Irish. But there had been emigration — and mixed marriages — and a thoroughly Protestant upbringing: so that the generation before mine was not Catholic in any sense at all; except (as I like to think) in an inherited sense of devotion and reverence for authority. Consequently, when I refused to be confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal Church of my birth — giving as reason a strong attraction for the fuller faith of Rome — I drew the traditional storm upon my head. It was quite electrical for a while. The family pastor, a pious but impractical man, called upon me and talked vaguely about the "Forged Decretals." Other well-meaning hands brought me books in which all the vile accusations of nineteen hundred years were gathered together

against the "Scarlet Woman." Well, I had read my New Testament rather attentively, and the charges sounded familiar. The Christ of Galilee and Jerusalem had been called seducer and liar and worldling and blasphemer, I seemed to remember; St. Peter was charged with tyranny and St. Paul had to defend himself against preaching that the end justified the means. These precedents comforted me: but the real historic scandals of the Church did hurt me bitterly. I had to pray against these. I had to remember the apostles once again — and the pitiful earthen vessel which bore the Treasure age after age. It was a lesson I needed to learn: that everything had happened before and might happen again; and still Mother Church would travel on, clothed with the sanctity of God and the frailty of man — infallible yet nowise impeccable — "doing the King's work all the dim day long." To apprehend this early in the religious life saved me, I think, that sorry disease of "taking scandal" which so often afflicts the newly received.

It was during those troubled days that I first began to read Cardinal Newman — perhaps the strongest literary influence of my life. His keenness of thought, his lucidity of form, his snow-white elevation of soul enchanted me. I literally sat at the great Oratorian's feet for a year and a half, and while reading the *Apologia* I was as conscious of his personality as of any actual living friend. He made faith an intellectual rather than an emotional

thing to me. He taught me conclusively that Catholicism was the true Church of the Past; and I stood quite ready to burn my bridges on the strength of "development" and Patristic testimonies.

Then, for the first time, I came into contact with the Congregation of St. Paul. It happened that a young Paulist father (destined in after years to become one of my best and closest friends) was conducting a non-Catholic mission in my home parish, and I attended some few of the very popular, very practical, very "modern" lectures. I started a course of reading about Father Izaak Hecker and his apostolic dream of making America Catholic. Then I woke up to the fact that Catholicism was very much the Church of the Present, intensely pre-occupied with every problem of twentieth century life and thought. After that, there could be for me no further shadow of turning. I became not merely a partisan but a proselyte.

There is small need to recall here all the painful steps of a journey bound to bring pain to pilgrims and bystanders as well. They were all good, I see now, since they helped me, like Paracelsus, to "prove my soul." Assuredly, they were not all wise in themselves. But after I had waited some five years — and incidentally had attained my conventional majority — I won my parent's consent to the great initial step. On the 27th of May, 1904, I made my profession of faith and was conditionally baptized into the Holy Roman Catholic and

Apostolic Church. Two days later I received my First Communion. From that Month of Mary I date the beginnings of my personal, independent existence. I had slipped into my groove — “reverted to type” if you will — and was ready to start out on the real matter of living. At the moment I suppose it did seem in some sense a consummation to me. Now I know that it was simply an initiation. I needed Catholicity, with her doctrines and her discipline and her sacraments, in order to *live fully*. And I should like to record here that this is the only step of my entire life about which I have never had any subsequent misgiving. I have never, in moments of the most searching introspection, questioned its wisdom. I could have said that fair spring day with Sydney Carton (and quite as truthfully): “It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done — It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.”

A little time before I was formally received into the “body” of the Church, the editor of the *Catholic World* (destined, also, to become a friend of incalculable worth, although we were then unacquainted) had given the baptism of print to my first literary article, a little study of the martyr-poet, Robert Southwell. This, more than anything else, clinched my future vocation. For several years I had been browsing through literary fields at the University of Pennsylvania: I now decided to give my little best to the cause of Catholic literature. I entered upon

the work with the keenness of a hunter and the joyous audacity of youth. Criticism seemed to be my wisest *métier* — the criticism which Coleridge once defined as appreciation — and I made it my task to trace back the sunny thread of Catholic poetry through the so-called un-Catholic periods of English literature. There was rhyme enough, but assuredly no consecutive reason in my method. I drifted into stray studies of very different chronology, rejoicing mightily to celebrate some scarcely appreciated chorister — “*déterrer un beau vers dans un poète méconnu*,” as Théophile Gautier has it. I had at least the pleasure of proving to my own satisfaction how potently the note of Catholicity had prevailed, with all the powers of this world uniting to drown it.

There was something almost cloistral in my life at that time. I lived among my poets and my saints, and found them all-sufficient. Aubrey de Vere has written somewhere with his deep and reverent vision that “the history of a soul holds in it more than doth a nation’s.” I find myself wondering at times if the true heredity does not lie in this reproduction of race experiences: if the Christian soul does not relive, in little, the history of Christendom? Many a convert (perhaps many a born Catholic, also, if he happen to have looked into the matter self-consciously) can point back to the primitive, evangelical age of the soul; to the strange awe and ardor of the Catacomb age; to the time of patristic metaphysic, the ordering and defining of religious ideas; to the

"peace of the Church;" and so through the shuttle of the centuries. Everything, sainthood itself, seems probable to the young Catholic. He has superabundant zeal for good works and a secret desire for martyrdom. There is rapture and mystery still in all the functions of religion. But "for a' that and a' that" he — or she — is often a very uncomfortable person to live with. "The ardor chills us which we do not share;" and the unconverted family has in truth something to bear from the newly-chrismed, who walks none too steadily nor serenely upon the burning streets of the New Jerusalem. Then comes the mellowing time, the adjustment and readjustment of ideas, the rounding of sharp corners, the gradual *ceasing to be a convent*. It was a priest (and one who had blithely consecrated his life to the mission crusade) who first pointed out this lack of humanness in my own viewpoint. He thought me superfluously abstract and impersonal; and he showed me, by example rather than precept, that if the supernatural life were to be a reality and not an illusion, it must be firmly grounded upon natural good. Years later, when I came upon those profound yet simple lines,

"The low life shapes the higher: fire is struck
By swords that beat upon the hearts of men,"

they seemed to sum up this *padre's* message. He brought back to me the beauty of laughter, and of red blood, and of God's out-of-doors: may he reap

a thousand fold in the sunshine of the Great Harvesting!

I breathed a new sense of freedom after that. I felt, and found, that so far from crushing my modest individuality (as had been prophesied to me!), the Church was actually developing it. The few "scruples" I had acquired fell from me like useless gyves. I found it was not necessary to be "more Catholic than the Pope"—nor more discreet than a father director! There were "only ten commandments of God and six precepts of the Church," as *Robert Orange* had sagely reflected. The much maligned Congregation of the Index was nowise concerned, I soon discovered, with restricting my own poor reachings after art or scholarship: and a Jesuit confessor might actually encourage liberty of spirit. Indeed, after some five years of most patient Jesuit direction, I should like to make public acknowledgment of the gentleness and restraint, the spiritual balance and urbanity which I have met in the tribunal of penance. That these have not borne better fruit I must put down to Original Sin, to the choking-up of worldly needs, and perhaps to a certain incorrigible volatility of temperament in myself. As a Catholic, naturally, I believe great things of the sacramental, spiritual efficacy of confession. But merely as an observer of life, I feel tempted to transpose the celebrated Gaelic epigram by declaring (with all reverence) that if God had left us no such sacrament, it would

be necessary to invent one — not merely as a corrector of the natural man, but as a tranquilizer of the super-civilized woman! For most of us, confession reveals itself ere long as a goad, a curb and a steering-wheel. It is the best remedy conceivable against morbid introspection and what Fénelon has finely called “excruciating self-examinations.”

The only real advantage in being a convert is, I fancy, the necessity of *knowing* one's religion — of not taking it, as we take most things, too much for granted. After that, it is well to acquire the old, mature, patient Catholic consciousness as quickly as possible. It is well to deal with broad horizons and to look at humanity as frankly and as fearlessly as may be. Personally, I have mingled with all sorts and conditions of Catholics: with saints and scholars and scrubwomen; souls tainted with profligacy and souls tainted with puritanism; with shepherds and kings and a handful of the high-souled magi. I have found in them at least vitality — a something to take hold of and to build upon — and in proportion to the strength of this faith, a reality of life which I had rarely met outside the Church. For the rest, it has been an unceasing wonder and delight to me to remember that God will “have all men to be saved and to come into the knowledge of His truth”: that in a normal, unviolent ordering of the universe, all men should be, according to their capacity, children of Mother Church.

Coventry Patmore was tremendously right — Christianity, or Catholicity, *is* an experimental science! One's reasons for firm and permanent faith are often quite different from the reasons of one's initial "submission." There is the Catholic sense or intuition to be acquired; and here, as elsewhere, abundant room will be found for the personal equation. In the last analysis, the Church has defined so little — only the fundamental groundwork of unity, the scheme of salvation — only the essentials upon which to build a peaceful, progressive (not merely anarchic) spirituality. All the immense significance of the "corollaries of faith" are left to our own discovery: and doubtless each pilgrim at the great Inn will look out through a different window. Perhaps, indeed, each one will look through many successive windows before, peradventure, the Beatific Vision is finally attained. I am aware in retrospect of many transitions in my own viewpoint. I came into the Church as an avowed medievalist. I not only appreciated, I probably exaggerated, the elemental poetry and reality of the Middle Age. Modern life seemed to me (as in a modified sense it still seems) a little gray and parched beside that germinal time of magnificent creativeness. I was disappointed because my confessors never seemed to approve of corporal penances; I was dismayed when a priest whose judgment I must needs respect spoke condescendingly of the Golden Legend. Then, at the urgency of another priest-friend, I

began to read Père Delahaye and other critical hagiographers and historians. I learned what I ought to have known long before about the "development of Christian doctrine;" and I divined in each age growth, aspiration, in none the ultimate perfection of Catholic life. The Mind of the Church, brooding ever upon the unspeakable secrets of God, focussing, translating, teaching mankind century after century

"how deep within the liturgies
Lie hid the mysteries,"

loomed before me in newer and truer sublimity.

I can never be too grateful that just when the critical temper was weakening my hold upon asceticism — or let us say, when certain negative ideals of asceticism which had been mine were beginning to seem barren — this new sense of mysticism should have come into my life. It was the poets who brought it to me: but I doubt not they had it by way of those other seers of the race, the saints. With Francis Thompson, with Alice Meynell, with Patmore and his "passionate reality of Catholic doctrine," I came to feel the eternal symbolism of human life. There is such a riot of cheap pseudo-mysticism in the world to-day that one hesitates to dilate upon the genuine article. One has grown just a little shy of the strange, deep troubling of the waters, the new transcendent reading of life which was familiar to St. Catherine of Genoa, to John

of the Cross, to that "fair sister of the seraphim," St. Teresa — and to many a humbler contemplative in all ages of the Church. To those of us who stand without, "beggars at the porch of the glad palace" because, perchance, we fear the costly immolation of self-love and self-will conditional upon entering in, even to us come gleams of the vision. All the pageantry of the outer world, all the stress of human emotion, become interpretative of divine, interior truths. We know that renunciation walks always before and beside possession: that by closing our eyes to the obvious and superficial, we shall in the end perceive in Thompson's splendid words, how all things,

"near or far,
Hiddenly to each other linkèd are,
And thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling a star."

Nor is it possible to travel even thus far with the divine Initiated without acquiring a new and larger sense of ethics. We may lay what stress we like upon the elemental, moral value of Catholic truth. But above and beyond all this we have got to realize that religion is not merely utilitarian. As I wrote long ago, feeling strongly upon the subject: "Its ultimate aim is not simply to make men virtuous but to bring the soul into eternal union with its God. And so the simple merges and is lost in the sublime — the faith of stern, immediate practicality is

shown to be the mother of 'fair love' and of mysticism."

It has been a voyage of discovery all along to me, this gradual journey in toward the heart of Catholicity. I have been debtor to many fellow pilgrims — to half a score of priests, and to one nun, a Third Order Dominican. She taught me much in the personal gift of her delicate sympathy: and she revealed to me the spirit of Catholic social work, the high and consecrated *intention* of it all, the supernatural charity which is of more ultimate value than a thousand cold efficiencies. She brought me also into an intimacy with many of the older spiritual writers — with St. Dominic himself, with that serene saint and gracious gentleman, François de Sales — and with such high-souled moderns as Mother Frances Raphael (Drane).

Some five years after becoming a Catholic, I paid my first visit to the Old World I had long so passionately loved. This again was very much like going home, and my citizenship in the Church Catholic proved in a new sense a citizenship of the World. More poignantly than ever was I aware of my kinship with the past. I felt it, kneeling at the tomb of Peter or gathering poppies along the Appian Way. I felt it in the high seriousness of Oberammergau, in the beautiful, tragic triviality of Versailles, in the chateau-fort of my schooltime hero, Godfrey de Bouillon. In the mysterious gloom of Notre Dame de Paris it enveloped me —

nor was it far away in the noble, outraged shrines of old Westminster. One memorable (and, of course, inevitable!) episode of the trip was my audience with the gentle white father, Pius X. His greeting was, I fancy, all the more gracious because of the happy accident which had made me a convert; for my literary work and for "mes bien aimés" he gave me a special benediction which I shall prize over the brink of eternity.

It is by breaking loose from harbor chains that the ship finds herself: and I take it that by travel, mental or physical, the character is most truly defined. I do not think I came back from those months in Europe a worse Catholic or a better one; but there was indubitably some new quality in my religion and in my whole mental and spiritual viewpoint. For one thing, the ancestral note had been accentuated — I was less a convert than ever before. I had absorbed something of that curious toleration of the Romance nations, and something of their hunger after beauty. Beyond all this, a sense of the largeness and fullness of life possessed me. One phase of this was an exhilarating, almost intoxicating delight in the enormous heritage of culture which is, as it were, the birthright of every child of historic Christendom. To find Catholicity, then, means more even than to find religion: we may save the soul (if we can) and the mind, too, by her immortal wisdom! It is a heartening thing to feel that we reap not only where the martyrs have sown

in blood but where the doctors have sown in brain — where Dante and Chaucer and the Troubadours have sung — where the Tuscans and Umbrians, the Spanish and Flemish have wrought their rainbow canvases — even where, century after century, the French have talked so exquisitely. It is an inspiration, surely, to remember that the great universities of Europe were as authentically our own as the great cathedrals; that under normal conditions Catholicity stands committed not to ignorance, not even to mediocrity, but to culture of the entire spirit. Obviously, we are dealing now with a side issue: it is not for the sake of Catholic culture that our sacrificial missionaries sleep upon desert sands. But none the less, it is a part of the divine spaciousness of Catholicity — a part of that large inclusiveness which is implied in the Communion of Saints. It has indelibly colored the Catholic ideal of life. It has given that mature yet youthful graciousness which Walter Pater (who possessed, I think, a very delicate insight into Catholic thought) found in St. Catherine of Siena, when he declared that she had achieved her “undying place in the House Beautiful, not by her rectitude of soul only, but by its fairness.”

Now this, I take it, is the very keynote of the higher spirituality: not *rectitude* of soul only, but fairness: the tables of the Law indeed for a foundation, but above these all the soaring grace and intricacy of the Gothic cathedral. I recall once hear-

ing a very suggestive and long-felt distinction — it came from one of the most typical monks of recent times — to the effect that the Dominican ideal placed Truth as the highest Love, while the Franciscan placed Love as the highest Truth. He was, of course, reconciling the claims of emotion and intellect. But to many a modern soul (as to many an ancient) Beauty becomes, I think, the synthesis of this Truth and this Love; and the beauty of holiness becomes the last word in religion. *It* is the leaven which permeates the whole mass of Christian life — the key to that wisdom which “stretches from end to end mightily and orders all things sweetly.”

In this sense, Beauty is not merely a sensuous thing; although certainly the sensuous side — the delight of color and music and form and movement — is not to be despised. Nor is it wholly an intellectual thing, nor absolutely a moral thing. It is an all-embracing sense of the harmony of life, reaching up to God as the primal Artist, the first and final source of “whatsoever things are lovely.” I do not hesitate to affirm that my own religion has become increasingly a worship of Beauty — and that Beauty seems to me the most satisfying synonym for God Himself. It may well be that some day, as I see further into the riches of Catholic faith, I may be led to a higher step. I do not speak in finalities: they are for the Builder of the Inn, scarcely for a pilgrim at its gate. And did not Newman long ago point out that, circumstanced as we are in

this opaque and mutable world, "to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often"? But now, in all failure, all unfaith, in all that tragic thing which we call sin, I see discord — ugliness. But in Nature, Carlyle's mighty "garment of God" — in the sweetness of human joy and the sweetness of human sorrow borne bravely — in the supreme personality, so much more fair than our dreams, so much more real than ourselves, of the divine yet human Christ — in the Church which He bequeathed as the most harmonious and inspiring organism of this world — in her august, symbolic ceremonies, in her upliftings of prayer, in the Sacraments whereby we commune, in mystic channels of unguessed intimacy, with the divine Source of all perfectness — in all these I seem to discern "through the lamp, Beauty, the light, God." ¹

¹ Francis Thompson: *Shelley*.

ANNA E. BUCHANAN,

TEMPLE, TEXAS.

Lineal descendant of Blessed Thomas More, Lord Chancellor
of England and martyr under King Henry the Eighth.

Is it not enough to convince the most skeptical member of the Church of England of the claims of the Church, to be assured by one who was with them from babyhood for forty years that she has never regretted the step that made her a Catholic; but on the contrary finds it impossible to express the gratitude she feels towards those who helped her to reach the haven of rest and peace. It certainly makes a convert feel intensely humble to think of such infinite mercy and condescending love on the part of the Good Shepherd Who, before giving His life for the sheep, linked them to the loving solicitude of the Church triumphant, thus verifying His promise: "I will not leave you orphans." When I look back and realize how long I was an orphan, I can only exclaim with St. Augustine, "Too late have I known Thee, O Thou ancient truth!"

Love for the Holy Eucharist is surely an irresistible magnet to draw any one who desires to love Our Lord more and more to the one Church, and the difference in administering the Blessed Sacra-

ment in the Church of England must ever be a cause of pain to the Anglican who has the true Catholic instinct about the Divine Presence. Looking back now, after so many years, I feel this more and more.

One day I was walking with a friend, who was also a convert, in a town in Arkansas, when we passed an Episcopal church: "Why, they are singing the Gloria," remarked my friend, "let us go in and listen to them." We went into the porch and listened to the old, old tune in which we had so often joined, then we peeped in at the four bare walls — the chants were being practiced for Sunday — and after this we stepped down into the street in silent sorrow — both of us in tears. How many thoughts forced themselves upon us and how we longed to call that choir away out of the cold into the warm light of truth — not only the choir, but all who worshiped there, who loved what we had loved, and prayed as we had prayed, and who yet were still groping in darkness.

While I was still living in England, a lady I knew, an East Grinstead devotee, acknowledged to me that it was her duty to join the Roman Catholic Church as she believed all that it taught. She went so far as to promise to do this and after staying with me for a few days she left to go and tell her sister of her intention. In the course of a week, however, after wondering at her silence, I received a note telling me that she had changed her mind and decided to stay where she was. Her letter went on to say that after

she had left me, she went to London to see "Father N——," the rector of a Ritualistic church. He very soon divested Mrs. A—— of all desire to place her feet upon the Rock of Peter, telling her how she was needed in her own "Catholic church" and of the great danger of seceding from their faith, etc., etc. She died a few years afterwards and her sister, who was also one of Father N——'s congregation, wrote to a Catholic priest whom I knew well to ask him to have a Requiem Mass sung for her in our church! Such are the contradictions of Anglicanism.

How the devil hates the Church! If some of our good people outside could find this out as we do, and think well over it, surely they would be led to ask a few questions as to the arch-enemy's reasons for this pursuant hatred. We need hardly say that souls who enter the Church flee from the serpent, therefore their gain is his loss. Once across the border the pilgrim finds a mighty array of helps on the remainder of the road to Heaven! The enemy resorts to many a ruse to draw converts off the right path. Sometimes he tempts them to be over-scrupulous; he raises strange obstacles to duty or tempts a convert to be unduly anxious about fulfilling it; thus, he tries to mar the peace which they inherit who become children of the Church. Such are some of the difficulties of a neophyte!

When an old lady, a relative, heard that I had left her church, she said to me—"You have done

quite right, but — I am not going to follow.” She hesitated as she said this and smiled, but it was clear that her conscience was not altogether at ease. Well may we beg the Good Shepherd for more and more light for those “other sheep” who are wandering away from the fold uncertain as to the road that will bring them to His earthly Dwelling-place — Domus Mea.

A short time before my conversion I went one Sunday to a very High Church in a suburb of London where the rector (who had recently been imprisoned for his ritualism) preached in his Alb with his Stole crossed over his breast. His text happened to be, “O send forth Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me to Thy Holy Hill and to Thy Dwelling!” I have often wondered how many of the congregation listened to those words, took them to heart and pondered over them as I found myself doing! Were we, then, in darkness that we must ask for the light? Yes — that was clear — a sermon asking for light and truth could leave but one impression.

Need a convert say in conclusion, that the peace and joy of life in the one true Church of Christ on earth, can only be compared to a foretaste of the more perfect life in Heaven; and the secret of this is the ever-abiding Presence of our Divine Lord and Saviour, according to His promise, “I will not leave you orphans,” which promise also makes us one with the Church Triumphant. Surely Heaven and

earth meet during the “mystic Sacrifice and every festival heralds a further advance of the One True Fold so dearly purchased by our Divine Redeemer’s Precious Blood.”

EMMA FORBES CARY,

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

(Sister-in-law of Professor Agassiz.)

I believe my little narrative in "Some Roads to Rome," left me at the age of twenty-two, very happy in my conversion. Now I am asked to tell the story of fifty-seven years spent in the Church; no easy task, one would think, but perhaps not so difficult after all.

I have suffered nothing for the Church, and she has given me everything. I never consciously lost a friend or acquaintance by becoming a Catholic. My family took me, as it were, under their especial care and, if an ignorant or unkind remark was made about the Church, some one would say, "We have a Catholic among us and we never say such things," or words to that effect.

Though I have lived chiefly with Protestants, my active work has been exclusively among Catholics. "You were sent to the lost sheep of the House of Israel," a priest said kindly to me, when I bewailed the fact that I made no converts. Though I worked much with Protestants in social work, it was in the direct interest of Catholics that I used my energies. It is easy to work with Protestants

if one stands squarely as a Catholic. The hierarchy in Holland say to the Dutch Catholics who unite their forces to those of Anti-Revolutionary Protestants, "March separately, but fight shoulder to shoulder," advice which applies to such social work in this country as demands combined action of Protestants and Catholics.

The natural, or rather the supernatural, result of a half century spent in the Church is this: The soul grows closer and closer to the heart of the Church; finds an ever widening enjoyment of Her treasures, intellectual and spiritual; and learns to refill the narrowing circle of human interests with new and invigorating friendships.

The great convert, St. Augustine, says: "Give me a lover and he will catch my meaning; give me one full of longing; give me an hungerer, give me a wanderer in this desert, athirst and gasping for the fountains of the eternal Fatherland. Give me such a one and he will catch my meaning." The promises of the Church are the first rays of dawn; their fulfillment is the noontide splendor.

THE REV. B. STUART CHAMBERS, D.D.,

CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is Mr. Chesterton, and I hesitate in adding to the literary epidemic of quoting his too clever paradoxes, who said: "In everything on this earth that is worth doing, there is a stage when no one would do it, except for necessity or honor," . . . "the success of the marriage comes after the failure of the honeymoon."

To say that every real convert to the Church of the Living God, above all, one who also espouses God's divinely instituted priesthood, does not experience in the beginning a kind of spiritual honeymoon, would be to deny the spiritual reality of the call (*vocatio*) itself, with its interior tasting and seeing that the Lord is sweet. To claim that this period of first love, of first soulfulness and sweetness lasts forever, would be to deny the mutability and varying moods of human nature on the one hand and the infinite though hidden wisdom of God's responsive grace on the other; — always, "the Spirit bloweth where it listeth." The kingdom of heaven, within no less than without us, has its time of plenty and its time of famine, so

every earnest Christian, above all, every convert to Catholic Christianity, because something of a reactionist, must have a moral digestion for all kinds of food, varying both in quantity and quality, from the most delicious and celestial sweets down to the driest and most tasteless of earthly sawdust. It may be the convert especially, after the failure of his ecclesiastical honeymoon, who enjoys the success of withstanding may a household infelicity, many a "*mauvais quart d'heure*," which seems to last a long time, too; the success of surviving disenchantment, disappointment, not with Catholicity (God forbid!), but with Catholics, most of all with himself.

Than all of which nothing could be more providential and educative in the knowledge of one's self and of one's neighbor, nothing more strengthening in the growth of one's faith in God.

Were it not, strictly speaking, bad philosophy, I could repeat to-day with more sobriety if less enthusiasm, what I said when I felt the quickening thrill of my First Communion about eighteen years ago: "I should rather not have been at all than never to have become a Catholic."

MARGARET TERRY CHANLER,

GENESEO, NEW YORK.

Wife of Winthrop Chanler, and sister of the late F. Marion Crawford.

It is easier to put down in words how the treasure was found than to give an account of our stewardship of it. In the first instance there is some cause for self-congratulation; how wise, how prudent it was to see the light and to follow it; to discover the pearl of great price and take possession of it; to knock at the gate of life and have it open to us. (And all the time we know that, but for the grace of God, we would neither have seen nor heard — have neither found nor been admitted.) But now — the long, long years that have passed, and the little progress made; how explain, why with such opportunity we have not done better?

For most of us the spiritual life is truly a wandering in the wilderness. When we are walking in the pleasant daylight of earthly prosperity religion is, as it were, a "cloud unknowing." We turn to it to rest our souls from the glare and glitter of the material world. When the night of sorrow and bereavement closes in on us, it becomes a beacon pillar of fire; we cannot measure the distances over which it leads us. The weakness of our will, the diffi-

culties of the road, the blindness of our hearts, measure if you can all these, and the inscrutable ways of God with the soul, and you may better understand why there is not more to show for the long years of opportunity.

It is thirty years since I was received into the Church; I took the step with faith and simplicity, feeling: "Where else shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life;" having, indeed, always felt drawn to it, brought up as I was in the shadow of the Roman basilicas. But as I look back, and think of all the joy and comfort, the help and salvation I have found, the undreamed-of treasures of life and strength, I realize how little I then understood what honor had come to my house.

All we can say seems so inadequate, when prophets, doctors, martyrs, confessors and virgins have always and everywhere said it before, and lived it, sealing their faith with holy life and glorious death. The beloved cloud of witnesses who have gone on before us, in whose communion we live. I find it hard to come down to my particular case because it is of so little importance to anyone but myself. Yet, if an affirmation is required, a reiteration of my profession, I can say with truth, every month, and week, and day that passes finds me and leaves me more profoundly convinced, more deeply satisfied as a Catholic.

All the world of sense and thought, all history, art, poetry and philosophy radiate to me ever more

clearly from the great central fact that God made man to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him; that He gave us freedom of soul to obey Him, whom to serve is perfect freedom; that He established His Church for our great comfort in this life, and our salvation in the next; and that in it, and through its ministrations, "all that we are, all that we have, He takes; all that He is, all that He has, He gives."

The dogma and the ritual of the Church seem to me every day more beautiful and rich with venerable significance; more like a wonderful vessel of gold, set about with precious stones, mysteriously, ineffably wrought and perfected through the centuries, representing the highest gifts of the human mind informed by the divine; its purpose to contain and to transmit the treasure of treasures: grace, salvation, the Eternal Word.

How manifest this is in the Mass, for instance, where the whole structure and action lead up, with gradual increase of tension and importance, from the psalm, "*Introibo ad altare Dei*," an aspiration and resolution uttered by the priest before he ascends the altar steps, while he yet stands on the same level with the congregation, which he in fact recites alternately with the acolyte who represents the congregation, to the great Eucharistic prayer where all the universe "*cum angelis et arch-angelis*" is called to witness and take part in the ineffable mystery of the consecration and communion. This

surely is the center and burning point of all religious life, of the Church's life as well as of our own: God giving Himself to us as He eternally IS, allowing us to approach Him in our feebleness, to receive and understand Him after the measure of our nescience and nonentity. Filling our souls — those that are empty of self — with good things, sending the rich away empty because they could not make room in their hearts for His great gift.

Catholicism seems far more transmissible than any other form of Christianity. Compare the varieties and fluctuations of Protestant sects and congregations with the stability and universality of the Roman confession. It is visible, too, in countless smaller and more intimate cases. Do we not recall instances, non-Catholic saints of tenderest memory, devoted Mothers who found help and strength in one of the many forms of Protestant worship a generation ago, whose children have all gone other ways? Some, perhaps, stagnating in shallow indifference; others wandering into paths of experimental novelties in religion; some fortunate ones perhaps finding their way into the true fold. This is what happened in my own family. All we of my generation were convinced of the faultless beauty and holiness of my mother's life. To none of us did she transmit her wistful High Church Episcopalianism; she would not call it Protestantism; we knew it was not Catholicism; and somehow for all

her faith and good will she could not make it live for us. I seem to hear someone object: all children of Catholic parents, even of very devout ones, do not preserve their faith. Far from it, and a pity 'tis 'tis true; but you seldom find them following after strange gods. You will not see them stray into Christian Science temples, nor become pious Methodists or decorous Episcopalians. They may neglect, interrupt, finally lose their spiritual life altogether; but if the moment comes when they wish to revive it, to rekindle the flame, they will remember where the lamp burns day and night before the Holy of Holies, where forgiveness wipes away all stain, where the Best of All can be had for the asking. No other fire will warm them to life, no other Presence will be real, no lesser gift will satisfy them.

Of my own children I can say truly and thankfully that they all go to church with willing feet. I cannot but feel it is the very Truth which draws and holds them; the beauty and vital significance of our services which interest and satisfy them, which make religion the great central fact of their lives; I have had to tell them so little and they have understood so much; ANIMAE NATURALITER CHRISTIANAE that they are, growing and prospering in the good soil of God's vineyard. May He bless and keep them, may they persevere in the faith, which, but for my conversion, they would have been left to discover for themselves. I can bequeath to them no greater treasure.

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CARYL COLEMAN,

PELHAM MANOR, NEW YORK.

Ecclesiologist; Church glass maker and decorator; Educator,
Author.

As my life has been largely taken up with the promotion of the fine and decorative arts, many of my non-Catholic friends believe I must have been greatly disappointed with the Catholic Church, holding as they do that the Church of to-day, more especially in America, is not only indifferent to good art, but the little so-called art that it has is very bad. In this way they are in a way doubly mistaken. First: I recognized, when I was received into the Church, that good art or bad art is a matter of no moment in connection with the Faith, that in no way is it a mark of the true Church or is it essential to it or an inherent part of it, merely an instrument in its hands, to be used or not used, as the exigencies of the case or people or times may demand. Second: The Church in truth is to-day no more indifferent to good art than any other of the various ecclesiastical bodies, and not nearly as much so as the world at large, for it is plain to be seen that in this utilitarian and commercial age of ours there is very little place or love for art, except as a fad or

to glorify the arrogance of wealth or as a cultured manifestation of a sensuous materialism.

Good ecclesiastical art wherever it may be found to-day is not an outcome of a school, a living breathing artistic force in the religious world, but merely an expression of an individual love or an accident or more often a slavish imitation of the past — a copy of a perfect work of art of bygone days — never an original creation actuated by a love of God or even a development of a sacred motive. After all what matters it? What has art intrinsically to do with the propagation of the Faith, with Christian perfection and the keeping of the Ten Commandments? Why should it?

It is obvious, although the obvious is the one thing the student often misses, but in this case the most superficial observer cannot help realizing that the sole reason for the existence of the Church and its mission to mankind is the salvation of souls; and hence it logically follows, as a matter of course, that it is the right and duty of the Church to employ every honest means as instruments in obtaining the object of its being. History confirms this by recording the fact that the Church in all ages has so employed to that end every human endeavor: learning, literature, music, art and architecture, or what you will. History also records that at times the use of these instruments has been abused, and in a way it is a warning; for some of the servants of Holy Church, forgetting its mission and their duty,

have, for example, used art for art's sake, and always more for their own gratification, the satisfying of their tastes as voluptuaries or for personal aggrandizement, than for the honor and glory of God. In this way in the course of time many mere instruments were so exalted that they became paramount; so much so, that some onlookers, even within the Fold, have mistakenly deemed them essential to the existence of Christian worship. Again history records that among the Saints, with the single exception of learning, none of these instruments have played an important part in the drama of their personal holiness or in their promotion of the sanctification of others, or in the propagation of the Faith.

Among the various instruments none are more non-essential than the decorative and pictorial arts, for what matters it whether or not the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the highest act of Christian worship, is celebrated under the dome of a magnificent cathedral, a triumph of architecture, or under the humble roof of a poor man's house, so long as it is offered? What matters it whether or not the celebrant is vested in cloth-of-gold or the cheapest of garments, so long as he consecrates? What matters it whether or not the faithful receive the Body and Blood of Christ amid artistic environments, music, flowers, incense; in company with the educated and refined, or on the other hand, surrounded by the commonplace and the inartistic; cheek by

jowl with the ignorant, the poor and lowly, even with the outcasts of society, so long as they receive the Bread of Life with loving, believing and contrite hearts? The Mass is the one thing of consequence, everything else is merely accessory, having no intrinsic value.

While I quite concur in the dictum of the poet that *a thing of beauty is a joy forever*, more particularly in its highest sense, nevertheless, it has always given me, since I have been a Catholic, a greater joy to see a parochial school built, than to see a costly church erected and highly embellished with elaborate marble altars, expensive stained-glass-picture windows and ornate mural decorations, and all because the parochial schools are laying the foundation of the Faith so deeply within the souls of our children that their future, and the future of the Church, is assured.

The Church, heretofore, in the United States, has been too busy doing its work of saving souls, to give any appreciable time or thought to art, or to affairs other than preaching Christ crucified, administering the Sacraments, rescuing the fallen, caring for the poor, the sick and the infirm, the widow and the orphan, instructing the ignorant and educating the children. In consequence of this most of its churches are little better, from an artistic point of view, than meeting houses. There is now, however, a great change taking place, a church-building era on higher lines has come into being, a state

of affairs brought about by a growing love of the beautiful, by a constantly increasing devotion to the Faith, by the enlargement and extension of culture and wealth among the faithful. The edifices of the past are no longer good enough or churchly enough or architecturally fine enough to satisfy the Catholic people. Just what may come of this movement, from an artistic point of view, I will not attempt to prognosticate, only to hope, from the general demand both in town and country for the best, that Christian art will be born again and the land covered with beautiful churches.

JOSEPH E. COLTON,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Catholic Converts' League of the District of Columbia.

To count all the mental steps that marked the ascent from out of the mist to the mountain top; to trace each step of the way upward from doubt to certainty, is happily something that is not required of me. It is enough to say that I was guided by an invisible hand to enter the way that led to the sublime verities, to that height where the vision was clear. Brought up by pious parents in the tenets of the Methodist Church, I have been a Catholic for almost twenty years. Familiar both before and after my conversion with the creeds of all the Protestant churches, I read much in my non-Catholic days of the writings of men who have attacked Christianity through the ages; then I read the vast tomes penned by Catholic scholars. But in my case it has been chiefly the study of mankind at close range that has convinced me of the divine claim of the Catholic Church, and especially I desire to bear witness to the influence, and beauty of character, of the splendid Catholic women I have known. Since I entered the Church I have been

brought into companionship with some beautiful souls, both in the world, and in the cloister. I saw what Mother Church did for those around me, building day by day characters that had in them an aroma of saintliness, and I was convinced that the faith which could produce such loveliness of daily living must be the true one.

And thus, to sum up, it was first the spirit of the Lord that went before me into the wilderness to that land which, when I reached it, proved to be, instead of a wilderness, a garden of delicate bloom, fair with the faith of the ages, clear shining after the outer darkness because of the beautiful lives of the Catholic men and women that I have happily known.

These are the factors that have gemmed my pathway since I reached the road beyond; that road which opened before me a vista that reaches to heaven.

CHARLES CARROLL COPELAND,

LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Retired lawyer; Philanthropist; Prohibitionist; Organizer of
the Hibernian Bank of Chicago.

Before I became a Catholic I had never been baptized, but I chanced to hear Moody and became interested in his work; for two years I taught Sunday School in North Market Hall, Chicago. Then Moody wanted me to "profess" and because I refused he drove me out.

After that I read the Old and New Testaments, and tried to prove Christ a myth, but gradually my point of view changed. I came to the conclusion that Christ was God, and that I would follow Him. At that time my independence was so great that I was impatient of all restraint. Only the compelling power of the Word of God, as I read my Bible day after day, led me to see that Christ had certainly established a Church, and that that Church was founded upon a rock.

But where was I to find it? The sects did not any longer attract me; for historically they were of human origin. About this time I spoke to a friend of mine, a lawyer, but not then a member of any

church. He asked me if I had considered the claims of the Catholic Church. I drew back startled; was she not the abomination of abominations, surely she could not possibly be the Church of the humble and lowly Jesus whom I had learned to love! Then my friend advised me to see the Jesuits, which was worse still. But because I knew of nothing better to do, I finally decided to give them — what is always given to the opposing side in a court of law — the chance to state their claim, and so — I went to see them. I was twenty-five years old then, full of my career as a successful lawyer, and because they explained to me the claims of the Catholic Church; its dogmas, its sacraments, its institutions, its foundation, its Catholicity, its work in the world, and its influence on the human race, in a manner that I had never heard before — with a sincerity, a simplicity and yet a brilliance of exact definition — I was attracted, spellbound, and finally convinced. Never in any court of law had I heard a better defense of a cause; and in this case the “cause” stated concerned the eternal salvation of my soul.

So in due time I was baptized, feeling that the inspiration of God had brought me to the Catholic Church. That was fifty years ago; and half a century of contact with the Catholic Church as one of her devoted sons has only deepened my love and loyalty to her.

But it is not enough to speak in general terms. I am asked to give some of the reasons for my faith,

and my certainty that I made no mistake when I took that most momentous step of my life. Firstly, then, fifty years of active work in the Lord's Vineyard, of an intimate experience of its temporal needs — needs that I have tried to meet and assist; and of the spiritual treasures that she in turn gives us, is no bad test of truth.

Then, secondly, when I became a Catholic, I determined to "hear the Church," to give all for all, as à Kempis says. As a practicing lawyer, with a lawyer's love for exactitude, for system, for logic; and with the knowledge that all law must have a Supreme Court, a final bar of appeal, I was struck by the fact that all this — in a spiritual and temporal sense — I had found in the Church. Her exact definition of truth delighted me, her logic seemed to me unanswerable; the Supreme Court has its Chief Justice, ancient Rome had its Pontifex Maximus, why then should not the Church of God, according to the grant made to blessed Peter, have its Supreme Head, by means of which outward unity is preserved?

I entered on my new path with a thankful heart, and remembering the story of the rich young man, and that Faith without works is void, I determined to give up my fortune as well as my life to the crying temporal and spiritual needs of the Church. And therein I have learned a hundred times over all that it means to be in the Catholic Church; it has become so wonderful to me that none but God could

have made it. How marvellous its foundation, its origin; its fulfillment of all God's prophecies, its survival of persecutions, its conversions, its coöperative institutions of men and women for teaching, and the carrying out of its divine works of charity! Would not the world be barbarian or savage now, or else intellectually heathen, if it were not for the Catholic Church? In this Church, unlike the Protestant Churches, no man "assumes to administer the truth for any other man." If he did, he would be silenced. Its teachers teach what the Church teaches; and the Church Christ said He would lead into all truth.

Again I repeat, it is this marvellous exactitude, this wonderful teaching power of the Church, that appealed to my legal mind. If a non-Catholic wishes to argue the question of the Roman claims, the answers he gets are as clear and definite as the explanation of some process of law. There is no doubt, no uncertainty, Deo Gratias!

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It is rather difficult to write of one's intimate experiences after reception into the Church of God, and I would not comply with the request were it not for the fact that such experiences are calculated to encourage others, and to dispel a fear in those who are looking longingly, yet timorously, towards the City of Peace, and have been told that all is not well therein — that the glamour and enchantment as seen from without turns to dust and ashes and bitter disappointment with those who become converts.

All this is not true. There are no dust and ashes of disillusionment. Such a statement is a cruel and bitter falsehood. There is peace in the City of Peace for those who seek it — a peace, a joy, a satisfaction which, I firmly believe, passes all comprehension of those outside, and even of those who in faith are to the manor born.

Post-conversion impressions which are over a third of a century old are of little importance now. The spiritual exaltation and consolation — that early specific kind — have long since passed away

with me, and in their place has come a habit, a perennial condition, founded on the Sacraments, as over three decades have waxed and waned.

It is far from my intention to make any public manifestation of conscience. As I understand the request, this is not required, and would be refused if it were. I wish merely to give, for the benefit of those now within the penumbra of faith, an account of the mental condition of a convert of the standing of a generation.

Have I had any difficulties in nearly forty years of Catholic life? Many. Doubts? Absolutely none. With regard to the latter I think I can use a quotation of Brownson which admirably suits the case:

"I have never in a single instance found an article, dogma, proposition, or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason is concerned, have changed or modified, or in any way altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

If I had no doubts as to the absolute solidity and immovability of the Church's position, whence arose the difficulties which I have admitted?

An implicit act of faith in the *Ecclesia Docens*

does not imply full knowledge. Hence arose, in the earlier years, many a difficulty, which philosophy and theology and that unexplainable thing called Catholic instinct, adequately solved.

Looking backward I can now see that many of the difficulties I encountered arose from the necessity of unlearning many things, and of acquiring the Catholic viewpoint — the Catholic way of looking at things. This may sound a little strange to those of Catholic blood and tradition, but the convert will understand. It took several years before I completely discarded many little unessential mental attitudes that were not generated of the instinct of Catholicity, but were rather the products of a non-Catholic upbringing. I am by no means sure that I make myself clear — nevertheless, these were the difficulties spoken of above. The discarding of certain mental attitudes was not infrequently accompanied with indignation after having found myself the subject of so many erroneous impressions as to trifling details to which I had been taught to attach undue importance. In other words, in the past I had strained at the gnat and swallowed the camel, and for years it was difficult to get over the camel swallowing habit.

The reader must not think that during all this period of unlearning there did not exist the most perfect sense of security, and a perennial and most extraordinary joy in the never ceasing, never failing, adamant authority of the Church.

I desire to add my quota toward helping to destroy any malign influence that makes some searchers after Truth afraid to take the final step. In my thirty-seven years of Catholic life I have heard many times from those prejudiced against the Church that converts, after having taken the final step, have been unhappy and discontented, and are held in thrall, with no longer any chance of escaping from the clutches of Rome.

There never was a greater calumny against the Church of God. It is not true that converts, or anybody else, are held in mental slavery. There is a vast difference between being compelled to act according to the dictates of an enlightened and illuminated conscience, and the mental slavery which implies tyranny and terrorism. There is no tyranny in the Church of God, but rather light and love and gentle leading. This is abundantly verified by the soul's most intimate experience in the whispered colloquy in the confessional, which, unfortunately for the non-Catholic, is inherent to the Church, and consequently cannot be enjoyed by one until he is safely within the bosom of the Church.

It is true that intellectual pride, or a life given over to the lower nature of man, may so blind and cloud one's faith that it may eventually be lost. But this is man's individual act, and not the work of the Church. She grieves thereat and rejoicingly takes the recalcitrant back to her bosom upon sign of his repentance.

If these maligners of the happiness of converts say they are bound under severe penalties — the pain of mortal sin and danger of eternal loss — unless they do or omit certain things which being done or omitted accrue to the individual's gain — this cannot logically be called oppression. Every human institution has, and enforces, its laws and obligations upon the individual, and if the individual does not comply with the requirements he expels himself automatically, and deprives himself of the benefits of the institution of which he was, at least, an undesirable member. The Catholic Church, by the very essence of her being, cannot, and will not, tolerate insubordination, and, consequently, must repudiate individual private opinion in matters of faith. She is armed with the mandate, "Go and Teach," and there is the logical implication of acceptance of those who are taught. If non-Catholics would grasp the logic of this situation, there would be many more converts than there are.

All this is not tyranny, but is founded on the first principles of self-preservation. She holds no one in bondage, and those who miserably depart from her do so upon their own initiative, and are sorrowfully allowed to do so by a mother who yearns for their salvation and return. Her consolation is, however, that the proportion of those who go to those who come and remain is infinitesimal.

Non-Catholics do not, and cannot, realize the love and loyalty and the intense feeling of safety that

ever increases in the breast of the convert. In the Church there is no duress. A small percentage of converts may have strayed out of the fold, and have been submerged in the bog-lands of doubt and error (and incidentally made much of by some not far-sighted denomination). But these miserable cases only prove the falseness of the assertion that converts are held in a sort of captivity. They would not, because they could not, what we call apostatize, if they were held in any kind of bondage, whether it be mental, moral or physical.

The moral obligations, which the convert learns with the marvellous gift of faith, hold him to his Church with a strength as strong as bands of steel. Gratitude for the great things that came with the gift of faith — security, peace of mind, a constantly renewed purity of conscience through the ministrations of the priest in the Sacrament of Penance, the surcease of life's troubles and vexations, which spring from the fuller use of this sacrament of reconciliation, the frequent strengthening of the soul by the Holy Eucharist, and a thousand other blessings and graces — these are some of the appreciated bonds that bind the convert to the Church to which he has freely given himself and for which he is willing to lay down his life. This is the convert's general attitude, and it certainly does not look much like discontent and disgruntlement.

No one in his sane senses denies that there are trials for the convert, especially in the post-conver-

sion days. The refined, intellectual woman, recently come from a beautifully and æsthetically appointed Episcopalian edifice, where taste and refinement are paramount, services most dignified, and associations of the most cultured, often suddenly finds herself, if she be living in a small town, in a tawdry, little wooden church, with cheap candlesticks and, perhaps, cheaper paper flowers adorning the altar.

A man of intellectual acumen and mental training finds, not unfrequently, his former social equals dropping away, receives the half-averted look, instead of the former warm hand-clasp; is thrown, in many cases, into the society of his intellectual inferiors — such trials are of no mean order, and hard to bear in proportion to the culture and sensitiveness of the individual.

But are these trials such as to make the convert unhappy? There is rather a ringing joy in the heart because he is conscious that he is called on to pay a small price for a great blessing; to relinquish something held dear for the inestimably precious gift of the true faith with all its abundance of consolations and graces and strength.

With the distinct gift of faith from God, goes his own intellectual assent and his predispositions; and by the exercise of this assent he rejoices that he can do something on his own part, seeing that Almighty God has done so much for him on His. He is therefore willing, a trial though it be, to bear

with the frequent lack of the æsthetic in his new worship, to deprive himself of the consolation of his intellectual peers, knowing that he has a richer treasure in his faith, and in all that it brings him, than in anything that he has lost. While these experiences do not obtain to any great extent in the larger cities, yet they are not the experiences of a few isolated individuals, but rather of thousands, and those who have to do and deal with converts to any extent will verify this statement.

There is another species of trial that is frequently experienced by converts in their immediate post-conversion days. This is the bitterness of loneliness, and for this, Catholics, and not converts, are very largely to blame. It is the thoughtless infliction of a very real hardship, and arises, I think, from the fact that Catholics, as such, being so secure and unworried in the possession of their faith, do not realize, and make no effort to realize, the isolated position of the new members of the Household, who may have been sundered from all their former and lifelong friends and acquaintances.

In these latter days, when anti-Catholic prejudices are less acute, the misery of isolation is not so frequently experienced by the convert as formerly, nevertheless there are enough instances of this nature among the recently received for us to recognize loneliness as one of the trials a convert may expect, at least for some time after his reception; yet, except one in perhaps a thousand cases, the lonesome

convert realizes that this trial or hardship is merely a passing one, and is far outweighed, even in the most acute cases, by the happiness that has come with the true faith.

Instead of being unhappy and discontented, the converts that I have known in many years are the happiest of men, and I think that a good work is being accomplished in collecting and publishing the experiences of converts themselves, for they certainly know their own condition better than those who talk so freely about them, without definite knowledge.

Of course I have no means of seeing other contributions to this book, but I venture the statement that all will be of the same general tenor as this paper I have written, thus verifying my own experience by the testimony of others. I look forward to the publication of the volume with much interest, firmly believing that each contributor will tell a story similar to my own.

Error and prejudice and false assumption are hard to eradicate, but if fair-minded Protestants only knew! if they only knew!

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My experience of life in the Catholic Church has been most happy and satisfactory. Born in the eighth generation of a strictly Puritan ancestry, and having a critical knowledge of most of the Protestant sects; having travelled and lived in many different parts of this country and Europe, I had always an unsatisfied longing for a true understanding of the relation between the material world and that spiritual one which my interior experience had made a certainty to me. It was therefore a most joyful day when, my doubts being ended, the Most Reverend Archbishop Quigley of the Archdiocese of

Chicago received me into the Church. At last I had come home to the everlasting rest which God has provided for all wandering souls. Happy they who, seeking, find that rest.

That was more than five years ago and I am rejoiced to testify that in all that time my spiritual life has deepened and widened. I have grown to a truer knowledge of the Bible, a more earnest faith in God, and a clearer view of the work provided for every Christian to do, in relation not only to his own soul, but to that of the great world around us, for which Christ died.

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Only with diffidence do I comply with the request to write of what lies beyond the road to Rome. The gift of faith is from God, whose operation is instantaneous, but the realization of its content is a thing of growth, and never complete. The man who spends a few days in a new and interesting country sometimes essays to write learnedly of its institutions, resources, and life, with results usually amusing to the inhabitants of the country. Still more do humility and docility befit the convert, and it is probably true that in many cases the convert never really learns much that is almost innate in the Catholic from infancy. Certainly I may not even faintly hope to say anything that is new. But it sometimes happens that an imperfect message, from one unlearned, will carry its burden to the ears and heart of those even who have often heard the same things, and better things, wisely said, and yet remained, at least externally, unmoved. It is

with hope that, if God wills, my words may thus reach some heart, that I write this chapter.

The first utterance must be of negative character. A friend recently asked me if I would advise him to do what I have done, asking, not from any doubt in his own position, but argumentatively. As any Catholic must do, I answered with an emphatic negative. To my surprise, he drew the conclusion that I was dissatisfied and doubtful. It is the constant doctrine of the Catholic Church, much misunderstood by non-Catholics, that the grace of conversion is a special and great gift from God, bestowed as He will, and that human words and influence can have but a very minor part in the work; further, that no one should act in such a matter except from compelling supernatural motives. No one should be received but with conviction. The manner in which priests deal with those desirous of embracing the Catholic religion often surprises the applicant; it often seems like indifference. Conversions from natural motives, even from purely intellectual motives, must be discouraged. The first thing to consider in the individual case is the salvation of a soul. Men of good will are saved outside the body of the Church, but a man cannot be saved by an insincere profession of faith. God may impose even on the earnest seeker a time of waiting and uncertainty. The soul which commits itself wholly to His Hand, ready to act as soon as it knows the way of duty, with indifference on its

own part to the one course or the other until it knows which is right, is safe. Premature conversions and conversions without conviction are to be deplored, in themselves and in their consequences. It is likewise true that when a person knows the truth he must act, without awaiting special or extraordinary light and leading. To be outside the external Catholic Church is safe so long as one is in good faith, and only so long. An honest doubt imposes the duty of inquiry and prayer for knowledge of the truth, but is not itself a proper motive for conversion.

In one important respect, my experience has been happier than that of most converts, for I have not had one positively unpleasant experience with any person on account of my action. My former Anglican friends, as from time to time I meet them, have even in almost every case been as friendly and cordial as before. For this I thank God, and I hope that no word of mine will cause hurt or offense to any person.

These Anglican friends have been kind and interested enough, in several instances, to ask various questions, and it is easy to see that there are a few particular lines in which their thoughts are likely to run. One question which I have been asked, and which is often mooted in regard to converts, is whether I am happy. A man's emotional states are subject to fluctuation, and affected by many things beside will and reason. I can answer, Yes. But

it is far more important to state that in the Catholic Church is found the satisfaction of every spiritual need; that I can not understand doubt and distrust of its entire truth, without calling very much more into question than is involved between Catholics and advanced Anglicans; and that many positive causes of unhappiness in the Anglican position are entirely done away with when one is admitted to the Catholic Church. I am happy, grateful, confident, satisfied, and look for constant increase in every one of these qualities, dependent only on my own fidelity to God and His truth.

On another point, Anglican questions are less disinterested, but not less honorable. Do you believe in Anglican Orders? In a matter so vitally affecting the economy of the Church, involving practice in a matter of utmost moment, the Church is the rightful judge, and I have neither fear nor difficulty in submitting the whole matter to her verdict. Confidence in her judgment is easy, when once the conception of the Church is grasped, and with further acquaintance this confidence grows.

The argument for Anglican Orders is a highly complicated one. The question may fairly be asked at once whether Christ, whom the common people have always heard gladly, can have left a vital matter so obscure — whether He can have intended to impose on His people the burden of solving such a dispute. The form of Anglican Orders is certainly widely different from any known to antiquity of

which there is the slightest trace or suggestion, and from any approved by the Church in any known age. It was a new form, not only as newly propounded, but as widely departing from all previous uses. If the words uttered by the Bishop at the imposition of hands be taken from the first English Ordinal, neither the name of Bishop or priest is found, nor is either order clearly designated by its office. If the immediately preceding prayer is taken also into account, it will be noted that in the "Ordering of Priests" this prayer is not even a prayer distinctively for those to be ordained; and in the "Consecration of Bishops," while this defect is avoided, the grace and power of the Episcopate are not declared nor asked. The prayer beginning, "Almighty God, Giver of all good things," has been alleged by some as a sufficient form. But it is not clearly indicated, unless in the consecration of a Bishop, that this prayer shall be said by a Bishop, and in fact it has not always been said by a Bishop. There is the further difficulty that the examination of the candidate, which might lead to his not being ordained at all, follows this prayer. Finally, some have sought to strengthen the Anglican case by appealing to the whole service, arguing that the meaning of the form is thus shown. In fact, only by argument from words can any case be thus made; for a comparison of the Edwardine forms with the Pontificals at that time used in England shows that everything clearly expressing the sacrificial function was omit-

ted in the new forms. Of these features of the Pontifical, perhaps the most striking is the delivery of the instruments to the priest, with its accompanying words; in the Edwardine service, this is conjoined with the delivery of a Bible, and the words uttered speak of preaching and administering sacraments, but not of sacrificing. The change in this direction is thorough and uniform. That it was not made by design is impossible. The natural interpretation is that the old idea of priesthood was rejected, and that it was distinctly intended not to make sacrificing priests. It is but logical that in the light of this clear spirit of the whole service terms such as Bishop, Priest, Order, ambiguous in themselves, should be interpreted; and this interpretation agrees perfectly with the thirty-first of the Anglican Articles of Religion and with the known views of the reformers.

There is, however, some tendency among Anglicans to put the Church before Orders in the mode of argument, which is the sounder procedure, and to accept their Ordinal on the authority of the Anglican church propounding it. The difficulty then must be faced, of ascertaining in what sense the Anglican church propounds it as a sufficient mode of ordination. Part of what has been said bears on this question, but let us make appeal to the teaching of the present day. A large number of Anglicans, especially among the clergy, do certainly believe that the Orders conferred by the Ordinal are Catho-

lic Orders, and that a sacrificing priesthood is thus constituted. Yet there is another section, including Bishops, teachers, and scholars, important in diocesan and general conventions, equal in standing to and having equal rights in all respects with the advanced section, equally sure, also, that its doctrine is the genuine teaching of the church, which holds that the sacrificing priesthood, as existing in the Catholic and Greek Churches, is a corruption; that the primitive and New Testament priesthood was of another character; and that the church, at the reformation, deliberately rejected the sacrificial notion and returned to a non-sacrificing priesthood.

I firmly believe that nearly, I hope quite all, the advanced Anglican clergy are in good faith. Father Maturin says that he has never met one whom he does not believe so to be. But it is hard to think that there can be many who have not doubts about the reality of their position, at times. I know I had doubts which I conquered only with a struggle, doubts which were sometimes distressing, coming as they did just before the very times of ministration; they were viewed, perhaps not as sins, but as temptations, or at least as things which it was a duty to conquer. At other times, I had no question. Yet how can the strongest and most assured Anglican clergyman deny that there is a doubt, objectively? Members of his own communion, from Bishops to laymen, deny the reality, in the Catholic sense, of his priesthood. Most Catholic and Greek

theologians regard the form by which it is conferred as very dubious, and the Catholic intention as not established, to say the least. In short, the Catholic world, as he views it, does doubt very gravely, except perhaps one-half of his own section thereof. It seems beyond the possibility of the most credulous imagination to believe that the Anglican Ordinal can ever be accepted by the Catholic world as a safe mode of conferring the sacrament of Orders. Men of the utmost humility do hold the advanced Anglican position; but in itself there seems a savor of pride in regarding as certain, and risking one's whole position on, a claim which the rest of Catholic Christendom (again using Anglican terminology) with practical unanimity refuses to accept, and in large part unquestioningly rejects. The mere weight of authority makes probability against the Anglican contention; the argument itself is highly disputable. The Catholic will say much more than this, in view of the utterance of Pope Leo XIII; but even this ought to raise serious questions in the mind of the Anglican clergyman who believes in the sacrificing priesthood and his own possession of it.

The Anglican lay people, like other lay people, are not theologians. Their belief in regard to Anglican Orders is not easily ascertained, but their general attitude toward the clergy is very different from that of the Catholic laity toward the priesthood. Speaking from experience, it is my honest

conviction that belief in the priesthood, in the Catholic sense, is not common among Anglican lay people.

A very genuine scruple amongst Anglicans, in considering the cases of those who have entered the Catholic Church, or regarding submission itself, is that thus one's whole past, spiritually, is repudiated. Such a repudiation is undoubtedly possible for the convert, but is, I believe, very rare. The Catholic Church does not do this, still less ask it of the soul seeking admission. With regard to my own life, I have been, I believe, wonderfully led. There is no mark by which one can discriminate and say, This grace is sacramental, That grace is not. Multitudes of graces may be received by Anglican communicants or in the Anglican confessional; this the Church does not dispute, but her explanation is different from that of the Anglican. The life of grace exists among Christians of all degrees, among Unitarians and Jews, among Mohammedans, and, we may well believe, among heathen who, in spite of their systems, believe in the one God. But what of the ministrations of my Anglican days? Am I not under necessity of repudiating those? I do not believe that they were sacramental, but I hope they were not in vain. I can only pray God that what I said or did that was right may remain and bring forth fruit, and that what I said or did that was wrong may be wiped out. Who can do more than this?

To me, the most decided single impression caused by observation of the Catholic Church is that of solidity and strength. This is due in part to the unanimity of belief and teaching in all matters essential to practical Christian life, partly to the Church's history, partly to her sure confidence in herself and in her mission. The convert, conscious of his own weakness, becomes quickly conscious of a supporting strength not his own, of a solid foundation beneath his feet and of power to uphold him.

Closely connected with this are the authority and definiteness of the Catholic Church. These are so effective that the Catholic Church is everywhere recognized as different from other Christian bodies; and anyone who is interested can easily learn what she teaches on any matter. This is especially impressive to the former Anglican. Not only is it a matter of great difficulty to ascertain the real view of the Anglican church on many points, not only will its theologians dispute the question of what it does teach, and its officials evade decision; but it has so far been impossible to make "Anglo-Catholicism" understood by people in general. The Catholic Church has throughout its history defined with clearness, and had one invariable course with those who have repudiated its definitions. With sorrow for their souls, yet without wavering, without hesitation, and without fear, it has rejected them from its fellowship, undeterred by numerical losses, even of the whole East or of England or Prussia, not swayed

by weight of scholarship and power. In matters of discipline, too, the Church is precise, not narrow nor legalistic, but not vague nor halting in its own mind. That one must hear Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, that one must communicate at Easter, and confess annually if he commit any mortal sin; that the days and seasons of fasting and abstinence must be observed unless, for just cause, one be properly excused; rules like these, of practical Christian life, and general regulations about worship, sufficient to procure a large measure of uniformity, are plain, are enforced, and are not disobeyed without the consciousness of grave sin. Discipline is really one of the most vital matters of Christian life. Some Anglicans are prone to judge Catholicity by ceremonial; even among the clergy, the test of a "Catholic parish" or of "Catholic advance" is likely to be the ceremonial usage. A far better criterion would be the obedience of both clergy and people to discipline. It is in this matter that the convert will find one of the greatest and most satisfactory of contrasts.

Again, the conviction is borne in repeatedly on the child of the Catholic Church that man is little, God only is great. The convert will meet this in the very beginning of his approach to the Church. The ordinary belief of the non-Catholic about the proselyting zeal and anxiety of the Church and her ministers would be amusing to the Catholic. Intellect and position are little esteemed; the exaltation of

human personality, to which the convert is accustomed, is wanting in the Church; for, with us, the influential layman is unknown, in the sense in which non-Catholics often use the term. To one knowing only the Catholic religion, the expression "lay pope" would seem heretical, and be entirely misunderstood. The priest is regarded, not as a man of attractive personality or the opposite, of culture or without it, of social standing or its lack, but as the minister of Christ and steward of the mysteries of God, to be received in Christ's name; in receiving whomever Christ sends, the people know that they are receiving Christ, who acts and speaks through His minister.

Hardly to be distinguished from this is the supernaturalness of the whole atmosphere, view, and conduct of the Church. This also will be impressed on the convert at the very first. Once I heard an Anglican Bishop, one of the noblest of men, a prince of God though not a prince of the Church, declare his conviction that, with a certain sum of money, he could make his diocese a model "Catholic" diocese; by keeping clergy in certain places for a rather small number of years; supporting them in the face of the people's indifference or antagonism, the people would be converted. This expression of confidence in natural means came from one of the most supernaturally-minded Anglicans whom I know. In extreme Protestant circles, there is a tendency even among students of theology, to deny or explain

away the distinction between the natural and the supernatural; and a practical obliteration of this distinction will be found far more extensively, and in more orthodox circles. The sharpness and clearness of Catholic belief on this point is in remarkable and refreshing contrast.

The convert will often be surprised at the serious misunderstandings prevalent among his former colleagues, after he has once seen the reality. Catholics would be amazed could they know the greatness and numerousness of misconceptions and the prevalent acceptance of grotesque and distorted statements outside the Catholic fold. This is true to a higher degree among the unlearned, but to a very high degree in educated men. Much anti-Catholic controversy would but seem to the ordinary Catholic deliberately dishonest; it is impossible to explain how such things could be believed, or how doctrines and practices could be so greatly misunderstood. The convert will know, however, that these absurdities are honestly believed and uttered. Of seemingly obtuse or willful perversions, among able and honorable men, any convert, almost, can recall many in his own former experience. One of these, which involves not the perversion of a doctrine but a failure at mind-reading, which is exceedingly widespread among Anglicans, is, that the Anglican church is an object of special interest and peculiar antagonism, even of anxiety, to the clergy and Bishops of the Catholic Church! I hope I shall

not hurt any Anglican readers, though I expect to astonish some Catholic readers, in stating, from positive knowledge, that the belief actually exists among otherwise intelligent Anglican clergy that Catholic priests *know* that Anglican orders are valid and their communion is the true Blessed Sacrament, and are simply perverse and dishonest in refusing recognition. Removals of clergy from one post to another are sometimes reported to be punishments, because they believed in Anglican Orders. An Anglican, who writes anonymously to one of the advanced papers, wrote to a friend of mine, a former Anglican minister but now a priest, in a letter signed by the same nom-de-plume as in the monthly to which he contributes, that the ex-Anglican Catholic knows in his heart of hearts that the Anglican church is right on the points in dispute! I should not be surprised if the writer of this statement were proved to be a man of exalted charity, in spite of the apparent lack of that quality in his utterance; but the statement is hardly less astonishing, disregarding the question of charity, than it is in that respect.

May I, in all kindness, ask what is the advanced Anglican conception of the unity of the Church? Having been an Anglican minister for eight years, and having taught several classes of children that the Catholic Church was externally divided into Roman, Eastern, and Anglican, but yet really one — I must acknowledge my own utter inability to

answer this question. It seems to me that unity, as a distinct *note* of the Church, was nearly or quite wanting in my conception, and in all Anglican statements which I have ever heard or read, even when dealing precisely with this topic. I believe that if "Anglican Catholics" would really face this question, they would attain to a more receptive position for the light and grace of conversion.

For about three months of this year I was in a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, in one of those Anglican dioceses which glory in the name Protestant Episcopal and find it accurately descriptive, one of those dioceses which among Anglicans are often grouped as the Virginia dioceses, Virginia, Southern Virginia, and West Virginia. The question came to my mind, if I should call it a question at all, what I would have done had I thus been placed there in my Anglican days. There are two Episcopal churches. One, in the heart of the city, according to its notices sent to the hotel and posted in the lobby, and its newspaper publications, had the service of Holy Communion usually on the first Sunday of the month and on holy days; on Sundays always at a late hour. It is just possible that there may have been early celebrations which were not advertised; had I been then an Anglican, I should have found out. But for the present purpose I disregard this slight possibility, and suppose the city to be like others in the Virginias and elsewhere. What could an Anglican

visitor, holding the religion which I held and tried to teach, have done on the Sundays when there was no communion service? I suppose a minister might have deemed himself justified in celebrating solitarily in his room; some certainly would, and I think I should. But suppose I had been there as a layman? I should, in my strongest High Anglican days, have had to attend what I should then have called the "Roman" church on three-fourths of the Sundays of the year, and to confine my communions to the rare occasions when the Episcopal church gave opportunity. For confession, it would not improbably have been necessary to travel out of the diocese. Can this in any real sense be the Catholic Church?

Desiring earnestly to speak the truth in love, it seems important to add that the efforts of Anglicans to gain recognition as Catholics have been doomed to futility. Individual exceptions may indeed be cited; but the world as a whole, that world which Christ sent His Church to teach and to save, is hardly conscious that these efforts have been made, and can not understand the position of those who make them. In its great logic mill, the Anglo-Catholic idea has been tested and rejected. Where Anglican teaching and practice are of the most advanced type, the community in general, religious and non-religious, is still likely to express wonder why those people do not become "real Catholics," and explanation, according to the test of experience, is im-

possible. Consult the United States census reports; follow the religious columns of such papers as the "Literary Digest"; turn to Protestant religious papers; read the daily newspapers; listen to the comments and expressions of ordinary men and women. The claim of the advanced Anglicans to be a part of the Catholic Church is summarily rejected; it is deemed unfounded, even impossible. As I have noted personally, before and since my conversion, even Anglican believers in their own Catholicism will sometimes, when off guard, use the word Catholic exactly as we do.

Those of our Anglican brethren who receive and accept the grace of conversion must expect difficulties. They will probably find many things, of a human and temporal nature, which they will not like. But all sacrifices will be repaid in this life a thousand fold, and are not comparable to the glory that shall be revealed. In the Catholic Church they will find the one foundation for their faith; what is exotic and disputed in their present environment they will here find natural and flourishing (natural according to the super-nature of the Kingdom); for here is indeed that Kingdom after which they long and strive.

If any word of mine has caused offense, I sincerely ask pardon. May God speed these words for truth and for healing.

LAURA GARDNER EDWARDS,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The fundamental basis of thankfulness for my conversion and my subsequent satisfaction and contentment as a Catholic is *certainty*. It will be asked, "Why are you certain?" I answer: Because I have certain authority. The High Churchman may say: "I, too, have authority." Then I ask, WHERE IS IT? With the Bishops? Can two Anglican bishops be found who are in exact agreement on even the vital matters of Faith? Some differ in opinion on the very fundamentals of faith as widely as the poles; one may deny the Virgin birth and another believe as devoutly in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament as the Holy Father himself. Which authority(?) shall the poor layman take?

Or the High Churchman may say: "The prayer book is sufficient authority for my faith." Where does he find authority for his faith in the Holy *Sacrifice* of the Mass? The thirty-first of the 39 articles of Religion of the Episcopal Church says: "Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the Priest did offer

Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits." What is the only logical deduction? The Host in the Anglican Communion is merely a particle of blest bread — it is only a "memorial." Indeed, the 28th article distinctly denies the Real Presence.

As a Catholic I AM CERTAIN — "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. In the Catholic Church there is no divergence of belief in all that pertains to faith and morals. What the Church teaches to-day was the teaching of the first and each succeeding century. Councils and Popes by Creed and Bull have definitely defined certain elemental doctrines, and it is a foolish falsehood that the Catholic Church has *added* anything to the original deposit of Faith. During the years I struggled to be loyal to the "Catholicity" of Anglicanism I did not succeed in having a single serious doubt or difficulty removed by either controversial books or the devout ministers who were my spiritual directors. However, in looking back on those difficulties which once troubled me so deeply — the validity of Anglican Orders; the incongruity of Canon 19, etc., seem now of little moment compared to the absolute lack of a central authority and the consequent anarchy and disorder; no unity of faith — no, not even in one single parish. Why, really, in that respect Christian Science is bet-

ter off — at least this sect has a definite authority in “Mother Eddy.”

If one is a thoroughly satisfied Protestant, the Episcopal Church is a suitable church home, but if one sees in the adumbration of Catholic Faith and Practice, as presented by “High Church Fathers,” a vision of the glory to be revealed in the One Holy Catholic Church, then he who is wise will leave the shadow for the substance, however great the personal sacrifice may be.

And be assured God demands a sacrifice for the great gift of conversion — it is asked of each individual in a different way — but every convert to the True Faith finds sacrifice inextricably woven in with his acceptance of the gift.

I hope some day to write a book on this subject, and it will probably take many pages to cover in detail my reasons for absolute satisfaction in the Catholic Church; so I have tried to confine this article to CERTAINTY. It may seem a small matter, but I am particularly conscious of this certainty every time I am asked the question, “What is your church?” I am always so thankful to answer briefly, “The Catholic Church.” Just that — no explanations as in other days — “I am an Anglican Catholic — not Roman Catholic. You know the Anglican Church is a branch of the Catholic Church,” etc., etc. Now when I say “I am a Catholic,” I am never asked, “What *kind* of a Cath-

olic?" I am now on solid ground. I am certain. Even the "man in the street" does not question the certain authority behind the statement, "I am a Catholic."

I think I have answered the question as to why I am satisfied in the Catholic Church. Satisfied! There are no words to express my joy and thanksgiving for the gift I have received. No more doubts — no more uncertainty! I am as sure I am in the One, True, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church as that I am alive. I am absolutely sure of my own individuality. I do not need to have the certainty that "I am I" explained theologically or philosophically — I am I — nothing and no one could explain away my individual entity — I am as certain that the Catholic Church is the only true Church as I am of my own entity — and hence, no more doubts! No more uncertainty! Deo gratias!

ELLSWORTH S. ELLIS, M.D.,

MANISTEE, MICHIGAN.

The convert from the Protestant to the Catholic religion is bridging so wide and deep a chasm, he very naturally shrinks from the decisive step of seeking admission to the Catholic Church. He is convinced of her divine origin; he identifies her as the church founded by our Lord Himself; a church which is a living organism, animated and guided by the Holy Ghost. A church with authority and commission to teach all nations, and to teach infallibly; a church against which by divine promise the powers of hell shall not prevail. Convinced of all this, he stands at the brink shivering with apprehension, because to the Protestant the interior life of the Catholic Church is *terra incognita*. His conscious and sub-conscious mind has for years been receiving lurid impressions of the intellectual and spiritual tyranny of Rome, and the lack of vital religion among her adherents. The bugbear of confession looms up before him and he feels that it is not only a distressing ordeal but that he has missed the training that has prepared life long Catholics for its exercise. He knows himself to be unfat-

miliar with the great central act of worship, the Mass, and unfamiliar also with the popular devotions peculiar to Catholics. The Rosary, so dear to Catholics, seems to him as he views it from the outside, an inane and profitless repetition of many Our Fathers and Hail Marys. Life long Catholics often wonder that we hesitate so long, and that some timid souls draw back, waiting in some cases many years before taking the final step that lands them in the Church. I think that the Arch Enemy of souls plays upon our fears and strives mightily and sometimes successfully to bar our entrance. But when conviction and conscience will no longer be denied and by God's grace we are given courage and strength to seek admission, how quickly the difficulties disappear! How sympathetically and tenderly we are piloted by the priest! How like a tender mother, the Church opens her arms to receive and embrace us!

And now, after five years within Peter's Sheepfold, what shall I say of my experiences, how shall I describe my impression of the Church as viewed from the inside?

Let me say at the outset that my fondest hopes have been more than realized. I have had in all this time a peace of mind, a certainty of forgiveness of sin, a joy in religion, that I had never before experienced. I am no longer tossed about by mere opinions and schools of thought. I can rest in perfect trust and confidence upon the teachings of the

Catholic Church. In her teachings, I hear the voice of our dear Lord, for she speaks by His authority and in His name. Her clergy, from Our Holy Father, the Pope, to the humblest priest, all preach and teach the same doctrine.

Among the laity, what faith, what humility, what devotion, what prayerfulness have I observed! In the sixty years of life previous to my admission to the Catholic Church, I have seen beautiful examples of Christian living among Protestants. I can cheerfully testify to it, and thank God that it is true. But the Protestant world confesses with sorrow the decay of faith among its people, and to vast numbers of them religion has become little beyond the institutional practice of a vague humanitarianism. Among Catholics, faith is deep, warm and vital. Heaven is stormed with prayers. Novena follows novena. The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence, and Almighty God rewards such faith by wonderful and miraculous answers to prayer. Never before have I seen such praying as is going on constantly among Catholics. If I go to church half an hour or an hour before service begins, I find people there upon their knees. When I leave the church after service, people are still there praying. I love to see the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Little children, youth, middle age, and aged, pressing forward to the communion rail, and all with the utmost reverence and recollection. I love to watch their faces, when having received their Dear

Lord, they return. It seems to me that sanctity visibly shines from within.

I think that I will never forget the impressions of my first Christmas as a Catholic. The large church I attended was filled to its capacity at five o'clock Mass, and the whole congregation, seemingly without exception, received Holy Communion. The people passed up the center aisle in a solid phalanx, kneeling reverently while those at the rail received, then as they returned to their seats through the side aisles, the great mass of people surged forward a few steps again to kneel, and so on until all had received. It was enough to bring tears of happiness to one's eyes to see a sight like that.

Long before I was a convert, or even imagined that I should be one, I had recognized that children trained in the parochial schools had far better manners than those taught in the public schools. But it is only since I became a Catholic, that I have appreciated the excellence of Catholic schools. Taught in most instances by the devoted Sisters and supervised by the parish priests, they give a sound education in religion and secular learning. The public schools cannot, if they would, teach religion, and their teaching of ethics and morals without the authority of religion falls upon sterile ground. Thoughtful Protestants to-day are aghast over viciousness and crime in the very schools themselves, and some are strongly advocating that each denomination establish its schools where the teaching of

religion may go on hand in hand with secular education, thus tacitly admitting the wisdom of the Catholic Church in controlling at such great cost and sacrifice the education of the young.

But I must not run on and on like Tennyson's brook, and yet I find no good place to stop. I fear I have already exhausted the patience of the editor and that she will summarily consign my contribution to the waste basket or blue pencil it unmercifully.

In conclusion I will say that if the convert fails to make advances toward the perfection that Almighty God requires, it will be from his own failure to coöperate and correspond with the rich graces so abundantly bestowed through the channels of the Church.

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The memories of religious experience do not quickly fade away. They are ever with us, and though they seem to vanish, they are but latent — pass onward with us — and finally reappear to confront us at the judgment seat of Christ. To me, at any rate, religious experiences have ever been most real and sacred, and were I to consult solely my own inclination, would remain forever hidden in the secret place of my own soul. This may not be, however, for I have been asked to write of my religious experience, since the day of my reception into the one, true fold of the Redeemer — down to the present time.

Through nearly half a century — first as laic and afterwards as its minister — the Anglican Church claimed and received my reverence and respect. I loved it earnestly, for as a system it at one time professed to teach the whole Truth of God, and to hold fast “the faith once delivered to the saints.” In making such a profession it appealed for and claimed the allegiance of all within its fold.

This applies, equally, of course, to the Holy,

Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. She, too, undoubtedly and deservedly lays claim to the allegiance of men, and in so doing, appeals to the experience of her adherents in justification of her claim. She, like other claimants, desirous of her name and heritage, promises "reward exceeding great," but unlike them, she, and she alone, redeems her promises.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Many circumstances had combined to shake my faith in the Catholicity of the Anglican Church.

Frequent denials of the Faith had been tolerated, and even encouraged, by those in authority.

The Virgin Birth and the Resurrection had been called into question, or explained away by many of her ministers.

One of these, Dr. Crapsey of Rochester, N. Y., was indeed tried for heresy, and deposed from the ministry, but on the next or second Sunday succeeding his deposition, he had a score, or more, of public clerical supporters in as many dioceses and not one was disciplined or even silenced. It was clear to me that on a vital point of doctrine the Anglican was — either unwilling, — or if willing — powerless to defend the Faith. If unwilling — she had denied the Faith and become apostate — and if unable — then "the gates of hell had prevailed against her" and therefore she could never have been Catholic — and if she were not Catholic, neither was I.

My convictions were shaken, yet when I remembered the hundreds of devoted and exemplary clergymen of that church "spending and being spent" for it, from a firm belief in its Catholicity — I hesitated. I had known many such — Robert Radclyffe Dolling — who literally worked himself to death in his devotion to her, and to God's poor, or as he lovingly called them "the friends of God"; A. H. Stanton, who served all his ministerial life as a curate, and without pay — from the same motive. There are many others, both in this country and in England,— most dear and valued friends — who are now either priests of God in various lands, or preparing to be such as members of the Society of Jesus. There were still others known to me by their writings alone, men of great intellectual force, acute thinkers and observers; such as the late Canon Liddon of St. Paul's, and the present deservedly respected Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington-Ingram,— all of whom pronounced in favor of the Anglican claims. Was it possible that all these could be wrong, and I alone right? The General Convention, held in Richmond, Va., in the fall of 1907, gave the answer. That answer — given in acts which spoke louder than words — was that the Anglican Church, in America at least, was essentially Protestant and absolutely unconscious of a Divine Mission of teaching, ruling, or sanctifying the faithful, for in obedience to suggestions which seem to have originated (according to its Official

Journal of Convention for 1905, pp. 598, 607, 609, 610) with the Presbyterians it enacted:

1. "The Open Pulpit Canon" (Canon XIX).

By which representatives of the various non-Catholic bodies, including the Unitarians, could be, and as a matter of fact were, admitted to the pulpits of the Church, and authorized to teach and instruct the faithful. Not a single Bishop voted against it.

It endorsed,—and therefore became liable for—

2. The Declaration of The Shanghai Conference.

THE DECLARATION OF THE SHANGHAI CONFERENCE.

This conference, composed of representatives of Anglicanism and every non-Catholic sect having missionaries in China, met in Shanghai and decided to form and did form some sort of "Chinese Church." Its members finally agreed in declaring themselves "One Body," but stated expressly that—

"They did not adopt any creed as the basis of church unity;" and the General Convention endorsed that "Declaration" with gratitude to God, and with cordial acknowledgment of its truly "Catholic Spirit"—and here again,—as in the case of the "Open Pulpit Canon"—not a single Bishop voted against it.

My belief in the Catholicity of the Anglican Church was gone, yet with that strange darkness of spiritual vision, which is the terrible punishment of heresy, my belief in my possession of the Catholic priesthood remained, in spite of the fact that the Sov-

ereign Pontiff, in whose Supremacy and Infallibility in matters of Faith and Doctrine I believed, had declared to the contrary many years before.

To maintain that the Pope can infallibly define Truth but cannot infallibly discern, point out, and condemn contradictions of that Truth — is to maintain an absurdity — and yet — without realizing it — I was doing this. The mists and fogs of error had yet to be dispelled by the “great and mighty wind” of the Spirit of God.

Meanwhile I was advised,— by my Anglican confessor and those before whom I placed my difficulties — that “it was my duty to remain where God had placed me, and to discharge my office as a priest on behalf of those souls whom God had committed to my care and keeping.”

I was not convinced of either the wisdom or practicability of this course, for had the Holy Apostles acted upon such advice when called by our Lord out of Judaism — there would have been no Christian Church,— so far as they were concerned — and how indeed could my advisers find, on their own principles, a reason for the existence of Anglicanism itself? Should it not, on such principles, “have remained” at the Reformation “where God had placed it?” — in Godly union and concord with the Holy Roman Church?

I, however, thought it the part of humility to obey; yet, I could not forget that the first soul God had ever committed to my charge was — my own.

If I did not feel myself secure in this regard — how dare I assure, or even attempt to assure, others? Could I save my own soul, while actually outside and apart from the Holy Roman Church? This, stripped of all gloss, was the question; and yet to me there remained, at the same time, a real difficulty — the surrender of what I then believed was the priesthood.

The last essay in a book of “Re-Union Essays” written by a “Roman Catholic Priest” influenced me injuriously. It dealt with the effect of the Bull “*Apostolicæ Curæ*” on Anglican Ordinations. I was not aware at the time that immediately upon its appearance, proceedings were at once contemplated for its condemnation, which were suspended because of the last illness of the Diocesan, and the author’s own lamented and pathetic death.

Having read this book, I consulted once more and for the last time, an Anglican clergyman — now, thank God, a Catholic priest — and, while I doubted not the sincerity of his counsel, I saw that it rested on nothing else save his own personal conviction that he had, as he wrote me, “a special vocation imposed upon him by God, and accompanying that vocation, certain Divine Guarantees which held him steady and serene at his post though the night was dark and stormy.” His advice to me was that I should do likewise — namely, “remain at my post,” etc. Of course a devout Methodist would claim the same assurance and give this as his ground for re-

maining in Methodism — and besides — I was realizing by degrees that the mission of the Church was to save me, instead of its being my mission to save the Church.

I had for many years lived and wished to live on terms of the greatest amity with the clergy of the Catholic Church. Some believed in my sincerity and good faith and said so. Others did not. But whether believing in my sincerity and good faith or not, they all agreed on one point — I was not and never had been — a priest, and I have never yet met a single Catholic priest, whether in England, Ireland, or in the Colonies; on the Continent or in America, who could or would acknowledge Anglican Orders.

The remembrance of the kindness and good lives of these men now stood me in good stead, and I consulted a Catholic priest, a holy and humble man of God,— free of all purely controversial bitterness of either feeling or language. To him I laid bare the troubles of my soul. He listened in all the sympathy and kindness of his heart, did not even once attempt to argue, but advised me to pray. This, at the time, appeared to me superfluous advice in view of the fact that my daily — almost hourly — prayer was “Oh, Lord my God, make Thou my darkness light.” However, I followed his good counsel and advice, but the more earnestly I prayed, the more did the difficulties that troubled me increase.

A severe illness caused my removal to a hospital

under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. I know that it has been said by some of my former friends that these good and pious women, by their persistence in religious controversy, brought about my conversion. Nothing could be more untrue. They certainly wished for my conversion, and used means to bring it about—but their method was not of this world. Prayer and good works, inspired by faith in the Redeemer—these were their weapons and with these alone they did battle for my soul.

I soon asked them to pray for me. They did so—or rather I should say—continued to pray for me, but they abstained from and avoided controversy.

Of course, I did not neglect reading, for I read all that I could find on both sides of the question—and first of all The Holy Scriptures. Besides this I read Dr. Gore's "Roman Catholic Claims" and Dom Chapman's reply; the works of Frs. Ryder and Richardson; Rev. Spencer Jones' "England and the Holy See;" Cardinal Newman's "Anglican Difficulties," etc. The books which helped me most were, James Gairdner's "History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century," and Monsignor Benson's "A City on a Hill." This little book, coupled with the weighty influence of his unselfish example, contributed much in guiding my steps into the way of peace.

I wrote at this time to a Catholic priest,—he had once been an Anglican minister and had succeeded me at St. Clement's, Philadelphia. His reply

helped me much, and the sympathetic kindliness, born of experience, with which he met and grappled with my difficulties won my heart. His closing words were, "Let each man save himself and so point out the way to others." Accompanying this letter was Fr. Semple's book on "Anglican Ordinations, The Theology of Rome and Canterbury in a Nutshell." Like every other work written by the illustrious sons of St. Ignatius Loyola, it went right to the heart of the matter.

In order that I should be perfectly unbiased I now wrote to some very dear friends — then Anglican ministers — only to find their difficulties the same as my own. They are now, thank God, Catholic priests.

On Passion Sunday, April 5, 1908, I celebrated the Anglican Communion for the last time, for I still believed in the probability of my being a priest.

I can never forget the agony of that day, and yet I thought it right to use every means of grace I fancied I possessed. The awful "Preparation at the foot of the Altar," in which I called upon God to "Judge me and distinguish my cause" made me tremble. Was I a priest or not? — if not, I dare not continue — if I were, then I dare not surcease from offering the Holy Sacrifice. No ray of brightness from on high shone down upon the wilderness of my soul.

I celebrated and genuflected that day with a conditional Intention: pouring out my soul meanwhile,

in intense supplication for God's Light and God's Truth, both of which came that night with the brightness of the sun at noon-day and I saw before me the City of God — "the City that hath foundations" whose Builder and Maker is God, and whose corner stone is Christ — even the Holy Roman Church, and recognized her at once as the Bride of the Lamb and my Mother.

I knew it at last and knew that I knew it, and with that certitude of Faith, came the certitude of the conviction and knowledge that I was not a priest — and so must resign my office and go forth — and go forth — alone. The very thought was as the chill of approaching death, and the reality, even as death itself, but as to the devout Christian soul "death is but the Gate of Life Immortal," so my death ecclesiastical was but the entrance to the life of Christ's Body mystical.

What I had heretofore "seen through a glass darkly" had been impressed on my mind "by our unhappy divisions," and now the clear light of Faith had illumined the darkness of my understanding, and convinced me: (1) of the absolute necessity of some Authority; (2) that such an Authority must be living and infallible; (3) that this living and infallible Authority had been, actually and permanently, established by our dear Lord Himself, in the person of St. Peter, and his successors — the Pontiffs of the Holy Roman Church.

Next morning I resigned my office and very soon

after had an interview with my Bishop — one of God's noblemen — manly and strong,— strong enough to be tender, humble enough to be kind.

Without a word of reproach he listened as I told him of my purpose — and then, with a pathos and kindness I cannot forget, asked me if I could not wait and think it all over again. I humbly told him I dare not wait — the call of God had come and I must be true to Him and to my own soul. "I would not have you anything else," was his reply, and it revealed to me the depth and earnestness of this truly noble man.

With a kindness and consideration I have never known equalled in a similar case, he made arrangements for my formal deposition, and as soon as that had taken place I applied in person to the present Bishop of Toledo, at that time Vicar General of Grand Rapids, for admission into the fold of Christ. It was Holy Week and despite the pressure of his many duties, he gave me ungrudgingly of his time, and at his suggestion I went to the house of the Paulist Fathers in Chicago, where I was received into the Church.

EXCHANGE OF DOUBT FOR CERTITUDE.

At the moment of my reception I was at once conscious of a great change. Heretofore I had constantly labored to convince, not only the world at large, but even the vast majority of my co-religionists, that I was a Catholic. Now everyone

admitted it as a fact. In a word, I had exchanged doubt for certitude and a narrow nationalism for Catholicity. I was no longer struggling to hold the Faith — the Faith held me firmly in its power and keeping.

EXPERIENCES.

And now I have been asked for my experiences in the Catholic Church. It is very difficult to give these: for it seems as if one were asking me to pass judgment on my mother. Yet for the sake of God, the souls whom God loves, and for whom His Son died — for very love of her — aye, for the sake of many whom I love and who are “not far from the Kingdom of God” — I will answer, and tell what she has been to me since the day when, like a tired child I stumbled into her arms, and sank to rest upon her bosom. And yet there is a difficulty in doing so, for it has become such a fixed prejudice in some minds that those who have passed from Anglicanism or Protestantism to Catholicism are always unhappy and wishing to return; that one is tempted to exclaim, “Lord, who has believed our report?”

Much as I loved the Anglican Church, and dear as its members still remain in my affections, I have neither the desire nor the will to exchange the great gift of certainty in faith for the dearly purchased speculations of a merely human and fallible society. I know the charms of Anglicanism, her charms of speech, the goodliness of her temples, and the ex-

traordinary attraction of her music. I know, too, the sanctity, culture, and earnestness of most of her ministers, yet none of these things move me to return, for "I know whom I have believed" and from my very heart I tell all men that the despised and rejected Roman Church has taught me to know the Christ of God more clearly,—love Him more intensely, and serve Him more earnestly than in all my life before. And this is not to be wondered at — for is she not His Bride and am I not her Son?

And first of all as a fond and wise mother she has taught me

PERSONAL DEVOTION TO OUR LORD.

It is a frequent charge brought against the Catholic Church that she teaches much devotion to the saints and very little to our Blessed Lord. Nothing can be further from the truth. Devotion ever manifests itself by suffering, sacrifice, and obedience: and so greatly does the Church of God love her Redeemer and Lord, that she will "allow no man to come between that Lord and the souls of those children" of whom she travails in her birth pangs "until Christ be formed in them." No, not even the father who begot them nor the mother who bore them in her womb, and nourished them at her breast, must come between God and their souls. To one and all she speaks in the very words of Christ her Lord, "Unless a man leave his father and mother and all that he hath he cannot be the

disciple" of Christ her Spouse. The convert and every child of hers must make choice between the Christ of God, and the earthly relative or friend. For love of that Christ they choose, and sacrifice on this earth; a father's confidence, a mother's love, the most tender of all affections, their very means of livelihood — aye, even life itself, and all for His sake. It is a living martyrdom, perhaps, but through it and by it the whole man is transformed and conformed to the likeness of his beloved Lord. And just because the Church is the true spouse of Christ, and because of her very love for Him does she demand all this — not for the increase of her own glory by the belittling of Christ's — but in order that all "may know Him and the power of His Resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death." The brand of suffering is the brand of love: "the stroke of the sword is the accolade of knighthood;" and so at the very outset she will show him "how great things he must suffer for Christ's Name's sake." By his willingness to endure he proves his willingness to love — and by his endurance proves the reality of that love for Him "Who first loved us." Can there be any stronger test of love to our dear Lord than this?

And then the joy of an ever present Lord — a willing captive — "the prisoner of love" in the Tabernacle of the Altar of God. Once in the years long since past was He a willing Prisoner in the

hands of His enemies. They exalted Him on the Throne of the Cross — and He drew all men to Him. Now once again, is He a willing Prisoner, but this time — in the hands of His friends, and for very love they exalt Him on the Throne of the Tabernacle and He draws all hearts to Himself. Oh, is it any harder to believe in accordance with His own word: "This is My Body," than to believe that the Captive of Gethsemane — that Prisoner covered with the spittle of His enemies, jeered at, mocked at and insulted before Caiphias and Pilate's judgment seat, and Who finally dies the death of a slave and malefactor upon the Cross, is Almighty God? To me, at any rate, very love of Him forbids all questioning the Word of the Eternal Truth. And "who hath known the mind of the Lord" to dare say "He meant it not"? Love accepts unquestioningly the statements of the beloved.

To sum up, what have I gained by the change?

I have gained Certitude in place of Doubt,

Authority for Anarchy,

Catholicity in place of unhistorical Provincialism,

Stability instead of Constant Change,

And finally as the resultant of all these a great satisfaction and peace. Through many troubles and adversities He Who loved me has brought me to His holy hill and to His Tabernacles. Few in the course of nature are the years which lie before me, yet I will hope still in God, and give praise to Him "Who is the salvation of my countenance and

my God;" for I am now in "the City of God," the Holy Roman Catholic Church, whose never ending song is "Jesu dulcis memoria," and whose walls ever resound with His praise, "and the Lamb is the Light thereof." In a short time I must stand in that Presence. The roseate hues of the early dawn of Faith have passed, "The brightness of the day" of Hope has come, "The Crimson of the sunset skies" is fast fading—and what lies beyond?—The Possession of God forever. This will be my Eternal Gain in place of what I have lost by becoming a Catholic. Oh, my relatives, beloved old parishioners whom I love with a love unquenchable, this is what I have gained though I have lost you.

May the morn of Faith and Love soon dawn upon you. And with that morn may the Angels of God smile upon you, most dear friends, whose faces "I have loved long since but lost awhile."

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The star which led the wise men to Jerusalem was the same star that led them to the Infant Christ in Bethlehem, although they had learned in Jerusalem from the infallible voice of divine authority where they should find Him.

In like manner that kindly light of God's grace which had led me to Rome has continued with me. But the kindly light of God's grace does not take the place of the divine teaching authority which the Incarnate Son of God has established on earth, but it goes with it and gives light and strength to be obedient to it. The road that led me to Rome was not so clear as that road in which I have walked ever since, for this latter road is the king's highway, and it is so plain to every child of grace that "a wayfaring man though a fool cannot err therein." And from that day of my submission until now, no such supreme folly or insanity as to stray into any other way has ever crossed my mind.

After I became a Catholic I decided to leave col-

lege, where I should otherwise have had to remain for one year before taking my degree in the classical course; although my classmates met and unanimously voted to ask me to stay with them under any circumstances, I returned to my father's house in the village where he was a minister and where many years afterwards he died. When my change in religion became known it was the cause of all kinds of comments, which were extremely painful to my father, and his wounds gave me even greater pain than they gave him. It was our martyrdom, for my mother suffered with both of us.

It may be of interest to relate a few of the more agreeable happenings of this time. One day I had some business in the village. It was a pleasant day and the usual crowd had assembled in front of the village store. They were listening to a rather entertaining talker, a young man from Kentucky, who sitting on the head of a barrel was giving utterance to all kinds of sentiments on various subjects. It was during the civil war, and some of his opinions were decidedly unpleasant to a large portion of his hearers. Soon, an old school Presbyterian minister came out of the store and as soon as he saw me he came to me and shook hands. His first question was: "Is it true what I hear, that you have become a Roman Catholic?" I answered: "It is true." His next question was: "Do you not think it is a strange thing for the son of a Protestant minister in this enlightened nineteenth century to become a

Roman Catholic?" I answered that I did not think so and referred him to many others who had taken the same step who were better, more learned, and more distinguished than I could ever hope to be. He then turned to the young Kentuckian and asked him if he did not think it strange. He promptly replied that he did not; in fact, he had always had great admiration for the Catholic Church. The young man, who was not so young as I — I was then about nineteen years of age — asked me a number of sympathetic questions which I gladly answered. I never saw him again, but I am afraid that like so many others he was satisfied to behold with admiration from the outside the beautiful walls of the City of God on earth. The few Catholics who lived in the neighborhood of the village seemed more astonished than the others. The village and surrounding country had a population almost entirely of old line Americans; although my father had a second congregation some miles away composed entirely of Irish Orangemen. The leaders of these bigoted men had seemingly taken a liking to me, but I never learned what they said of me when they heard of my change.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon, before I left home, I was strolling down one of the streets of the quiet village when I saw that Sunday school was being held in the Baptist Church. Although I had never before entered it I concluded to go in and hear what was being said. In a prominent part of

the church the Baptist minister was teaching a Bible class. To my surprise I saw that one of the members of the class was a venerable looking patriarch with long white beard and hair. I had seen him only once before when in the very early morning in looking out of the window I saw him driving down the street and, stopping, he left a bag of apples at the door of a poor widow who had several children. He got away quickly so that he would not be seen by her. Before the Bible class was half over he deliberately rose and quietly walked out of the church. As he passed me he gave me a sign to follow him, which I did as soon as I could politely do so. He was one of the most prominent and one of the richest men in the community, having mills, farms and goods in abundance. He had been one of the founders of the communistic Fourierite community at Ceresco, one of the most notable attempts at Communism in the United States. After its failure he had settled in this village. When I came out he told me that he wanted to talk with me and he invited me to walk home with him. When he saw me salute almost everybody we met he was surprised, and said: "I never speak to those common men; if I do they will want to talk, and in this way I should lose my time, for they have no ideas. This is the first time in years that I have been in a church. I went to-day because the Baptist minister advertised that he would teach the class and begin with the first verse of Genesis and the subject of Crea-

tion. But I soon found out that he did not know anything about his subject. Your father told me that you have become a Catholic. I was glad to hear it; for I have been tending in that direction for twenty years. Come and see my paintings on evolution and the descent of man. I taught the present State Geologist all the geology he knows." He then showed me his living rooms, which were curiosity shops, and his paintings. He began with the lower animals and continued up through the higher forms of monkeys to the crowning work, man. To me most of his ideas seemed materialism. He invited me to take dinner with him in a few days. I accepted the invitation and on the appointed day I arrived a few minutes before the dinner hour. He drove up just as I arrived. He told me he had been away some ten miles to attend Mass, that after Mass he had called on the priest, who had given him a child's catechism that from it he might learn the Christian doctrine. When I saw this venerable, proud old man, humbly beginning with a child's catechism, I thought to myself he is not far from the kingdom of God; "unless you become as little children you shall not enter the kingdom of God." But it was several years before he became a Catholic. He was received into the Church by my friend, Father Willard, also a convert to the faith, and many years after that, just before his death, he sent for Father Willard, who gave him the last Sacraments.

To return to my own story: The time had now come when I must obey the words: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall shew thee." I went forth a voluntary exile from my father's house to go among strangers in the land of promise. I went forth with a desolate heart, leaving behind me a desolate home. I had obeyed the voice of my Lord calling to me, I had "left all things to follow Christ." It is the spirit of the Christian religion. The shadow of the cross was resting on my heart never to be lifted from it in this life. Besides my natural tendency to homesickness, I felt vividly what this step meant for my whole future life. I will illustrate my meaning with an incident which will remain always in my memory, because in the impression I was not mistaken. I was alone in my room looking over the clergy list in a Catholic directory. The names for the most part were so unaccustomed and foreign to me that my life exile was revealed to me in its full force, and I burst into tears. I wept long and bitterly; yet many of those names afterwards became very dear to me; in fact, among the dearest on earth. But at that time I could not disguise to myself the fact that however small the race prejudice in my own heart, however cosmopolitan I might become, however fair and broad-minded I might be towards others, a large number of them would never be the same towards me. In this I was partly mis-

taken, for I must say in truth that a very great number of others have treated me with broad minds and warm, generous hearts. I realized as I have ever since realized, that while I had become a part of the great majority of Christians, I had joined a hopeless minority in all things else. Outside the church my religion was against me, inside the church, race prejudice and stronger still race and national pride, love and loyalty were at least negatively against me. The ordinary man knows little about the virtues and achievements of other races and people, but he knows, or ought to know, a great deal about his own. And even where he has knowledge of both his eyes are closed to the former and wide open to the latter. Fifty or more years ago I am inclined to think that the American convert was made too much of; since that time I believe he has been made too little of; for in these days the race demand for representation in politics, religion, and everything else is very great, and when the four quarters of Europe are represented in the church in America, the American convert represents a very small minority. The result has been that the vast millions of old line American non-Catholics have no one in the church especially interested in them, no one to represent them, no one whose traditions, history, customs and associations are interwoven with theirs to gain their confidence and bring them in large numbers to the Catholic faith, so that the vast bulk of the non-Catholic American people have remained as far

away from the church as they were a half century ago. But just now improvement is taking place in some directions, and within the last few years, with the blessing of the highest authority of the church, a movement of great importance has been started which promises to do much in preparing the field for an abundant harvest. May God bless the apostolic bands of missionaries established in so many parts of the country to give missions to non-Catholics.

After all, the fact that the English race, and our own old line cosmopolitan American people have so little influence and part in directing the policies and work of the Catholic Church in these countries is largely their own fault, for our ancestors lost that right when they separated themselves from the church and took up arms against it, and we American converts must suffer for the sins of our forefathers.

When I became a Catholic my conversion was absolute and permanent. After the first six months no one ever mistrusted that I was a convert. Nothing ever did or could scandalize me. I could never bear to hear people say that converts are better than other Catholics, or, for that matter, worse. From the day I became a Catholic until now I have never for one instant doubted that my step was absolutely correct. In all my fifty years of Catholic life — forty-six of which have been in the priesthood — I have never doubted for one moment the certainty of my position.

There is a God; and I am absolutely certain of the necessity of divine revelation for the knowledge and fulfillment of man's destiny. I am certain beyond doubt that such revelation has been made. I am absolutely sure that the truths of such revelation in order to be effective must be made known to man in all ages with infallible certainty. Such an infallible teaching authority would be of little use if it were subject for centuries to the divisions of Christendom or the malice of men. It must be an ever-living, infallible teaching authority such as is alone the successor of St. Peter, the Roman Pontiff. If his infallibility depended on his learning, wisdom or sanctity I should pause; but when it depends on neither his learning, his wisdom nor his piety, but on the promises, wisdom and power of God, I must accept it, or lose my faith and trust in God.

After becoming a Catholic, I lived for a few months with the Jesuit Fathers in Chicago. Here a strange and desolate sorrow took hold of me. I walked the streets of Chicago, and saw successful men of the world hurrying to their business, the rich riding past in their carriages, the crowds of laborers flocking to their work; and in my distress I cried out within myself, O, is it possible that all these are going down to hell! I told my depressing thought to Father Damien, the great missionary. He said to me: "We know that the Catholic Church alone is Christ's true church, and we are bound to belong to it; but we do not know how

many of these people are in good faith; God only knows that. Leave them to God." And in my mind I have since added: God alone knows His uncovenanted mercies. At first I was doubtful whether I should join a religious order or become a secular priest. Before I became a Catholic I intended to become a missionary to India. After my conversion to the Catholic faith I did not at first change my intention. It was partly for that reason that I thought of becoming a Jesuit. Father Damien convinced me that work in the great American field for the salvation of our great English speaking race was of far greater importance than work in India, but he very much desired to have me enter the Society of which he was such a faithful and zealous member. I first spent some time in St. Louis University, but after correspondence with Father Hecker of the Paulists, and after a second retreat, I decided to become a secular priest. I then entered St. Francis Theological Seminary near Milwaukee, where I was ordained to the priesthood January 29, 1868, when I was not quite twenty-three years of age.

I have been in my present parish more than thirty-two years. In the earlier years of my priesthood I delivered in various places by invitation of the pastors many controversial lectures. I now consider that I often made the mistake so common to some converts of being very severe on Protestantism. It came from my intense interest in and

sorrow for its followers. They were my own countrymen, kinsfolk and forefathers who I considered had been deprived of their divine heritage by a terrible crime. But those whom I desired to benefit, with the prejudices implanted in their hearts by more than three hundred years of passionate and bitter controversy and strife, for the most part will never be able to appreciate the great distinction between Protestantism and its adherents. The letter of the Holy Father to those who are to give missions to non-Catholics points out a better way. That better way which is pointed out to us is prayer, explanation, apostolic preaching and writing, and in all things the charity of Jesus Christ.

After my forty-six years in the priesthood and loyalty to the Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ, the mere suggestion of anything else for me but the Catholic faith would be a suggestion that hell might gain a soul destined for God and heaven. But as I have become old in that faith, which is my hope for eternity, I have become more desirous that all men should belong to it. I cannot close my eyes to the terrible results of the divisions of Christendom. The unity of the Church and the unity of so-called Christendom are different things. The church and the faith are one and must ever be one, but so-called Christendom is divided because a large part of it is separated from the divine center of unity. It is time for us on both sides to "let the dead bury their dead." Nor should we continue to

dig out of their graves dead issues which long since should have been forgotten, nor to open old wounds which long since should have been healed. Both sides have made mistakes and have committed faults which no longer should have any real bearing on the merits of the case.

Christian men are everywhere seeking Christian unity, but they will never gain it except in that divine center of the unity established by Jesus Christ. As St. Cyprian well writes in Epistle 73, in the English translation 72, page 381: "For first the Lord gave that power to Peter upon whom He built the Church and whence he established and showed the source of unity."

To-day Europe is rent and divided because men have rent and torn asunder the mystical body of Christ. Resultant misfortunes have fallen not only on those nations and peoples that have separated themselves from the Holy See, but even on those that have remained united to it. Italy, the very home of the Popes, having entered on a career of plunder, injustice and sacrilege, has become the domicile of discord and wide-spread irreligious propaganda. France is a sad spectacle of indifference and infidelity, a devastated vineyard of the Lord where men have learned to hate even the name of Christ. A nation so conservative as Spain is threatening to break down the Christian barriers that keep out the deluge which has destroyed the religious faith and life of her sister nations. There

is a volcano under every so-called Latin nation of Europe which at any time is liable to belch forth fiercer and wider destruction than any yet experienced. Does anyone imagine that if England, Germany, and the United States were united to the See of Peter, the Holy Father would remain a prisoner in the Vatican, and would continue to be insulted in the very capital of Christianity? Who imagines that France would dare to raise her sacrilegious hands against the churches and altars of God and the anointed priests of Christ if the other powerful nations of Europe and America were joined in Catholic union with the Successor of the Fisherman? In that portion of Germany where the Holy See is rejected and in England and the United States what is the condition of religion? Indifference, irreligion, and infidelity are so widespread that millions no longer believe in the Incarnation of the Son of God, and many more millions no longer worship Him. The overwhelming majorities in these lands, although they are called Christian countries, never enter a house where God is adored, although tens of thousands of these places are built by the hundreds of jarring and contradictory sects into which Protestantism has been divided. The Christian religion is fast becoming a by-word of reproach with the majority of the people of the principal countries of Europe and North America. Here in the United States there are not even one million Anglican communicants, while in our own

church there is a Catholic population of only about 15,000,000, nearly all of whom are immigrants or their children or grandchildren, who have come to our shores from Catholic lands within the last seventy-five years. If we had kept our own which should belong to us by immigration and natural increase we should have not less than twenty-five or thirty millions instead. Therefore, notwithstanding our present greater numbers, coming from natural increase and other causes, as religious bodies in relation to each other we stand almost exactly where we stood three hundred years ago, but the losses of both sides to heresy and unbelief have been enormous. A few smaller nations and provinces of these two continents may have done better, but they exercise no great influence on the destinies of the world.

The foregoing are not the worst results of our divisions. Two-thirds of the nations of the earth still sit in "darkness and the shadow of death." One billion human beings walk in the way that leads to death, and every year hundreds of thousands go down to their graves unredeemed by the blood of Christ. We can point to only one nation or people — the Philippine Islands — that has been converted to Christianity since the unfortunate events of the sixteenth century, and they were converted by a nation that has never let heresy come within its borders to divide and destroy the religious belief of its people. Let us bow our heads in humiliation when

we remember the records of the small Christian church of the Apostolic age and the triumphs of the church in after ages. But what a great work could be accomplished in our day by a united Christendom under all the favoring influences of our times. With the nations of Europe and our own united in missionary work sending forth their armies of missionaries, representing an undivided church, preaching "One Lord, one Faith and one Baptism," in all the fullness of Christ's revelation, and with all the vast sums of money that in our age could be raised and used for education, charity, and religion, backed by all that powerful influence which the foremost nations of the Christian world could exert, the present state of affairs could not last long, until the "kingdoms of this world would become the kingdom of Our Lord and His Christ."

The spouse of Christ, the divine church, is perfect as she came from the hands of God: "Thou art all fair, O, my love, and there is not a spot in thee." The human side of the church is not perfect. Well did Cardinal Newman write: "Men, not angels, are the priests of the gospel." If the ministers of the sanctuary even are not as perfect as the angels how much less than angels will be the greater number of the agents and agencies which the church must employ in all its vast and varied work. The human side of the church is made up of the human race coming to it from all the nations of the earth. As men are her human agencies to carry on her

divine work she needs all the races of men: the so-called Latin races, the Germanic races, the Slavic races, and the great Celtic-Norman-Anglo-Saxon races, spread over the earth, the backbone of two of the greatest nations of the world, as well as all those Oriental races, so vast in numbers, which instead of being a peril should become a blessing to mankind.

In saying all this I cannot agree with the statement of some of our Anglican friends that Rome has retained in her communion only the Latin races of Europe and their descendants; such a statement is in no sense true. She yet retains half or more than half of the Germanic race, as one will readily see when he remembers the millions of German Catholics in Austria, Bavaria, parts of Switzerland, the Rhine provinces and the majority of the people of Belgium and two-fifths of Holland, and the descendants of all these in other lands. And, notwithstanding the repressive acts of Russia which have kept so many Slavs from union with the See of Peter, millions of the most vigorous, intelligent, and liberty-loving branches of the Slavic race are in communion with Rome. Besides these, the large majority of the ancient and splendid Celtic race are among the most loyal and faithful children of the Holy See that the world has ever known. The Scandinavian countries and three-fifths of Holland no longer admit the primacy of Peter, and three of our most powerful nations, the German Empire, England and the United States, are classed as Prot-

estant powers because five-eighths of the population of the two last named call themselves Protestants. The Anglicans do not number in the British Isles, in America and the Provinces in excess of 16,000,000 members. They have scarcely a million communicants in these United States out of a population of 90,000,000. In England they are stronger and more influential, numbering something like 13,000,000 members. To me it is not so much what the Anglican body is now in its isolated position as what it would be in communion with Rome. We must begin somewhere in this great work of re-union and I know no better or more hopeful place to begin than to seek reconciliation between Rome and the Anglican communion which once belonged to the Holy See as one of its most faithful adherents; which to-day contains such a large body of catholic minded men and women whose strong and earnest desire is to return to that ancient union with which nearly a thousand years of their most sacred associations and glorious history are interwoven. The great English speaking race having a population of more than one hundred millions needs Rome and Rome needs the great, wide-spread, vigorous northern race. Under the conditions of the age in which we live Christendom once more united under the See of Peter would remain united for all future time. A new spirit would animate the nations, and the Church would put on the festal robes of the bride of Christ.

I have many reasons to believe that the Vicar of Christ favors, and will assist, and make the way easy for all those corporate movements which give hopes of ending in union with the Apostolic See of Rome. Late events are indications of this good will and they accord with the whole past history of the Church. The movement has begun and let us pray that it may extend and expand until it includes whole dioceses and nation-wide communities, until all catholic minded men shall find peace in that unity for which Christ the Redeemer prayed.

But that I may not be misunderstood I will add for myself that I would not be outside of the fold of Christ's flock which He confided to Peter for one hour in exchange for the whole universe; for in that hour I might die.

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I have been thinking over the request to write something about my state of mind since my conversion to the Catholic religion. In order to make myself intelligible, I shall almost have to go back to the beginning and tell how I became a Catholic; for one can hardly understand the after-effects of conversion unless one understood the motives which led to conversion.

I think from my very earliest years I had an unconscious drawing to the Roman Catholic religion. I remember having my picture taken when I was five years old and of hearing one of the family remark that I looked like a little Roman Catholic priest, but on the other hand, as I grew up and took an interest in religious affairs, I was taught that I was already a Catholic, that the Episcopal Church and the Roman Catholic Church were parts of the one Church founded by our Lord and that the differences between them were very few and not very

important. Of course, I knew that all Episcopalians did not believe this, but the Episcopalians whom I knew believed it, and the atmosphere of my own family was very like that of a devout Catholic household.

When I was in the University of Pennsylvania, I first began to feel some alarm with regard to my position. Studying history as I did under some very competent professors, it did not seem to me that the Supremacy of the Pope was as modern a doctrine as I was taught to believe, nor that a continuity between the Pre-reformation and Post-reformation Church of England could be very easily proved. Moreover, I began to think about the notes of the Church, and the problem of how the Greek, the Roman Catholic and the Anglican, while three separate and distinct bodies, could be one Church, seemed to admit of no rational solution. At this time, however, I was going to Confession to a clergyman, a man of the greatest sanctity of life, and to him all these questions seemed to be temptations. As I was certain that he was a very holy man and equally certain that I was not, I abided by his opinion and tried to put the matter out of my mind.

Moreover, I was rather intimate at that time with an Anglican clergyman who was regarded as an authority in theological matters and he put intellectual obstacles in the way of my becoming a Roman Catholic, which for years I was unable to surmount. In the first place, I was asked how I could possibly ad-

mit that the Roman Catholic Church was the whole Church since the Roman Church had so manifestly added to the Faith. The Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope were neither of them in tradition, and if I admitted those dogmas on the authority of the Church I would have to admit that the Roman Catholic Church had changed the Faith. If I tried to answer that by pleading that Christian dogma might develop, I was told that the development of dogma was a modern expedient invented by Cardinal Newman to account for the great and notorious difference between the teaching of the primitive and the Roman Catholic Church of to-day.

All this time I was struggling with a feeling that I had a vocation to the priesthood, and as it seemed that my lot was to be cast in the Anglican Church and that if I left it I should only be going from one set of difficulties to another, I determined at last to take Orders. I was accepted by the late Doctor Grafton, Bishop of Fond du Lac, and just after my ordination to the diaconate, he took me with him on his journey to Russia. This journey was taken with the hope of bringing about a good understanding between the Russian Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, but I soon found that the Russians were going to be extremely cautious in committing themselves. Nothing could be kinder nor more polite nor more truly Christian than their attitude to us as individuals, but as to anything

definite, it was unobtainable unless the Anglican Church admitted seven councils, seven Sacraments, transubstantiation, invocation of the Saints, and took the Filioque out of the Creed. No reunion was possible until the Anglican Church should do that, and even then before reunion could be brought about, it would be necessary to settle the vexed question of Anglican Orders. This disturbed me not a little, for it seemed to show two things. If we were the same Church as the Orientals, union ought not to be so difficult, and secondly, all that the Oriental Church demanded of us, with the exception of the excision of the Filioque, I recognized and had always recognized to be necessary parts of the Catholic Faith and, therefore, the attitude of the Russian Church toward us could mean only one thing, namely, that the Anglican Church did not teach these Catholic doctrines, but only permitted some of her members to hold them, which was a very different thing, and it was as intolerable to me as it was to them that the Real Presence, for instance, should be a mere pious opinion. But again I found that while we professed to believe more than the Anglican Church really believed, that the faith of the Russian Church was greater in extent than in the dogmas which she actually professed to hold, for I found, for instance, that in her offices the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was plainly taught and these offices go back, as everyone knows, to

remotest antiquity. However, although we had not a great deal to encourage us, still we were not discouraged and in my heart I think I hoped that something would happen which might separate the High Church from the Low Church and Broad Church elements in the Episcopal Church, and that afterwards a reconciliation would be easy.

So, the next June, in perfectly good faith, I received the Anglican priesthood. It was said at the time, I do not know if it were true, that I was the first clergyman since the Reformation to receive the Anglican priesthood with the full ceremonial of the Catholic Church; the vesting, the anointing of the hands, and so forth, and my ordination took place in the midst of a solemn pontifical mass.

After my ordination, I went back to Doctor Grafton's diocese and a month later I was appointed by him Archdeacon of Fond du Lac. This was the happiest time of my ministry in the Anglican Church. I lived with the Bishop, for whom I shall always have the affection of a son. Despite his curious and inveterate prejudice against the authority of the Holy See, Bishop Grafton was a man of extraordinary sanctity and learning and with a character of the utmost sweetness and amiability. He and I saw things at that time from very much the same standpoint and our days were full of work and of happy plans for the future. In the midst of all our work for the reunion of the Anglican and Orthodox Churches, we received a

great shock. The Reverend Doctor Irvine, an Anglican clergyman, went over to the Orthodox Church and desiring to become a priest, was re-ordained. Here was a practical answer to our proposals. Submit and we will take you. How terrible a disappointment this was both to the Bishop and myself, I shall never forget. We wrote, we telegraphed, we used every bit of influence we had with the Archbishop in New York to prevent the reordination, but the Archbishop, even if he were willing, was unable to accede to our requests. He could not receive Mr. Irvine to priestly functions without reordination. He could not refuse reordination to a man who was willing to accept it, who desired to be a priest and whom he considered fit for that ministry.

My disappointment was like the tumbling down of a house about one's ears. It seemed impossible to remain in communion with those whom we considered Catholics and on the other hand, we remained in communion with men whose heresy was notorious.

I think that it was about this time that I first began to regard with alarm my communion with misbelievers and I think ultimately it was this which drove me out of the Anglican Church. It became intolerable for me to think that I was in open communion with men who denied the Real Presence, the Infallibility of the Church, the seven Sacraments, and so on. If these men had held

these heterodox opinions secretly it would have been one thing, but they held them openly and unrebuked, and I came to see that it was going to be impossible to prevent open denials of even the fundamental points of the Christian religion.

Just after the frustration of our hopes of union with the East I was elected Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Nashotah, to take the place vacated by the consecration of the Right Reverend Dr. Webb as Bishop Coadjutor of Milwaukee, and although I resigned my Archdeaconry, the Bishop gave me a stall in his cathedral as Canon in place of it. At Nashotah I had plenty of time to think. I came to see that tradition need not be explicitly written out in every age. I had thought that the Immaculate Conception was not in tradition, but I had found it in the *Lex Orandi* of the Eastern Church. And when I came to look more closely into the Eastern Fathers I found Papal Infallibility was the necessary outcome of what the Greek Fathers had said, as for instance, St. Irenaeus, St. Theodore, the Studite, and the Fathers at Chalcedon. It seemed far more easy to explain the difficulties brought out against Papal Infallibility from ecclesiastical history than to explain how the Catholic Church could exist without the note of unity. But although I began to see the modern Roman Catholic Church reflected more and more in the primitive Church, I was still very far from being a Catholic, for unconsciously I was using my private judgment

on tradition just as a Protestant uses his private judgment on Scripture. I did not stop to think that I was reducing the function of the Church from that of a divine teacher to that of a mere witness.

One day, however, I was suddenly enlightened. I was getting up a lecture in my study and I came across a passage in St. Irenaeus which I must have read over and over many times before, without seeing what it really meant. In this passage, St. Irenaeus spoke of the Bishops as having *charisma veritatis*, a gift of truth. They were teachers as well as witnesses and they were protected in their teaching as well as in their witnessing. In connection with this passage, that other passage of Saint Irenaeus came home with great force, in which he says every church must agree with the Roman Church because of its greater power. I saw in a moment what this must mean, like a flash of light. I said to myself that I and all other Anglicans were mere patristic Protestants. If all the Churches of the world must agree with the Roman Church into which, as Tertullian says, the Apostles with their blood poured their doctrine, and if the body of Bishops in agreement with the Pope possessed a gift of truth and were not mere witnesses, then whatever they should teach as a matter of faith must be in tradition. And for anyone who desired to belong to the Church which our Lord has set up, it was really not necessary to go any further. If I were not able to see it in tradition in that case

I had an opportunity of making an act of faith. It might be necessary to show the compatibility of the doctrines of the Church with tradition, to those who were without. It could never be necessary to show it to those who were within or who desired to be within.

It was just after this that the general Convention met at Richmond and passed the open pulpit canon. This canon upset many Anglican clergymen because they thought it an attack upon Orders, but to me the trouble was far deeper than one of Orders. The Catholic Church is and must be exclusive. She claims an exclusive right to teach. No one can teach who is not her minister, her representative, and accredited by her. By admitting that any Christian man, by which the canon meant any baptized Christian, whether he were a dissenting minister or not, could be permitted to teach in the pulpits of the Anglican Church, the Protestant Church cast away all pretensions to an exclusive authority to teach.

From that time, it was only a question of months. I could not act myself and I should never advise anyone else to act hastily upon their convictions. Time must be taken for those convictions to solidify. Our emotions have so much to do with our state of mind that to act when one is excited is always dangerous. So I went on for several months, gradually relinquishing parts of my ministry as I found my conviction growing, and having left Nashotah in

March and resigned my Canonry in April, I made my submission to the Catholic Church on the 4th of June, 1908.

Since my conversion to the Catholic Church, I think I could sum up my impressions in a few words. Many converts seem to enjoy intensely the first months of their lives as Catholics. They seem to be full of fervor and delighted with everything they see. Then afterwards their fervor dies down, the human element in the Church often scandalizes them and they become often very unhappy. I think this is the reason why some converts go back. My own case was exactly the reverse. Almost all the difficulties that a Catholic could ever experience, I experienced during my first year in the Church, and yet during that time, which was a most unhappy time, though I had many difficulties I never had a doubt and I never for a moment believed I could leave the Catholic Church without losing my soul. To me the Catholic Church is something which is better loved the better she is known. Her wonderful attractions are not upon the surface, and those who come over to her and are enraptured with her, are generally not enraptured with her real excellences; it is in the daily use of the Sacraments that one sees their enormous power and grace, and that one realizes that she has to give to her children what no one else can give. The certainty with which the Catholic faith is held, grows deeper every day in the sense that the mind adheres more and

more firmly to the truth of the Catholic religion; and the marvellous way in which God witnesses to her divine mission in the depth and character of the supernatural light which He produces within her, binds one more and more closely to her, as to the only ark of safety.

I can not be sufficiently thankful that as an Anglican I saw the very best that the Anglican Church can produce, and that through my acquaintance with the Russian Church, I saw the very best which the Schismatic Greek Church can produce, and that as a Catholic priest I have been thrown a great deal in contact with the more supernatural side of Catholic piety, for it enables me to bear witness that the gifts and graces which God bestows upon His only Church He gives to no other body, that communion with the Apostolic See is not only the guarantee of orthodoxy, but that it is also the guarantee of those gifts and graces with which Our Divine Lord adorns His bride. This does not mean that I can not recognize the real excellences in Anglicanism, the piety and holiness and goodness of many of its members, nor does it mean that one must close one's eyes to the sanctity of many members of the Russian Church; but it does mean that experience has taught the writer of this article that there is a power, a brightness, a convincing character in the grace bestowed in the Catholic and Roman Church which is not bestowed anywhere else, and that this is what I think our Lord meant when He

said, "By their fruits, ye shall know them"; that however great the scandals of the Church may be, if, as our opponents say, there are such scandals, they are but exemplifications of the maxim that the corruption of the best is the worst, whereas the supernatural life of the Church is one of the greatest, if not the greatest proof of her divine origin, of the divine protection which is granted to her; and of the presence of the Holy Spirit which dwells within her, and which will remain with her until Time is no more.

GODFREY F. FERRIS,

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connected with Georgetown College, D. C.

I have been a Catholic for over nine years and I do not for one moment regret the tremendous step I took on the 1st of May, 1904. My incorporation into the mystical body of Christ was to me the end of religious controversy. I say the end, because, after that step was taken, Christianity proved to be, and still so remains, not a set of doctrines diametrically opposed to each other, but a guide, pointing out a clear and a definite path, the course of which leads straight on to a well defined goal. To me, as to all serious minded Catholics, the Church is the infallible, unchanging voice of God to men. She commands with a clear voice, and her loyal children humbly obey, assured that when she speaks, it is with the mouth of her Divine Spouse. God hath spoken through her, and we can say concerning her utterances like the inspired psalmist, "The word of Thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver."

But this is but the more comprehensive view of the

Catholic Church. Our Divine Lord speaks to us all individually by Sacramental grace, and this is what as non-Catholics we could never grasp. In the Anglican Communion, I was ever searching, ever asking, praying for the Holy Ghost to enlighten my soul, hoping against hope that sooner or later, the light of union with Christ would burst upon me and I should experience a sense of rest and of peace that passeth understanding. During my restless mental meanderings I had often stopped in the streets and watched the open air meetings of the Salvation Army and of other religious denominations, and I often wondered what they meant when they said they had found salvation; when they said they experienced an ecstasy of joy and gladness that did not fade. I wondered also at the experiences described by the members of the Pentecostal League, who believe they have but to pray for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and that He will then lead them to Jesus Christ, and when once they have found Him in their hearts, all their sins are washed away and they experience full peace.

But after studying, as I did, very carefully both the Bible and Church History, as well as many other enlightening works, I saw that the religion of Jesus Christ was a very different thing to that portrayed both by the Anglican Church to which I belonged, and by all the multitudinous sects that everywhere prevail. And after much perplexity and mental weariness, combined with earnest prayer

and searching, I at last found my way into the true Fold of Jesus Christ, and my heart was filled with joy and gladness. I had found the true Church, the straight and narrow way that leads to eternal life; I knew that I was now really a member of Christ, and that here at last I could begin to sanctify my soul. I have never regretted the step I then took and God grant I never shall — I find in the Catholic Church the means of my salvation and of my sanctification; and I know that by a right use of such means, therein provided, I shall save my soul at the last day.

But, to resume the line of thought from which I temporarily diverged, there are comparatively few of the members of these various sects who think or profess to think that they have found Jesus Christ in His fullness. And even those who do so profess, have to admit that their views on doctrines of religion are subjected to perpetual change. They seem almost to profess to be infallible in themselves, but they do not appear to realize that their infallibility is perpetually undergoing a change, and when it does so change, they still seem to think that their own opinions are infallible just the same. No! Protestants are ever asking, ever searching, for the truth that is always at their door, but which door, for some reason or other they can not or will not open so it can gain admittance.

But in the Catholic Church, it is so different. The Catholic realizes that he is a living member of

the Church; that he has been incorporated into it by baptism and that he imbibes from it its very life blood. He is a member of the great Mystical Body, and the fountains of grace are ever flowing like streams beside him. His position, then, is not like that of the non-Catholic. The latter is ever searching, ever asking for spiritual graces without being able to receive anything very definite or tangible in return. The Catholic asks, and then receives from the treasures that he finds close at hand and around him. The Protestant looks up and cries to the unseen God of Heaven for a realization of divine grace within his soul, but the Catholic looks up to God in Heaven and then drinks from the channels of divine grace that God has placed at his disposal here on earth; means of grace which He has placed in such a manner that all men may get in touch with them, provided they fulfill the requisite but very simple conditions.

And so, the Catholic finds our Divine Lord on earth, and by the medium of Holy Church he can come into intimate contact with Him. We know that He is truly and substantially present in His Body, His Soul, and His Divinity in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, although veiled from human sight under the appearance of bread and wine. In Holy Communion He strengthens us, although we do not always experience an ecstasy of feeling. There are times when that ecstasy is felt to a greater or less degree, but ordinarily, as in my own

case, it is a more quiet, strengthening influence, helping one to fight the daily battle of life.

When we go to confession in a proper disposition, and the priest pronounces the absolution, we know that it is Jesus Christ who is pronouncing it through the instrumentality of the priest. When the priest lifts up the Monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament, and blesses the congregation, we know that it is Our Lord Himself who is blessing us, although it is by the hands of the priest that He is uplifted.

In the same way, when the priest offers the Holy Sacrifice, we know that it is our hidden but really present Saviour who is offering Himself — representing the great Sacrifice of Calvary by means of which the sins of men are purged away. At the conclusion of the Holy Mass, the priest blesses the people and they feel that it is Christ who is blessing them through his instrumentality. When the priest in the name of Jesus Christ blesses a house or any edifice, or any article of devotion, it is in reality Christ Himself who is blessing the same.

When the Sacred Host is carried through the streets on the beautiful Feast of Corpus Christi, it is our Divine Lord who is passing, the same Lord who nearly two thousand years ago walked the streets of Nazareth and of Jerusalem, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers and casting out devils — even the same Lord who now reigns in Heaven in the glory of His Father — Jesus Christ, the same

yesterday, to-day and forever, whose word changes not, whose promises cannot fail.

All these things sound strange to the uninitiated, and why? Because they cannot see the operation of the Holy Ghost in the Catholic Church. Once let them grasp the fact that the Paraclete — the Spirit of Truth — was given to the Church, the Bride of Christ, to abide with her forever; once let them realize that the Holy Ghost was to work in the world and in the hearts of men through the instrumentality of men; once let them realize that the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven (the symbol of authority in divine things) were given to a man on earth, and that it was after the outpouring of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost that the instrumentality of the Keys began to be exercised; once let them realize that that authority has been exercised throughout the ages and that nations have bowed down to its sublimity; once let them understand that all the marvellous sacramental graces which are at the disposal of the true ministers of Christ are not the institutions of men, but derive their life and vitality from the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost, which was given once for all at Pentecost; in short, let them realize that the voice of the Catholic Church is the voice of the Holy Ghost on earth, and all the beautiful doctrines which she teaches, and has ever taught to men, will follow in the wake of that acknowledgment, as easily as will the coaches of a railway train follow the engine that draws them.

I think that the picture I have sketched of what I have found the Church to be, sufficiently answers the questions, "Are you satisfied?" "Are you happy?" "What has the Church been to you since you reached the path that lies 'beyond the road to Rome'?" Go and teach all nations, said our Divine Lord, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and Behold! I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world. He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me.

In thee alone, O Holy Church of God, have I found the fulfillment of this divine promise and command. Deo Gratias!

“MARY MONICA FRANCIS.”

“Oh Ancient Beauty, too late have I known thee.”

It is nearly thirty years since I was received into the Church, and still St. Augustine's cry rises to my lips day after day, as I realize the riches of my inheritance. And even now there mingles with the gratitude a certain indignant resentment at having been deprived of my birthright through the critical years of youth and early womanhood, when all the most important questions of life had to be solved without its assistance. It was, however, my great good fortune to find at the beginning of my Catholic life, a director who bade me lay aside in great part what he called “the romance of religion,” and devote all my energies to acquiring a sound knowledge of its fundamentals — Theology, Church History and Catholic Ethics. This may appear a rather alarming list of subjects for a beginner who is not a student and who is leading a fully occupied life in the world, but my master spoke very authoritatively on the duty of devoting a short time each day to spiritual reading and promised me that, if I would be faithful in that regard, I should without any conscious effort, learn in time all that a Catholic lay-

man's duty requires him to know of the greatest of all subjects, the true Religion. Here the choice of books required discrimination, and I can never be thankful enough for the care with which my instructor selected them for me. Works of what the Church calls "private piety" were at once eliminated. The Lives of the Saints were of course admitted, but only in the critical and learned versions of Alban Butler and the Benedictine writers, who insist so much more on what may be called the drudgery of Saintship than on the extraordinary graces with which God so often crowns it. But preceding in importance even the examples of the Saints was the familiarization with the Liturgy, that inexhaustible treasure house from which is drawn the daily life of the Church, and in which all the sublime love and wisdom of God's dealings with man are spread before her children.

Those who, like myself, received their early education from faithful and pious Anglicans, are apt to imagine, as I did, that they at least "know the Bible," when they become Catholics. We did not, and that is one of the most fatal illusions of our separated brethren. The Bible, as taught and used by even advanced Ritualists, is only a collection of beautiful or awe inspiring facts and ennobling maxims; there is neither logic nor sequence, for them, in the Old Testament, and its complete separation from the New Testament robs the very Gospels of their "raison d'être." Hence the muddled per-

plexity of ideas with which many persons read the Holy Scriptures, and hence, too, the small relative profit they derive from the perusal.

The times are happily past when the Catholic Church was accused of not permitting the Bible to be read, by private persons. Even her inveterate enemies should know, though they are seldom so honest as to acknowledge, that numberless translations of the whole, and of different parts of the Scriptures, into modern languages were published long before Luther's or even Wicliffe's time; and that, in spite of the laborious necessity of copying them by hand, they were widely disseminated among the educated classes — the only ones who could then read at all.

The first thing the study of the Liturgy bestowed upon me was the better understanding of the Bible; and what a different book is the authorized Catholic Bible from the Protestant version! With its historical notes and doctrinal explanations of all the passages; with the beautiful books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, the Maccabees, etc., that were rejected by the self-styled Reformers, it becomes what it is meant to be, the foundation and source of true Catholic instruction. I cannot describe the sense of possession that came to me when I thus began to appropriate it, or the thrilling interest that it inspired. I have said that the Church gave it to me, but it was some time before I realized the fact. I fancy there must be many who, like myself, have

followed the Mass times without number, in the early days of their conversion, without apprehending what one must call the "Leit Motif," the leading idea, individual to the Mass, and drawn from the Bible, for every Sunday and Feast day in the year; as well as for each week day of Advent and Lent and all the chief Octaves. The Church cycle from Advent Sunday to the last Sunday after Pentecost is one long and lovely exposition of the truths of Christianity; each Mass is composed, in its variable portions, with such exquisite intuition and feeling (if it is not irreverent to apply these terms to the work of men directly inspired by the Holy Spirit) that when one has read it through from Introit to Post Communion one is awed by the splendor that can only come from those divine harmonies of truth.

Many are the roads by which we converts have approached the Church, but we have all had to pass through the one gate marked "Faith." Each can but tell of his own experience, but we can say with certainty that whatever else was granted or withheld, complete and submissive Faith was ours when we took the great step. And I, at least, have found that that act of submission appeals so irresistibly to our Heavenly Father's Heart that He takes pleasure in rewarding it by the very fullness of intellectual joy. Every sense of the reasoning mind is so nobly satisfied that it looks back on the years of leanness behind it, in dumb wonder that it could have lived

at all on the meager disfigured fragments of truth which were all it had to feed on. The new knowledge brings also profound humility and a great retrospective shame for past presumption. When one contemplates the perfect edifice now revealed, one knows not whether to weep or laugh at one's own crude efforts to create a logical philosophy of some kind, for one's own guidance, in the orphaned years that went before.

There is one feature about Catholic truth which impresses me more the longer I live, and that is its exquisite diversity of application to each individual soul and mind. It has happened to me to watch many conversions, but I will only instance three, equally sincere and fruitful, as typical cases. One was that of a born skeptic who could not approach any subject except from a critical point of view. This person had, however, a strong sense of mental self-preservation, and after much reflection came to the conclusion that there must exist somewhere a faultless philosophy for the government of life. Having tried old and new systems and found flaws in them all, this woman (for, strange to say, my skeptic was a woman) coldly approached Catholicism and examined it — with the result, most unexpected to herself, and acknowledged with a frank resentment, "because it was all so dreadfully upsetting," — that here was the flawless philosophy called Truth. Too honest to resist conviction, she instantly asked to be received into the Church —

and has found perfect intellectual peace for thirty years.

The second case was that of a brilliant, hungry-minded young man who, for a year or two in early childhood was thrown with Catholics, then snatched away from them and given an old-fashioned Protestant education. On escaping from the hands of his school masters his loathing for religion was such that for some twelve years he refused to set foot inside a church of any kind. Then sore troubles and trials beset him in the world, and across the long, long years came an echo of prayer and sweetness from the closed doors of the old nursery. He listened, remembered, called up scraps of the baby prayers and prayed them again. "Oh," he cried, in my hearing, "my life has returned to me! I have been dead for twenty years — but now I will *live!*" His instructor in the Faith could not go fast enough to please him. "What do I care about catechisms and dogma?" he said. "I know it is all true, because I knew it was true when I was a little child; what has happened since is gone, wiped out — I have come *home.*" Ten years afterwards he told me that from the moment of his reception into the Church he dated the awakening of interest in life. "That is what is so wonderful," he said; "it is not only that one's soul is cleansed and saved, fed and strengthened — that would be enough to expect in all conscience — but here is a great glorious inexhaustible fund of what I cannot live with-

out — and of the most thrilling interest! Romance, History, Mysticism — the Church dominates in every subject that appeals to my mind. You cannot imagine what it means to me to know that if I live to be a hundred I can never be bored again!"

The third instance was that of the daughter of a country clergyman, the youngest of a large family. "Mother taught the elder ones," she said, "but when it came to me, she was tired, poor dear, and thought I would somehow get religion from the others — but I never learned anything!" This girl got into the habit of dropping into a Catholic Church from time to time to enjoy the atmosphere of peace and the fine music, and one day heard a sermon which aroused in her a sudden terror of eternal perdition. She immediately asked for instruction, and was received in due time. Hers was an emotional, rather untrained nature, but full of pure, warm impulses, and the sweetness and beauty of the Faith transformed her existence. In her case it was not the mind that required food, but the heart, and this being so, I can honestly say, though the term may appear strange, that hers was the most successful conversion of the three. She found her wings at once; every incident and detail of life was transfigured with light and warmth; matters on which old Catholics could still discuss and argue were to her so clear from the very first that it amazed her that they should still appear dim to others. Without ever having heard of it she carried out St. Augus-

tine's maxim: "Art thou afraid of God? Fly to His arms!" Like a homing dove she did fly straight to the Sacred Heart, and royally has It rewarded that childlike trust. A married woman now — for all this happened years ago — her life, though assailed by material troubles, is one love song of joy and beauty, an inspiration and a mainstay to her family, and reaching out in charity and help to all whom she approaches. The once timid, ignorant girl has become one of the most valiant and successful promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer.

"Oh, soul that hungerest for God, find thy way to Peter!" exclaimed the great Abbot of Solesmes, Dom Guéranger. That miraculous hunger shall ever increase, shall ever find food, and yet can never be satiated. Such good things has God prepared for those who love Him! But we must take them — He will not sanctify us without our own coöperation. And, after Faith and practice, comes the duty, incumbent on all converts, of at least a certain amount of study of the treasure that has been bestowed upon them. Very little time suffices for this; a quarter of an hour of slow thoughtful reading each day will, in the course of years, put them in sure possession of unexpected wealth, will shed a glow of interest on the dullest life, and provide their minds with happy occupation in sickness, loneliness, or old age. In this matter a certain lib-

erty must be accorded to individual inclination; the Church does not put her children into uniform; but I would earnestly recommend the following considerations to all who have passed "beyond the Road to Rome" and stand safely within the Fold. First, always follow the Mass carefully with the Missal. The Mass is the center of the Christian life and no paraphrase can surpass its sublime teaching, no other prayers so fully express the needs of the creature or so invincibly appeal to the love of the Creator. We ought all to know the Mass by heart, and look up its variable portions day by day, for these supply Bible reading in themselves and lead to more — the attraction is too overwhelming to permit of one's stopping at the set Epistles and Gospels.

The "Imitation of Christ" we should all have in pocket form. At every turn or perplexity on the path of life that miraculous little book, opened at random, will answer the necessity. And for the quarter of an hour that very few need deny themselves, the "Liturgical Year" of Dom Guéranger is the book that converts should sacrifice much to possess. That saintly monk devoted forty years of his life to compiling it, and twenty more had to pass before his successors completed it from his notes, supplemented by their own exalted piety and learning. Let no one be frightened because there are fifteen volumes of it! A little at a time, just what is needed to bring one's train of thought into knowl-

edge of, and harmony with, the mind of the Church at each Liturgical season — then the page is turned, but one comes back to it year by year as the season recurs, and before one is aware of it one has become thoroughly instructed, not only in dogma and practice, but in every point of history that touches religion, and in the divinely attractive stories of all the great Saints. Nothing that is not true and beautiful can come from that Benedictine fount which has kept real learning alive for over fourteen hundred years!

Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints" should be in the Catholic's library; Monsignor Gaume's "Catechism of Perseverance," which is not what is generally understood by a Catechism at all, but a complete and lucid explanation of dogmatic truth and Bible history, enlivened by a wealth of apposite anecdotes and modern instances, is a most valuable and delightful work, intended expressly for those who have already passed through the preparatory stages of their religious education. And, talking of Catechisms, let me mention the "Catechism in Examples," a one-volume book crammed from cover to cover with the most interesting true stories I ever read.

I think I have answered the questions addressed to me by the Editor of "Beyond the Road to Rome"—"Are you perfectly satisfied with the Church?" "Have you ever had cause to regret your conversion?" But since a direct question re-

quires a direct answer, I will say, once for all, that the Catholic Church has satisfied every need of my heart and mind for half a life time, and that I pray God in His great mercy to let me die in the Faith.

THE REV. PAUL JAMES FRANCIS, S.A.,¹

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My thesis is this: The so-called Oxford Movement in the Anglican Church is a Romeward Movement and its *terminus ad quem*, a return of the Catholic remnant in the Anglican Body to communion with the Apostolic See. So far as this has been, now is, and shall hereafter prove to be the outcome of the Oxford Movement, it is inspired and directed by God and is the work of the Holy Ghost. To this Movement I owe my own conversion to Catholicism, and being correspondingly grateful, I wish to win for it among my fellow Catholics as much sympathy as possible; and it is to this end — and not for self-laudation — I contribute this story.

I have sometimes said that it took Divine Providence seventy-five years to make me a Catholic. Not that I wish to add twenty-five years to my actual age, but in reality my conversion began with my father; yet in his case it never got beyond the High Church Anglican stage. To tell my story, therefore, I must start with my father. He belonged to

¹ This article was given to the Editor by Father Paul before the publication in *The Lamp* (November and December 1913) of the History of the Society of the Atonement, wherein the narrative is very similar to this.

an honorable Welsh family, proud of their sterling integrity, who migrated from the Old Country to Philadelphia in the early part of the nineteenth century. I often have heard my father tell of his uncle, Tom Wattson, a wholesale baker of the Quaker City who contracted with the United States Government to supply breadstuffs to the army during the war with Mexico, but owing to the uncalculated rise in the price of flour, he was ruined financially. He might have compromised with his creditors at twenty-five cents on the dollar; but he was too honest for that, and before he died he discharged every obligation he had contracted, dollar for dollar.

Joseph Newton Wattson, for that was my father's name, was born in Lewistown, Pennsylvania, and as a young man began his professional career as a law practitioner. His elder brother, Lewis T. Wattson, after whom I was named, became a wealthy iron manufacturer whose mills were located in Lewistown and he became president also of the Huntington and Broad Top Railroad, one of the earliest and still existing railroads of Pennsylvania. The family was Calvinistic and its members were adherents of the Presbyterian Church, in which my father was strictly reared.

He had not long been practicing law when he providentially became interested in a controversy which occurred at the time between Dr. Potter, the Anglican Bishop of Pennsylvania, and a prominent Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity. My father's

legally trained mind soon convinced him that Bishop Potter had the better of the argument and, being an extremely conscientious man, he was true to his convictions and not only submitted to the Apostolicity which the Episcopal Church claimed, but more than that, he actually abandoned the practice of the law and entered the General Theological Seminary, Chelsea Square, New York City, to become a clergyman of the Episcopal Church.

This was in the early forties and shortly after the submission of John Henry Newman to the jurisdiction of the Apostolic See. The ritualistic, or "Puseyite" movement, as it was then commonly called (for Dr. Pusey succeeded Cardinal Newman as its moving spirit) had taken root in America and the General Theological Seminary had become a "storm center" of agitation between the ritualistic and the evangelical parties. My father entered the controversy with the enthusiasm of a young convert and became a pronounced "Puseyite." So many of the young men of the seminary followed Newman's example and entered the Catholic Church — notably Wadhams, afterwards first Bishop of Ogdensburg, Monsignor Preston, Rector of St. Ann's, New York, Father Walworth, one of the first associates of Father Hecker in founding the Paulist Congregation, and McMasters, the founder and editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, — that the suspicion took fast hold of the minds of the dean and faculty of the seminary, that certain "Jesuits in disguise"

had entered the institution and were responsible for these transmigrations. My father and a young man named Donnelly, who formerly had been a Congregationalist, became the scapegoats of this false suspicion and actually were expelled from the institution as the ringleaders of this imaginary "band of Jesuits."

It seemed an irony of Providence that, about forty years later, the son of Joseph Newton Wattson studied for Anglican Orders in the same General Seminary and my father was at the time a trustee of the institution, yet the son was much further advanced in ritualism and Catholic practice, than his father had been in his day as a student.

Another striking coincidence was the following: When my father's dismissal from the seminary took place he went to Wilmington, Delaware, to call upon Dr. Lee, his bishop, who was an Evangelical of the Evangelicals; and the counsel he received was, "Young man, go to Rome, that's where you belong." It was not, however, given to my father to see his duty with the bishop's eyes, and finally he was adopted and ordained to the Anglican ministry by Bishop Whittingham of Baltimore. Yet such was the cloud of suspicion that still hung round him by reason of his expulsion from the New York seminary, that the best his bishop could do for him was to assign him a country cure of souls on what is known as the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland.

Once he was called by the vestry of St. Luke's

Church, Baltimore, to be their rector; but a church bookseller of the Monumental City quickly secured a recall, by informing the vestry that this "Eastern Shore" clergyman was a "Jesuit Emissary." And thus it came to pass that my father, notwithstanding mental abilities of a high order and an attractive personality, spent thirty years of his ministry in two obscure country parishes, the victim of a Popish bogey, pure and unadulterated.

It was in 1885 that I was graduated from the General Theological Seminary and returned to the eastern shore of Maryland to be ordained a deacon. My Diocesan, Bishop Henry C. Lay, was at the time too ill to officiate and he called upon his venerable brother, the aged Bishop Lee of Delaware, to act in his place. And so it came to pass that my father presented his son for ordination to the Bishop who, forty years before, had turned him from the door as a Roman suspect. When we sat at dinner that day, after the ordination was over, it was noticed that tears of emotion were in the eyes of Bishop Lee.

My vocation to the *ministry* must have been infused at the same time with the grace of Holy Baptism, for it was recognized by my parents and others, while I was still an infant, and it was in my mind when I first began to think. As far as vocation to the *Religious Life* is concerned, I am sure that it first came to me at the age of about ten years, when my father was recounting to me the story of his ex-

pulsion from the seminary and incidentally mentioned the Paulist Fathers. It was summer time. We sat together in the rectory hallway and I remember distinctly how an interior voice — inaudible yet quite clear — said: “That is what you will do some day, found a Preaching Order like the Paulists.”

Through all the vicissitudes and changes of my subsequent career as a college student, a seminarian and an Episcopal clergyman, I never lost the remembrance of that voice. I had been Rector of St. John's Church, Kingston, for some eight years, when, at the age of thirty, it seemed to me that the time had arrived for my resignation from parochial work and I contemplated retiring to the Mission Church of the Holy Cross which I had been instrumental in establishing, two years previously, as a chapel-of-ease to St. John's, there to begin the formation of the Society. But *what to call it* perplexed me more than anything else. I felt the attraction to the Cross and Passion of our Divine Redeemer; but every name I could think of in that connection already had been appropriated by some religious community, either in the Catholic or the Episcopal Church.

It was at this time that St. Francis of Assisi began to exercise a dominating influence over my life and, having read how he had based the Rule of the Friars Minor upon three Scripture texts which he had obtained by having a priest open before him the missal three times in the name of the Holy Trinity,

I was strongly moved to seek of God in the same way the name of the new Institute.

Accordingly, after early celebration of the Holy Communion on the Seventh Sunday after Pentecost, July 9th, 1893, I knelt before the altar in St. John's Church and, having invoked the Holy Trinity, opened the volume of the Scriptures three times and thereby obtained — not the name alone, but, like St. Francis, the three texts which till this day remain the Foundation of the Constitution of the Society of the Atonement. Going from the church to the rectory, I first wrote down the name, *Society of The Atonement*, at the top of a sheet of note-paper and underneath were carefully recorded the three texts, of which the central one contained the name: "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ by Whom we have now received the Atonement." Romans v: 11. (King James Version.)

Undoubtedly I would have carried out my intention of resigning St. John's and retiring to the Mission Church of the Holy Cross had I not been interrupted then and there by the same interior voice that twenty years before had given me the first intimation of religious vocation. This time the "still, small voice" said: "You will have to wait seven years for this to be realized." I was distinctly disappointed; nevertheless in obedience I laid the paper aside as if nothing had happened and went quietly on with my work as a pastor of souls.

Two years later I went West and assumed the

headship of the Associate Mission of Omaha — exchanging a salary of \$100.00 for one of \$15.00 a month,— because I hoped that there I would be able to convert an association of unmarried clergy into the Religious Congregation of the Society of The Atonement. The term of pledged service in the Associate Mission was three years, subject to renewal at the will of each member. My companions were zealous, godly men whose theology and ritual practice were modeled after the Roman pattern. To illustrate their self-denial and serious piety, it will suffice to say that for a considerable time we observed a Retreat of one day in every month, when no one ate or drank anything until six o'clock in the evening. We had four mission congregations in Omaha and as many more in outlying towns. So successful was the work that in one year the clergy of the Associate Mission presented twenty-five per cent. of all the candidates confirmed by Bishop Worthington in his entire diocese. Yet the Associate Mission was not destined to eventuate in the Society of The Atonement; and now it lies buried in the same grave with so many like ventures in the Episcopal Church.

It was on the Feast of the Dedication of All Franciscan Churches, July 4, 1898, that for the first time in my life I truthfully could say: "*I believe in the universal jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff as the Successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Jesus Christ.*" From my youth I had studied the question

of Papal Supremacy far more than any other single historical and theological proposition connected with Christianity. Moreover, I had prayed constantly for supernatural light; but until that day I had still remained in the dark, and quite at sea as to the truth or falsity of the Petrine Claims. Truly, Faith is a supernatural gift of God and the study of books, without Divine illumination, is not sufficient to convince those born outside her pale of the Truths of the Catholic Religion, even though to those who enjoy that supernatural gift it all seems as clear as the sunlight.

I immediately wrote to Bishop Worthington, told him what had happened, and tendered my resignation to take effect on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, when my term of pledged service in the Associate Mission expired. After that I would go into retirement until I was quite sure whether it was the Will of God for me to enter the Catholic Church.

It would make this story far too long were I to recount in detail the succession of Providential links which drew together at Graymoor not only the Friars but also the Sisters of The Atonement. Suffice it to say that exactly seven years after receiving the Name and Texts of the Society in St. John's Church, Kingston, I found myself wearing the habit of St. Francis and making my vows on the Mount of The Atonement, in the presence of Dr. Leighton Coleman, Anglican Bishop of Dela-

ware and successor to Bishop Lee. The first service was held in a tent pitched upon the mountain's summit, on the Seventh Sunday after Pentecost, July 22, 1900, and my Profession under the Franciscan Rule was made in the same tent on the following Friday. There were present thirteen members of the Society representing its three congregations, viz., the Friars, the Sisters and the Tertiaries. Thus was literally fulfilled the words I had heard in Kingston in 1893: "You will have to wait seven years for this to be realized."

The convent of the Sisters of The Atonement was erected alongside the Mission Church of St. John Baptist, Graymoor, in the summer of 1899; and St. Paul's Friary, on the Mount of The Atonement, was dedicated by Bishop Coleman, December 8, 1900, in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Then there followed the years of waiting for that glad day when the Doors of Peter's Sheepfold were opened and the Society was admitted into communion with the Vicar of Christ. Those nine years were not idle years; far from it. We of the Society of The Atonement very keenly realized that we had a message to deliver to our fellow Anglicans and in many ways we suffered in delivering it. Its announcement meant isolation, contempt and to some extent ostracism more than actual persecution.

When we first began to lay the foundation of our Institute at Graymoor, we met with considerable

success from a popular viewpoint. Franciscanism (apart from the Papacy) has enthusiastic admirers not a few in the Anglican Church; and these were naturally pleased at the prospect of two Congregations of Franciscans, the Friars of The Atonement and the Sisters of The Atonement, taking their rise at Graymoor. But in 1901 we began openly proclaiming our faith in the jurisdiction of the Apostolic See and that we believed all that Rome believed. We did not hesitate to say to our Anglican hearers that Henry VIII and Elizabeth were entirely wrong in having repudiated the Papacy and in separating England from the Holy See. Furthermore: That the sole salvation for Anglicanism was wholesale repentance, retraction of error, and corporate submission to the Successor of St. Peter.

Never shall I forget my experience one evening at an archdeaconry meeting on Long Island when, in the presence of a large body of clergy and a congregation that filled the church, I enunciated the foregoing truth. In the middle of the sermon the archdeacon ascended the steps of the altar and shouted in stentorian tones, "*Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*" This was not intended as an exhortation to the preacher to go onward bearing his witness; but in the Episcopal Church it is the offertory sentence, usually pronounced as the signal for the collection

to be taken up. The preacher, of course, took the hint, and sat down.

But, in a way the archdeacon never intended, I took his advice and continued to "let my light shine" by publishing *The Lamp*, which proved in the event a much more effective method of illuminating the minds of Anglican readers on the burning question of Papal jurisdiction than if I had preached on the subject to hundreds of congregations in every part of the country. There was no portion of the Anglican Communion, whether in Europe, America, Africa or Asia, where the rays of *The Lamp* did not penetrate, or where its Gospel of Papal Submission did not find a hearing. The message of *The Lamp* continues to this day bearing fruit in the Anglican vineyard. Not only through its influence have many Anglicans, both clerical and lay, found their way into Peter's Fold, but it has contributed its share to the formation of a new party in the Anglican body, that of the advocates of corporate submission to the Apostolic See, which in the popular parlance is called the Pro-Roman Party.

After the preaching experience recorded above, invitations to fill Anglican pulpits rarely came my way and I became to some extent a street preacher in consequence. One summer, by permission of the President of Manhattan Borough, I preached once a week on the steps of the City Hall in New York; at another time, on a street corner in Newburgh.

As the Society of The Atonement persisted in propagating its Church Unity principles, efforts were made to silence us altogether; and Bishop Coleman, under pressure from certain of our antagonists, actually took the preliminary steps towards my deposition from the Episcopal ministry; but as I showed a disposition to fight the matter to a finish by demanding an ecclesiastical trial, the threatened deposition was allowed to fall into "innocuous desuetude," and ended in the good Bishop letting us severely alone until his death, which occurred in December, 1907.

The Rt. Rev. Frederick J. Kinsman, D.D., succeeded him and at the hands of Bishop Kinsman I received the kindest and most considerate treatment. He invited me to *Bishopstead*, his residence in Wilmington, and afforded me the opportunity of explaining to him in full what I considered to be the providential mission of the Society of The Atonement; and at the same time, with the greatest freedom and fullness, I explained to the bishop just what I and my associates in the Society of The Atonement believed.

He informed me that he would take the whole subject under careful consideration and that, in about a month's time, he would write me his mature judgment. And once more, in connection with the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware, there occurred a singular coincidence: When his letter came it contained in substance — though more elaborately ex-

pressed — the identical advice which Bishop Lee, sixty-five years before, had given to my father, namely: "Make your submission to Rome; that is the only thing in consistency with your principles that is left open for you to do." Contrary, however, to my father's action, I accepted the counsel of the bishop as a providential manifestation of the Will of God, and in August of that year, 1909, I went to Washington and called upon the Apostolic Delegate, then the Most Reverend Archbishop — now His Eminence — Cardinal Falconio.

Immediately upon my return to Graymoor I drew up a petition addressed to His Holiness Pope Pius X, professing our faith in the Holy Roman Church and all Her teachings, and asking the Holy Father to take our Institute under his protection and to preserve its name and identity. This petition was forwarded by the Apostolic Delegate to the Vatican; and on October the seventh we received through His Excellency Monsignor Falconio the reply of the Sovereign Pontiff graciously granting our petition. It was on Saturday, October 30th, that our corporate reception took place, His Eminence Cardinal Farley having deputed Monsignor Joseph H. Conroy, now Auxiliary Bishop of Ogdensburg, to reconcile us to the Holy See and receive the Graymoor Community into the Catholic Church.

At that time the Society consisted of about twenty-five members,—two friars of The Atone-

ments, five Sisters and the rest Tertiaries,—all of whom with one or two exceptions among the Tertiaries, at that time or since, have entered the Fold of Peter. Had we persisted in remaining outside when once the door of entrance into the Fold had been providentially opened, I have not a doubt that the Society of The Atonement would sooner or later have become extinct; but now, under the blessing and fostering care of Christ's Vicar, it is pulsating with divine life and making most encouraging progress. Already have we had the satisfaction of seeing its example followed, in the submission of two religious communities much more numerous than our own, namely, that of the Benedictine Monks of Caldey Isle, off the coast of South Wales, and the Benedictine Nuns of St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven. Nor do we believe that this is the end of the list of corporate receptions from Anglicanism into the bosom of the Catholic Church. We believe there has always been a Catholic-minded Remnant in the Church of England since the days of Elizabeth; and, in point of fact, nothing has been more remarkable in the religious phenomena of our time than the steady, persistent and advancing Catholicizing of the Anglican Body, since the Oxford Movement, not in one part only but in every part of Great Britain and America.

We do not expect a corporate submission of *all* Anglicans to the Apostolic See, in either this or any subsequent generation, but we *do* anticipate the

Home-coming of the Catholic Remnant. How extensive the numbers will prove to be God alone knows!

What has thus far been most unique and significant in the Society of The Atonement is that it had its origin outside the Fold of Peter and yet that from its beginning all its members have held the Catholic Faith and have breathed the spirit of loyalty and devotion to the Apostolic See. It is but another illustration of the fundamental principles of redemption recorded by St. Paul in the Fifth Chapter of Romans: "As by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners, so also by the obedience of one many shall be made just." (V. 19.) By the disobedience of one man, Henry VIII, a whole nation and people became rebels to the Apostolic See. So also "By the obedience of one, many shall be made just," found its illustration in the submission of John Henry Newman,—to be followed in each successive generation by increasing numbers of Anglicans returning to the jurisdiction of Christ's Supreme Vicar; and in our isolation upon the Mount of The Atonement—when for so long a time there was only one cleric and one lay brother—it was borne in upon us as a covenant promise from God, that the *Children of The Atonement*, with whom are included all the Children of Reconciliation to the Apostolic See, will be increased and multiplied until they become "as the stars for multitude."

When God sought to save a rebellious race He gave His only-begotten Son not to thunder down from Mount Sinai the law of God and His Judgment upon the wicked, but "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Christ identified Himself with the race He sought to redeem, and gloried in the title, "Son of Man." There was, however, this difference between Himself and them. They were the children of disobedience while He "came down from heaven not to do His own will but the will of Him that sent Him." (St. John 26:38.)

Indeed it was by being obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross, that He made possible the reconciliation of sinners with God, or in other words, the *At-one*-ment between God and man. He said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." By His own death he propagated among the disobedient the seed of the Atonement, that is, the Children of Obedience. And this seed will go on increasing and multiplying "Until the kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of our Lord's and his Christ's, and he shall reign for ever and ever. Amen." (Apoc. 11:15.)

This, I think, explains the providential meaning of the Society of The Atonement's Anglican origin, and although it has now happily emerged from Anglicanism, its message to Anglicans has not ceased to be, but aided by its witness and example, the seed of obedience to Papal Authority will go on being

propagated in the Anglican Communion until the conversions and submissions hitherto experienced will be as nothing to those that shall hereafter be recorded. Hence we close our thesis where we began it, namely, that the so-called Oxford Movement in the Anglican Church is a Romeward Movement and its "*terminus ad quem*" the return of the Catholic Remnant in the Anglican Body to communion with the Apostolic See; and this, I think, answers the question as to whether I am satisfied, beyond all shadow of doubt, that my share in that Movement was according to God's Will.

FREDERICK WILLIAM GOODRICH.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Organist; musical composer; descended collaterally from Thomas Goodrich, last Catholic Bishop of Ely and Lord High Chancellor of England. Organist 1884-1900 of several churches in London; founded Anglican Society of St. Osmund; has contributed articles on music to English and American periodicals and papers. Sub-dean of the American Guild of Organists (Oregon branch). Now acting as Organist and Director of the Choir at St. Mary's Cathedral, Portland, Oregon. Editor of the Oregon Catholic Hymnal (1912).

When I was about eight years of age, I became a chorister in the Church of All Saints', Notting Hill, London, at that time noted for its High Anglican doctrine and dignified ceremonial. Daily choral services were the rule, and on Sundays a choral celebration of Holy Communion was a prominent feature. The church was a magnificent structure, with beautiful stained glass, frescoes and statuary. The old Gregorian tones were in daily use, the music was of a high order, and the ritual decidedly "Puseyite." The famous preachers and church leaders of the day were constant visitors during festival seasons, and their "Catholic" sermons made such doctrines as the Real Presence, the State of

the Faithful Departed, and the Communion of Saints very familiar to our ears. This kind of atmosphere made us long for more, and whenever we could get free from our church duties, we would steal away and view with mingled envy and delight the stately processions, the gorgeous ceremonial and the beautiful appointments of such advanced churches as St. Alban's, Holborn; St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington; St. Augustine's, Kilburn; and St. Matthias', Earl's Court. In these churches we heard sermons by men looked upon as leaders in what we were gradually coming to believe was the real Church of England, and now and again we read with dismay and some kind of indignation that many of our heroes had 'verted to what we in our youthful ignorance were pleased to call the "Italian" Church of Rome. Years went on and I became assistant organist of All Saints' Church, and as the tone of the teaching became more advanced, I progressed with it, and the practices of the extreme school of English churchmanship became still more familiar.

About this time our parish received a visit from Father Ignatius, "the Monk of Llanthony," and it fell to my lot to play the organ at the first service conducted by this remarkable man after his long inhibition from preaching in the Anglican churches of London. His presence and teaching gave food for thought on another line. This increasing familiarity with what was called Catholic doctrine

and ceremonial made me look with tolerant eyes toward the Church of Rome, and when free from my duties at the organ I would attend Mass or Benediction at the beautiful church of St. Mary of the Angels, near by. This great church, built by the late Cardinal Manning, was served by the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, and the services were carried out with much dignity and beauty. Many visits were also made to the Church of St. Simon Stock in Kensington, served by the Carmelite Fathers, and the Church of St. Philip Neri at Brompton, the home of the Fathers of the Oratory. Serious doubts arose in my mind as to the position of the Church of England, and I was on the point of becoming a convert, when I was appointed Organist of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Kensington. The minister in charge of this church was the Rev. Sidney F. Green, who had been a "prisoner for conscience's sake" in Lancaster jail for many months. His teaching and influence restored for awhile my waning belief in the Anglican Church, and led me to think that it was indeed a true "branch" of the Holy Catholic Church. I became an enthusiastic advocate of the insular position of the Church of England, and in '89 founded the Society of St. Osmund for the promotion and restoration of the old ceremonial of the Church of Sarum. While denying the authority of the Holy Father, the members of this Society were ultra-Roman in doctrine and practice. The society soon

fell under the ban of the Anglican bishops, and was ultimately merged into the Alcuin Club for liturgical study. My connection with this society and through it with many of the prominent advanced churchmen of the day, again brought a long period of unrest from which I suffered with more or less intensity until my departure from England to Canada in 1904.

After leaving England where the Anglican Church has all the glamour of State establishment, where it has possession of the ancient Cathedrals, Abbey and Parish churches, where its ministers are privileged visitors in castle and hall, it was somewhat of a new experience to enter a country where it was only one of many conflicting denominations, and where its adherents were in a decided minority. The Protestant side of the Church showed up very prominently in the middle West of Canada, and in the freer air of that more democratic country, its claims to Catholicity seemed to rest on very insecure foundations. After a short sojourn in Canada, we moved to the far West of the United States, and in the State of Oregon determined to make our home. The weakness and irresponsibility of the Protestant Episcopal Church in that great State finally decided me that the church that Our Blessed Lord had founded was not represented by that body. At last came the definite call. The most Reverend Archbishop Christie offered me the post of Organist and Choir Director in his Cathedral Church in

the city of Portland, Oregon. It was still some few months before I took the final step, but in the Fall of 1907 came a severe nervous breakdown and eyesight trouble. During the period of enforced rest, the conviction of the truth of the claims of the Church came upon me with compelling force, and in the month of November of that same year, I was received into the Church in the private chapel of the Archbishop. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception I made my first communion in the Cathedral, and then began a period of happiness in church life which has never left me. The more I know of the prelates, priests and religious of the Catholic Church, the more I am convinced of its wonderful unity of teaching and practice.

Viewed from within the Catholic Church, the claim of the Church of England to be one with the church of pre-Reformation days seems but a vain fantasy and an idle dream, while the thought that any one of the modern denominational societies can be identical with the One Church built upon the Rock is too absurd to be retained for a moment. "The Bible and the Bible only" has a new meaning for Catholics, for in its sacred pages we get the certainty of the Divinity of Our Blessed Lord. In the inspired pages of the four Gospels there is a clear picture of the God-Man, Our Lord Jesus Christ. When once we realize in all its fullness this doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, the story of the foundation of the Catholic Church, and its wonder-

ful life throughout the ages becomes very easy to understand. The authority of the Supreme Pontiff, the power of absolution, the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar are all easy to accept and believe when we remember that He and His Father are One, that all power was given unto Him and this Divine Power He gave unto His Apostles, and they in turn to others, and "thus the Holy Church is here although the Visible Presence of Her Lord is gone."

If one thoroughly understands the claims of the Catholic Church and the foundations upon which they are built, there can be no doubt or unrest within Her Fold. This experience has been mine, and every day brings a clearer realization of the fact that outside the Church there is no safety, for if the gates of Hell have prevailed against Her in defiance of Christ's promise as Her enemies would have us believe, what certainty have we that any one of the self-appointed teachers without can be in any better position to lead our souls to God. Thank God the Holy Catholic Church is as of yore "the pillar and ground of the truth," and if we do our share in God's great work, we need have no fear for the future of our souls.

HENRY C. GRANGER, B.A.,

EVANSTON, ILL.

Late rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church.

After nearly seven years in the Catholic Church, or "Beyond the Road to Rome," what is the verdict?

Ordinarily the person who enters the Catholic Church from one of the Protestant denominations, especially if he has been a minister, is looked upon as having committed spiritual suicide; is practically dead, as far as anything like true religious experience is concerned; he has "gone to Rome," and that is all there is to it. If he retains his former friends, there has come up between these and himself a barrier,—and with all charitableness, he, the convert, or the pervert, as he is sometimes styled, is looked at askance. One wonders, at times, why it should be so—and the answer is that it is owing in some cases to an obstinate prejudice: in others to an invincible ignorance; or that principle of indifference which characterizes the religious attitude of so many multitudes at the present day. People say: "One Religion is as good as another. What difference does it make!" familiar expressions to us all. What then is there in the seven years that I

have spent "Beyond the Road to Rome" that justified me in stepping aside from, and out of an active denominational ministry — Presbyterian and Episcopal — of nearly thirty years?

First — and it is the underlying basis of everything else — one comes to realize that the Catholic Church is the church founded by Our Lord: that it was built to live: that its long and varied history proves it: and that unless the abiding presence and work of the Holy Spirit is to be discredited, Our Lord's Church must still exist on the face of the earth; and to all who submit to its authority must come certain very blessed and definite results. To me, some of these consequences are as follows: Accepting her authority, I gained intellectual peace and the disappearing of all doubts. With this peace of mind there followed room to grow along well-fixed and thoroughly established lines — reaching on ahead unto all eternity. There is much that is incomprehensible, but this is not equivalent to that state of mind wherein one is forever questioning. As it was said of Our Lord, so must it be recognized and affirmed of the priests of His church — that they speak with authority, and with this divine authority comes peace of mind; surely a great, real, and intensely practical blessing not hitherto possessed.

And because of this loving surrender of heart and soul there follows such a love for, and devotion to, Jesus Christ as one outside the Catholic Church can-

not for one moment realize. Everything centers in Him and His Real Presence on the Altar. This is the drawing power of His church to-day. The Saints have their places and their proper devotions; the various Sacraments are channels of Grace; the Word is preached; the spiritual helps are multitudinous; but always Our Lord is the center and substance of it all. This is the heart of the system if you will; this is what binds together this marvellous and world-wide organization,—and in a way, and with a force, and a beauty, and a strength, that exist in no other religious body or society. Instead of there being so much of the Human in the Catholic Church—and less of the Divine—say in the public ministrations of the church, than in other religious bodies, the reverse is the truth. It is Christ on the Altar, Christ ministering in the person of the Priest, Christ verily taken and eaten in the Communion of His Body and Blood, that seals His Church as divine. To have come to a realization of such facts in the realm of the spiritual is worth infinitely more than the cost.

The only other result that can be mentioned is the oft-times fleeting but nevertheless real glimpse of the world-wide activity and power of the Catholic Church in the affairs of men that can only be gained from the inside. It comes over one at times that this is not the Church of England or Scotland or the United States alone, but it is the Church of the entire earth, irrespective of nationality, and through

this we come to have a better understanding of her comprehensiveness in its true sense. Such a breadth and depth of view makes us wonder at her richness, her strength, her beauty and universal adaptability. To the natural man, such results appear of little or small value. To the man who recognizes the existence of his spiritual nature, and its demands, the Catholic Church alone has it in its power to meet and satisfy what his soul requires. She gives us a final authority in matters of religion; intellectual peace of mind; the Real Presence of Jesus Christ on the Altar, with all that It implies; and such a width of view as is in harmony with Our Lord's last command: "Go ye into all the World, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Therefore it is the Catholic Church that is the Living, Active, Beneficent Church of the Incarnate Lord in the richest sense of these words — and only those who look at Her from within can appreciate these truths. With the Blessed Virgin we who are within the Fold exclaim: "My Soul doth magnify the Lord!"

THE REV. JOHN MARKS WHITE HANDLY,

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE.

Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle.

My motive for becoming a Catholic was the desire for self-sacrifice, for discipline and for service.

The longing to make a sacrifice of one's self is, I believe, not uncommon. Many children find in the fierce demands on their strength and skill made by childhood games, the zest of self-sacrifice, rather than of conquest. Surely, the best of romantic love is the longing for self-immolation. Deep down in our nature we have this impulse to get away from self, whose dominion is so malign, and to find a purer, freer air for the soul to breathe, in a life of sacrifice. As I approached maturity, the sense of this need grew upon me. I think the greatest suffering I ever had in my life belongs to those years of young manhood, when my whole being was crying out for an opportunity to serve, and I did not see anywhere on earth a demand for me, or for my service. I am sure this was the predominating attraction of the Catholic Church for me. Little as I knew of it, the impression that it gave me an opportunity to lose myself in a thoroughly disciplined and world-wide army of self-sacrifice, was

the one compelling charm which compensated me for all of the apparent losses that conversion threatened.

I am happy now to bear witness, after eighteen years of life in the Catholic Church, that this hope was not in the least disappointed.

Surely, it is not necessary to prove that being a Catholic means self-immolation. This is true for every Catholic. The measure of a man's participation in the life of the Catholic Church is the degree of his self-sacrifice. We lay down self in the Confessional. We forget self in Holy Communion. The very breath of our prayers is the substitution of the Sacred Heart for our hearts of stone.

For me, immolation has taken the shape of giving Missions, and I am immensely consoled to mark how the succeeding years of a missionary career make an ever greater demand upon all my resources. Year by year I find the claims of human souls have a stronger empire over me. Sacrifices which in earlier years seemed to be prodigies of heroic virtue have become commonplaces of the day's work. Of course I am not claiming heroic virtue. I am merely recalling the exaggerated ideas of the Missionary's task, which frightened me in the beginning, and now no longer seem to be hardships at all. Mission giving is a slow and sure burning up of all a man's faculties on the Altar of the Gospel, and I cannot conceive of any career in all the wide world which could have brought me an equal happiness.

I was made for it. Therefore I gladly bear witness that in the Catholic Church I have found fulfillment of the strongest and most elementary desire of youth.

Talking to some politicians and newspaper men in the lobby of the Texas legislature a few weeks ago, I gave my reason for joining the Catholic Church. "I saw I could not keep straight without the strong hand of discipline over me," I said. "I turned away from all my antecedents, everything I loved on earth, and threw myself into the arms of the Catholic Church simply because I believed she would give me the discipline I needed. I was afraid of myself!"

This caused a general laugh. One grizzled correspondent replied, "That is the most original reason for joining the Roman Catholic Church I ever heard!"

Nevertheless, this was actually one of my strongest reasons for seeking to become a Catholic; and in this desire, also, I have not been disappointed. Of course, in my novitiate, on which I entered immediately after baptism, I had five years of the strictest possible discipline; and this must not be forgotten in the estimate of the character of Catholic discipline which I am now about to give. But I have been more and more astonished as the years go by to feel the yielding and mother-love quality of the Church's discipline. It seems that there is no limit of waywardness which can outstrip her en-

folding arms of love. It is this constant pressure of affection and tenderness and hope, no matter how often the child has fallen, which impresses me as the strongest and strangest quality of the discipline which attracted me to her in my ignorance and need. Everywhere I see this same trait manifested: in the dealings of the priest with the penitent, and of the superior with his religious subjects; and of the Bishop with his priests. It is an amazing quality of yielding, which, nevertheless, never gives up its own ideals, and by the pressure of its very gentleness finally brings the prodigal back to the straight and narrow path.

As a man advances in age there is certainly a tendency towards a greater love for discipline. I have seen it in myself and others. As experience of the Church's discipline increases, so does a sense of its benignity and justice increase, until at last the joy of being a servant in the Father's house outweighs all the world's allurements.

The Southern boy is nourished on the ideals of chivalry. It was not strange that in my days of transition, when the thought of conversion was growing ever stronger, that the Catholic Church presented herself to me as a forlorn lady, appealing for knightly service. Such a poor, tattered, winsome queen! I asked myself tremblingly, could I find a nobler object of my devotion? one whose guerdon was half so honorable? one whose need was half so great? Along the same line of thought, I

dreamed one night, vividly, of a great army made up of rank on rank, erect and passive before the enemy. Beyond were black war clouds, shot with flame, and these clouds, I knew, shrouded the hosts of darkness. I saw in my dream men constantly falling from the ranks of the army, and I saw out of the dim twilight around them new forms taking at once the place of those who had fallen. In my dream I had an intense longing to be one of those volunteers. I wanted to step into the next vacant place. Now, the Catholic Church most abundantly satisfied this longing. If I suffered at one time from a sense of not being needed, surely I have never had that feeling since I became a Catholic! Always there has been more work to do than time in which to finish it. Often I have rounded out a day's ardent toil by hours of sleeplessness, planning ways and means of accomplishing other tasks which were crying out to be done. This sense of being in the fray, of being busy, of having great enterprises awaiting one's hand, of being able to contribute to enormous works in which hundreds of millions of people are concerned, and knowing that the work is bound to succeed, because it is God's work and cannot fail — this is glorious! This is the true joy of living. I do not know anything in human life to compare with it.

During my first year as a priest in New York City, I was overwhelmed by the work of a great parish, thousands of confessions, thousands of com-

munions, innumerable sick calls, constant demand for instructions and sermons. I came near wearing myself out and breaking down completely. Then I, the youngest of the community, was sent to Tennessee to lay the foundation of a Paulist house in the midst of a great non-Catholic territory. It was my own old home. My school-mates and neighbors, when they heard the Catholics were coming, seriously debated whether they would greet us with violence, tar and feather us and drive us away. After I had immersed myself in the temporal cares of the new foundation and yet found time to give a Mission to non-Catholics, my venerable Superior General said to me, "I have wondered at your courage." But really I never thought of courage. There was so much to be done that I often went without food and sleep in the sheer fascination of the task.

It seems to me now a rash thing for my superiors to have put one so young in charge of such work. Later I was sent to the Pacific Coast and spent five years on missions there. I have always been thankful for these beautiful experiences. One summer, I gave seven missions in Alaska. Mr. William Dean Howells tells of his disposition to buy a house and go to housekeeping in every town he visits. This trait is strong in me. I loved the Alaska missions and longed to remain there to do some part of the heroic work of the Jesuit Fathers, who are laying the foundations of Catholic life in our greatest ter-

ritory. I spent one year getting the Chicago house founded and another year in Tennessee, during which time I preached from two to four times daily for ten weeks in the Chapel Car, face to face with the most pathetic needs of "the man in Macedonia." Every nook and cranny of the United States cries out for the Catholic Church.

I worked for two years with our dearly beloved and sadly lamented Father Doyle in the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, absorbed in the needs of the nation-wide Apostolate, and longing to see the plans of the Mission House brought nearer to practical realization.

I could not be for two years on the campus of the Catholic University without being wrapped up in the noble dreams of Monsignor Shahan, and moved with most fervent love for his great character. I believe he is one of God's most precious gifts to the Catholic Church in America. His life of complete immolation, body, mind and soul, to the interests of the Catholic University will be crowned with results which will enrich our Church and people for generations to come. I was especially interested in the magnificent possibilities for the University promised by the Sisters' College. This will enlist all the Sisters of America in support of the University and place an ardent advocate of University training in every school room throughout our Catholic system of education. The power of the Sisters thus combined will be irresistible.

By their help the Catholic University of America will grow to rival the University of Paris in the thirteenth century. I was glad to have a hand in launching the first Summer School for Sisters.

Then I was sent to Austin, Texas, to become engaged in the educational problem from the opposite extreme. There we have a very poorly equipped and insecure foundation, which we hope one day to build into an institution so strong that it will safeguard every Catholic student attending the State University and send them all away at the end of the four years impregnable in their faith. This will be a reversal of the present conditions, for the State University and kindred institutions have been terribly fatal to the faith of Catholic students. More than that, we hope to see the Catholic lecture course at these institutions becoming a great missionary influence, destroying the prejudices of the past and hastening the day when the State will appreciate the Church as her best citizen. In order to accomplish this we must build a dormitory for the women students, and a club house for the men which will offset the enticements of the Y. M. C. A. and kindred anti-Catholic influences. They are lavishly equipped for winning students. And we are so poor!

In my efforts to make this work known, I have resumed the writing of fiction, which, in early youth, I hoped to make my career. I have published two rather lengthy serial stories and now have a third

in process. As a young man, when I was trying to write for the sake of writing, I found it insufferably difficult, because the mere motive of perfection in form paralyzed me. Now, that I have a message, and care more for the message than the manner, it seems that I could easily put in all my time writing if my opportunities for other service were destroyed.

This is only a sketch, telling how the Catholic Church opens up opportunities of service to her children. Of course, what I have found possible has presented itself in other shapes to better men than I. I am merely registering my testimony that I have found work enough to do and great joy in the doing of it.

My three desires have thus been fulfilled. But I have much more to tell of unexpected blessings. For example, outside the Catholic Church I had not dreamed of the peace certainty in religion brings, and therefore I did not know how to wish for it. This is to me now an unspeakable comfort. The knowledge that Jesus is really present in the Holy Eucharist, was another surprise awaiting me after I crossed the threshold. Of course, this alone is ineffably more than every other reason for being a Catholic. I passionately love our Holy Father Pius X, and I feel that his zeal for daily communions was kindled in me even before he became our Holy Father. I have, of late, made all my missions Eucharistic Missions and insist on the daily com-

munion of those who are making the mission. The results are nothing short of miraculous. Every mission leaves me more and more astonished at the gracious manifestations of the power of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, a power of which faith, of course, told me before I entered the Church, but a power whose exercise I now behold with my own eyes, and feel in my own person.

There is one more, a secondary reason, for being a Catholic, which I must not fail to mention with gratitude. That is the enjoyment of pure democracy, which I believe the Catholic Church alone can give. I am a snob by nature and a snob by education, but the Catholic Church has made me a brother to every man on earth. All sense of class dissension and race distinction has vanished. I love the sinner and the saint, the Catholic and the non-Catholic, the yellow man and the black man and the white. I am interested in everything and everybody. I sympathize with all and I want to help in every good work. And I know this enlargement of my heart is solely due to my participation in the Catholicity of the Catholic Church.

THE REV. EDWARD F. HAWKS,

ST. EDWARD'S CHURCH,

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The increasing flow of earnest converts into the Catholic Church is one of the effects of the theological development caused by the Oxford movement. High Churchmen, embarrassed by so many defections from their ranks, and failing to see that they are inevitable, have adopted an attitude of hostility towards Rome which is inconsistent with their religious sympathies. They feel that they must account for these conversions. It is most common for them to allege that they are caused by discouragement on the one hand at the dominant Protestantism in their own church, and to temporary illusionment on the other hand, due to the majestic claims of the Roman Catholic Church. They are ready, then, to believe that the convert is soon disappointed with his new surroundings and yearns to retrace his steps to the "Church of his baptism." They are able to quote a few instances of dissatisfied persons who took offense at some real or imaginary ill-treatment, and they are ready to forget

the great army of converts of reliable judgment who have found peace and happiness in the Catholic Church.

Well do I remember the announcement made in All Saints' Church, Clifton, that Father Maturin would not preach the Lenten sermons because he had seceded to Rome. It was then that I experienced my first real doubt about the Church of England—a doubt that returned year after year as others dropped out of the Anglican ranks, and none came from Rome to take their places. To me it was a practical test of the situation. Rome was gaining our best men. Meanwhile no one of any importance ever returned. Incidentally this fear-someness, which my experience proves to be universal amongst Anglicans whom I have known well, helped to reveal my own lack of trust in the English Church.

Before my conversion I cannot remember having any illusions about Rome except unpleasant ones. I was taught to believe that the "Modern Roman Church" was the exemplar of all that was slovenly and undignified in ceremonial (the great criterion in those days); harsh and overbearing in discipline; lax in morality; obscurantist in doctrine; and entirely out of touch with Modern Thought. This sounds like a very severe indictment. But, if anyone will take the trouble to read the High Church newspapers for a few weeks he will see that it is not overdrawn. A little grudgingly given praise is ac-

corded now and then to Rome, but the same is not denied even the Non-Conformists. What I had seen of Catholic worship — amazingly little — was seen through such prejudiced eyes, that I did not question for many years the truth of these allegations. I assert then, most vigorously, that I became a Catholic with unpleasant illusions as to the future rather than otherwise. I imagine this is the case with most converts. No one, indeed, likes to be a “new boy.” I incline to the opinion that “Roman fever” is not a hysterical impulse to “go over.” It is rather the outcome of a desperate attempt to hold on to the Anglican Church in spite of conscientious fears. That is why so many seem to recover from it.

I left the Anglican Church with what might be considered to be needless precipitancy. I had always had my views about the decent way of becoming a Roman Catholic. Indeed I felt very indignant at the methods adopted by most converts. The proper course to follow would be to resign gracefully from all active work as an Anglican clergyman, then retire into a position of neutrality and there carefully think over the whole question anew, and at last, if necessary, after the lapse of at least some months, to be quietly and unobtrusively received into the Roman Church. When, however, the moment came for me to go, to have supposed any such neutrality possible would have been the merest hypocrisy; or, at least, a concession to pro-

priety which was the last thing I had time to think of at such a moment. When the grace of God brought certitude to my mind, the conviction that I was not in the true church, and that Rome was the mother and mistress of Churches, was as clean cut as the edge of crystal, and so it has always remained since. This being the case I scampered off, as nearly every convert does, as though legions of evil were at my heels.

In a few days it was all over and I was hundreds of miles away. Together with a friend, bent on the same errand as myself, I sat in a Rectory waiting room, nervously wondering what would happen next. An elderly priest, himself a convert, of benevolent appearance, entered the room. He wore a beard and looked as unlike what we expected as possible. When he saw our anxious faces he smilingly said, "I was in your place once. The moment I realized that I was not in the true Church, I was afraid of dying before I was received into it." He then playfully asked the priest who had introduced us, whether it was safe to leave us outside the fold overnight. We had not expected to be received into the Church for some months. We allowed ourselves, however, to be guided by our new friends, and the next morning knelt before the Altar of Our Lady and renounced for all time the religion of Henry VIII and his daughter Elizabeth. I cannot recall doing anything which gave me greater relief. I know, too, that it was done without any

elation of spirits whatever. It was as business-like a transaction as can be imagined. After my first Holy Communion, which took place a few days later, I remember to have been impressed with the thought that there was no longer any doubt but that I had received the true body of Christ.

Since then the only disillusionment that I have known as a Catholic is the utter collapse in my mind of all the Anglican theories. I had intended to be as sympathetic as possible towards the old relationships. I believed that Catholics were much too bigoted in their attitude towards Anglicanism. And yet when I attempted afterwards to stir up a friendly feeling towards the old ways of thinking, they seemed so threadbare and barebone that it was an effort to do so.

The Church was my home from the start. I have never felt otherwise for a moment. The inconveniences that I suffered were merely those incidental to any change of residence. I made friends immediately with other Catholics, thoroughly understanding their point of view. I know that I am absolutely contented with Catholicism — mind and heart.

The question of graces received as an Anglican presented no difficulty in my case. I had once lived with a pious Congregationalist family, and amongst them I had learned how God can provide for those of His children who are separated from the covenanted means of grace. These good people lived

a supernatural Christian life. And yet, according to my belief as an Anglican clergyman, they were deprived of Sacraments that I was receiving. I compared them favorably with many pious members of my own congregation. I could see no deficiencies. The present movement towards Re-Union of the Protestant Churches, in which the Episcopal Church is taking the leading part, is after all only the recognition of what is becoming more obvious every day — the substantial agreement of the principal non-Catholic bodies.

Soon after my conversion I entered a Seminary and lived there for several years on terms of affection and respect for my brother Seminarians. I soon felt as though I had always been a Catholic. The others were good enough to treat me as though this was true. During the first year in the Seminary I went over the whole ground of my Anglican theorizing in order to help two friends who later became Catholics. I was anxious also to understand how I had ever believed in Anglican Orders, for I have never been able to discover a single Catholic who does. I see now that I had entirely misread the "*Apostolicæ Curæ*." More important still I was not aware as an Anglican that it is a principle of Catholic theology that Holy Orders cannot be exercised, of which there is reasonable uncertainty as to their validity. Believing that we had a very good case, I felt satisfied with what would be called a most probable opinion. I was

not conscious of this unsatisfactory position until I became a Catholic. But I believe that this was how I stood in the matter. It is hardly necessary for me to state that the question has been closed for Catholics and that now I have not the least suspicion that Anglican Orders are valid. The Branch Theory used to seem plausible, although I was always having trouble with it when I tried to explain it fully. I did not dare to push it too far. But then in those days of theological haziness it was not safe to push anything too far. We were actually warned against being "too logical."

For years before I became a Catholic I had come to regard the so-called Reformation and all its results as deplorable. But I did not perceive that the "Catholic Party" that held this view, was something quite apart from the normal life of Anglicanism—that it was itself a parasite sapping the strength of the Church to which it nominally adhered. What sympathy indeed could High Churchmen of the new school of 1833 have with Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity; with the total destruction of Catholic altars and all their furnishings; with the fanatical hatred of even the word "Mass"; with the martyrdom of the Marian and the Seminary priests; with the savage attempt to suppress Nonconformists who refused to have their religion doled out by Act of Parliament or Royal warrant; with "Popish Plots" and occasional Conformity Scandals; with the religious policy of the Houses of

Orange and Guelph? And yet are not these the real things in Post Reformation English Church History? I deplored all this, but could not see the true significance of it. I understand now why converts, against their better judgment, sometimes become irritating and even uncharitable when speaking of their Anglican days. It is due to their disillusionment with Anglicanism. When they leave it, they see the Church of England as everyone outside it has always seen it. I know this is so in my own case. When I was in it, I could not see the Anglican wood for the trees. The system had no definite shape in my mind. Consequently it was possible to ignore its separated existence and to think of it as only a province of the Universal Church. It was a purely mental fiction, this idea that Anglicanism was a part of anything. Once a Catholic, one quickly comes to the realization of the identity and unique individuality of the Church of England. For the first time I clearly heard her voice, recognized her policy and discovered her foundations.

Her voice has never failed to proclaim her undying hatred of the Roman Church. Her formularies, articles and service books are so arranged that every belief about the Constitution and Sacraments of the Church is tolerated except that which is exclusively ours. Her Councils, Synods and Conferences have always maintained the same attitude. She had no quarrel with the Puritans on doctrinal grounds. She was only interested in procuring an external

uniformity with which to oppose Rome. It is the same with her discipline, which is rarely exercised against any but those accused of "Romanism." A cry of No-Popery has been the only one that has been able to awaken any enthusiastic response from her entire membership. That this cry is no longer effective is proof of the damage done to her influence by the Oxford Revival. Every other movement but an Anti-Roman one, is always the work of a Party within the Church, not of the Church herself.

Her policy, too, is fixed. She follows in the wake of respectability. This is as true of the daughter Churches in the United States and the Colonies as in England. Although many of her zealous sons have preached the Gospel to the poor, and have interested themselves in the masses, yet the great main stream flows where social power and moneyed interests are to be found. She is everywhere the Church of the classes upon whom she depends. It is her characteristic to follow rather than to lead. Candid Anglicans, desirous of improving conditions, unconsciously bear witness to the belief that nothing will come from the Church until the Church is changed. They are trying to change it by digging new river beds in which it may flow. They never realize that this is a reversal of the true order. They have lost all idea of the Church being a leader of mankind. I notice this tendency in the interesting book of Mr. Sharpe, "Catholicism and

Life"—in which he makes some remarkable admissions.

This policy of the Church of England of dependency upon the great ones of this world is surely due to her origin. That she is the creation of the State is the most obvious fact in her history. Some of the Reformed Churches were synonymous with the State. Many of them dominated the State. But in England the State made and maintained the Church. And in gratitude the Church has been her most humble obedient servant. In every emergency she has readily and willingly conformed to the Royal will expressed through Parliament. Only once did she make a protest against the Royal commands and that was when a Roman Catholic King wished to extend to Nonconformists and Papists some measure of toleration. The latest instance of this subserviency, to prove that it is as alive as ever, is the acceptance of the new marriage law by which a man can marry his deceased wife's sister, a union actually declared incestuous by the express regulations of the Anglican Church. This law has come into operation with hardly a murmur of opposition. The moment the State renounces the Church of England she will become, at home, what she is now in every British Colony, one of the smaller denominations. In saying all this I do not forget the splendid souls who have lived in good faith outside the visible fold of Christ. I believe that some of the most zealous clergymen in the world are still to be

found in the ranks of the non-Catholic Churches. More than this, I believe that many of them are thoroughly Catholic-minded. That according to their opportunities they are living the Catholic life. They are indeed of the soul of the Church. They are lights in dark places. Their work, in as far as it is for individual souls, will never be lost; neither will they lose their reward.

To anyone who is hesitating to become a Catholic in fear that he will not be happy in the true Church, I can only say this, that his happiness will be of his own making. If he sincerely believes that God has set up His Kingdom on earth and has promised light and strength to the children of men in the battle with the powers of darkness and evil; if he believes that the Church is the teacher and that he is the learner; if he believes that he must sacrifice everything rather than lose his soul, let him not hesitate another moment on account of fears of disappointment. The grace that has converted him to the Church will provide all that his soul desires or needs.

When he has made this true submission of mind and will, not indeed to a forlorn hope of peace, but to a clear vision of truth, then he will understand what it is to stand upon the rock of ages and feel no fear of the things of time or eternity — the human things of the Church that fret men so much will all be explained. He will understand how the Gospel drag-net must contain the bad fish as well as

the good. He will learn to love the Church as it is, and have no ambitious notions of improving it or changing it. Instead of trying as he did in Anglican days to make Mother Church worthy of her children, he will earnestly seek by Divine Grace to be made worthy of Mother Church.

MRS. M. E. HILBURN,

BALTIMORE, MD.

(Written in her 82nd year.)

Sister of Rev. Theodore Mead, and niece of the late Rt. Rev.
Bishop Lyman (P.E.) of North Carolina.

My father was a Presbyterian minister, a scholar and a linguist. In his study he read the Old Testament in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek; of course he was also familiar with Latin. He was a precociously religious child, and had read the New Testament through when he was four years old, and at the age of seven he determined to devote himself to the ministry. Reaching manhood he married, and we, his children, were brought up in the strictest manner and taught that we must be an example for other children.

My mother died when I was four years old, and my father afterwards married a sister of the convert Father Lyman, though he was not a Catholic then. My step-mother was a lovely character and a very religious woman. She never became an Episcopalian, as did all the other members of her family; but embraced the Catholic faith six years after my father's death. From that time she was a most devout believer, and an earnest worker for the Faith.

I spent three years at Mt. Holyoke Seminary (now College), under the same rigid discipline that had ruled my previous life. In those days Christmas was not even observed in that institution. That was in 1848, and soon after my father died. In 1852-54, I taught in a select boarding school in New York City. I had never loved my father's religion, although up to the present time I had no doubt of its being right; but its hold on me was not the allegiance of a loving devotion, so I took to going to church with the family where my lot was now cast. They attended the Episcopalian "Church of the Transfiguration," later called also "The Little Church Around the Corner." The ladies of the family were very lovely and devout members of their church. I gradually became very fond of it also, and determined to study the merits of both sides of the question. None of my Presbyterian friends could give me any convincing proofs of what I wished; for the Apostolic Succession seemed to be what I most desired to settle. Finally I thought I had found the truth and was confirmed by Bishop Wainwright. Soon after I went to Mississippi to spend the winter with my step-mother's oldest sister. She and her brother, Bishop Lyman, were Episcopalians, and they were the only members of the family who did not ultimately become Catholics. My aunt died the next summer of yellow fever; I married and remained in the South.

After the Civil War my brother, now Father

Theodore Mead, but then a student at St. Charles, visited me for six months. He said but little to me about religion, but was very careful in the practice of it, though he was obliged to go twenty miles on the railroad to attend Mass. Thus it seemed that almost imperceptibly the seed for my conversion was being sown. I came North with my brother in 1866, and here I met Father Lyman, who was interested in my conversion. Believing with all his heart in his religion, he had wonderful power and is said to have made over three hundred converts. I had many talks with him, finding that the Apostolic Succession was still my doubting point. He gave me "Geraldine, a Tale of Conscience," to read. I perused it carefully, and it settled all my doubts upon that point. It may seem a little strange that other points of doctrine did not trouble me after that one was settled in my mind, but Transubstantiation, Confession, etc., were received as being right when taught by the church that had the true Succession, hence I had no more doubts.

The Plenary Council was then convening in Baltimore, where my family lived, and I had the opportunity of hearing many eloquent sermons delivered by learned and holy men. These sermons were of such a character that they were printed in America, and afterwards reprinted in Europe. The one that impressed me most was that of Father Ryan, called then "the silver tongued orator"; he was afterwards Archbishop of Philadelphia. His subject

was "The Infallibility of the Catholic Church." I can still remember, after nearly forty-seven years, some portions of that wonderful sermon.

Before leaving Baltimore for the South, I was conditionally baptized by Rev. Father Lyman and confirmed by Bishop Elder, then Bishop of Natchez, in which diocese was my home. I carried home with me a number of doctrinal and devotional books, as I needed many helps in learning the practice of my new faith; for there was no church within twenty miles of our house and only two Catholics in the town beside myself. Fortunately they were ladies from Baltimore, so I was not entirely alone in my religious life. A good French priest, living in Brookhaven, came to us occasionally and said Mass for us, using my piano for an altar. Once Mass was said by another priest from Natchez in my children's school-room, and I then had the pleasure of seeing the room filled with my Protestant neighbors. Those were pioneer days for the Church in Mississippi. The holy Bishop came to see me several times; and on one of his visits he lectured in the Court House to a crowded audience. Not long after he was made Archbishop of Cincinnati, to the great sorrow of all whom he had served so faithfully.

My husband, although a Protestant, never interfered with me in the teaching and training of our children. They grew up to womanhood and manhood good Catholics; but God has seen fit to take to

Himself all but one. In 1873 my husband died, and in 1878 we removed to McComb City, Mississippi, where there was a church and many Catholics. This church was under the jurisdiction of the Redemptorist Fathers, who had a Novitiate near by. Soon after I went to McComb, they held a Mission, and as I had never attended one, it was a great help and pleasure to me, for I had few church privileges after becoming a Catholic, and no one knows, but one who has experienced the same trial, how difficult it is for a convert away from all religious influences to practice his faith. Mississippi was then a Missionary State, and out of the cities there were few churches. The priests from the towns were only able to visit the districts, where there were a few Catholics, once a year. These priests were very poor, but I always found them faithful, holy men.

In my early life I never met a Catholic, and the impressions I had of them were what I read in "Fox's Martyrs" and "McGavan's History," both of which were dreadful books for a child to peruse. Now I am old it is a blessing for which I cannot be too thankful that I myself am a Catholic.

If I have sketched here my life before, as well as after, my conversion, it is because it points in a wonderful way my ever increasing joy and gratitude, as I draw near the end of my earthly pilgrimage, for that time, nearly fifty years ago, when the light of faith first dawned upon my path, and led me to the true fold of our dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

FRANCIS S. KENNEDY, Oxon.

HARDISTY, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Years ago I was sitting in the sanctum of one of the leaders of the High Anglican movement in Oxford, cordially agreeing with him as to the utter impossibility of my ever becoming a "Romanist." A little later, the same man, who was my Anglican confessor, gave me permission to pay visits to the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of St. Aloysius, for since there was no reservation in the Anglican churches, it seemed quite permissible to visit Our Lord even if He was in one of the sister churches of Rome.

A few years later—it is now in Paris, in the Church of St. G  nevi  ve, at midnight, during the Quarant'ore. I am surrounded by all the beauty of that beautiful church, banks of flowers, hundreds of lighted tapers;—for amid all the varied enticements of that city of charms, it is to this Sanctuary that I have been drawn. My going there might seem pure accident; but I cannot think so in the light of future events. Surely the Sacred Host has drawn hither one of His wayward wanderers, calling him to the City of Peace. The priests who watch through the silent hours of the night ap-

proach me — the doors must be locked, they say, but I may return in the morning.

Four or five years later, I am still spiritually adrift; it is now Winnipeg; I have just drifted there, but Winnipeg has treated me ill, I am friendless, far from my kin, on the brink of despair — where may I find a friend, where a little calm to overcome the bitterness of life? The Anglican Church, in which I was born and bred, where indeed for years I had intended taking Orders, is giving me nothing now; — her churches are empty; — there is no Presence within. So I went to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, where I spent many hours. Our Lord spoke to me from within the Tabernacle veil and gave me courage, peace, nay life itself, until at last, at last — how long it took me, what years of my life were wasted — I came Home, home to the faith of which my ancestors robbed me some three hundred years ago — and it ever has been, ever will be, a very dear home to me.

My occupation during the past four years has involved a severe physical and mental strain; it has precluded the possibility of my being present at Mass, except at long intervals — yet I have not been alone. For I am one of the Great Catholic Family; at all hours of the day and night I can lift up my heart and join in spirit with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world. It pleads to the Precious Blood that pardon and peace may be mine. The Holy Mother of God is my mother,

too, unworthy though I am, and as my mother I strive to love her with all my heart and soul; for have I not implicit confidence in her? I am a member of the great family of the Third Order of St. Francis, and as such am greatly strengthened in the struggle of life by the knowledge that the prayers of my brethren continually ascend for me. The Blessed Saints are my friends, and am I in trouble I seek their advice and ask their prayers — the Holy Angels, particularly my Holy Guardian Angel, are my constant companions. How then can I be lonely, though my life be a solitary one on the prairie, as it has been these many years? Or should I be in the vaster solitude of a crowded city, the Love of God hems me in on every side. To me God, Heaven, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints and Angels are no mere names denoting a far off, unapproachable mystery hidden behind the dense blackness of doubt and ignorance: to me they are all living realities, more real than brother, and sister, and mother; for brother and sister and mother are at times far, far away; and, individually, my brothers and sisters and mother are not of my faith; but the Love of the Sacred Heart continually enfolds me; the Blessed Sacrament is always near; the Holy Mother, also, is ever near to listen to the plea of her child, and so I am in the constant possession of a very great happiness, clouded only by the knowledge of my own utter unworthiness.

As a Protestant I was a very High-Church Angli-

can as a matter of caprice — now my whole aim and prayer is Thy Will, O Lord, not mine, be done.

To conclude, I cannot state my present position more clearly than in the following words of Cardinal Newman, with which I am in absolute accord :

“ I have not had one moment’s wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold and ever have held that her Sovereign Pontiff is the center of unity and the Vicar of Christ ; and I have ever had and have still an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles ; a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline, and teaching ; and an eager longing, and a hope against hope, that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness.

“ This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention, and never had any intention, of leaving the Catholic Church and becoming a Protestant again, would be superfluous, except that Protestants are always on the lookout for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic’s statement of fact. Therefore in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess ‘ *ex animo* ’ with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions ; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England ! No ! ‘ The net is broken

and we are delivered.' I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left the 'land flowing with milk and honey' for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

FRANK A. KIDD,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Lecturer; editor in the Government Printing service; writer for the Technical Press and Trade journals; actively interested in the cause of Labor and related movements in behalf of wage earners.

My feeling is finely expressed by Mr. Peter H. Burnett in his masterly work, "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church," a profound and logical book that no thoughtful searcher for Christian truth can read without distinct intellectual benefit and great spiritual satisfaction.

The great Doctor Johnson said:

"A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere. He parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held sacred as anything that he retains, there is so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." (Boswell, A. D. 1769.)

The convert from the Catholic Church seems conscious that he is embracing an inferior and lower

grade of faith, and adopting a colder and more suspicious estimate of human truth. He cuts himself loose from the holy ties that bound him to the suffering martyr-church of old. He severs all connection with the apostles, except that hidden one which is supposed to be buried in the darkness and silence of the dim distant ages of the past. He leaves the sweet communion of saints, which binds together the children of the true faith everywhere, in every age, in one holy brotherhood. What are the heroic martyrs and saints of old to him? They are now become "mystics and visionaries." What to him is now the great and universal Church of the mighty past? Is she not presided over by "the Man of Sin"? Who were the clergy of the Old Church, that Church which won the world to Christianity? To him they are now become impostors, who betrayed the faith of Christ. And the laity, who were they? Simple dupes. In short, what is the Christian past to such a man? A blurred and blotted page for evil, and a practical blank for good. It is a melancholy view of Christianity — a humiliating estimate of truth — a mighty accusation against humanity itself. No wonder it produces so much *laceration of mind*. No wonder that men who leave the Church frequently lose all faith.

But it is not so with the convert to the Catholic Church. He is conscious that he has embraced a higher grade of faith, has been brought into closer and holier communion with the unseen world, and

has adopted a more just and charitable estimate of human nature. He has taken a step towards the Celestial City, from the low, murky valleys of discord, where the fogs of error love to dwell. He shakes hands with the brethren of every kindred, name, and tongue. He worships with the people of every nation. He joins his prayers with those who speak the varied languages of the earth. On every shore, in every land, beneath every sky, and in every city he meets his brethren of the universal Church. He is at home everywhere, and bows down with the millions who have worshipped and still worship at the same altar, and hold the same faith.

He looks back over the pages of history, and ascends by a plain, visible, and unbroken chain to the apostolic day. He has no chasms to leap, no deserts to cross. At every step in this progress he finds the same Old Church, the same faith, the same worship still preëminent in the Christian world. He sees the rise and fall of empires and sects; but the same Old Church always living and active. The records of the past are with him; he has the sanction of antiquity. Time tells for him a glorious story. He meets with myriads of souls, one with him in faith all along the slumbering ages. The old martyrs and saints are his brethren; he claims companionship with them, and their memories are beloved by him. Blandina, the poor slave, but noblest of martyrs, was his sister; Ignatius and Polycarp and Justin, and Irenaeus are also of the

same household of faith. And she, the humblest of the humble, the purest of the pure, the stainless Virgin Mother of his Lord, whom all generations call "blessed" is revered by him as the noblest of creatures. The old apostles — the noble and the true — the holy and the just — the despised and persecuted — they, too, are his. In short, the saints and martyrs of the olden time held the same faith, adored at the same altar, and used the same form of worship that he does. He venerates and loves their memory, admires their virtues, calls them brethren and asks their prayers in heaven. He has no accusations to bring against them — no crimes to lay to their charge.

But besides all this, his faith is sustained by a logical power, and a Scriptural proof that can not be fairly met and confuted. It is upheld by every plain and luminous principle upon which society and government are founded. His reason, his common sense, the best feelings of his nature, the holiest impulses of his heart, all satisfy him without a shadow of doubt that he is in the right, and that beyond the Road to Rome he has found all that he hoped for.

GUSTAF VINCENT LINDNER,

GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY.

Journalist; member of St. Aūsgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York.

It should be easy for one who has, like myself, undergone a radical change from somnolent indifferentism to a live faith, to relate his experiences in connection with and after such an important event. Yet in trying to do so I am groping around vainly for some comparatively fixed point from which to start the narrative. I cannot find any. When I look backward, along the course of years, in an endeavor to trace the development of my spiritual regeneration, I can hardly realize that I have ever been anything but a Catholic. It appears to me so perfectly natural to be one, that my pre-Catholic existence almost seems but a necessary step which could not fail to lead, logically and inevitably, straight into the true church.

Still, it is only seven short years since my renaissance in the faith of my fathers. When the grace of that faith was shed upon me, it obliterated in a nonce whatever disconnected notions I had used to call my religious, or perhaps rather ethical, standards, replacing them at the same time with the truths

of its own divine source. It was not for me to stop and analyze this doctrine, or that one. Not for a second did it occur to me that I ought to satisfy myself, i. e., my reason, that my new condition was not a result of some transient sentimental impulse. The "pros" and "cons" seemed to have fought their battle to a finish beforehand, and I, unaware and unworthy, had only to enjoy the fruits of victorious truth.

Having been brought up as a Lutheran in the ultra-Protestant country of Sweden, I had always looked upon the Catholic Church as a thoroughly corrupt body — a mere sham of a religious institution, maintained principally for the aggrandizement of its hierarchy at the material and intellectual expense of the most ignorant and slave-bound part of humanity. True, I made no effort to find out how substantial was the foundation on which I had built up this opinion. But what was the use, anyway? I need only turn to my national history to learn that my conception of Catholicism had been shared by the greatest heroes of my country who had fought and bled in that pitiful war of thirty years, in order to relieve the Teuton nations of the yoke under which an imperious papacy had been whipping them along for centuries.

With such ideas, which remained well rooted in my mind, even after I had abandoned not only the Lutheran sect but every other form of religious worship, I naturally felt very indignant when it was

suggested to me, a few years ago, that I might become a Catholic. I a Catholic! What would my high-browed friends and associates say? How could I continue to bear my good old Protestant father's name and be a Catholic? Impossible, unthinkable!

And yet the thing happened, thanks to the charitable mercy of the Almighty, Who knows of no impossibility and Whose plans our little brains are too weak even to surmise. As I have already intimated, I am unable to go into details describing my period of transformation and the impressions I then received. The visible factors in my conversion—or should I call it awakening?—were a Paulist mission service, which I had condescended to attend, as an act of grudging courtesy, and a truly fatherly parish priest in Brooklyn. When I became aware of the changed state of my mind, I went to the latter and told him briefly of what had happened to me. “I have come back, Father,” I concluded, following up my irrepressible notion that I had only been away a short time, although it was almost four hundred years since my forebears had stepped off the road of Rome. “Welcome home, son! This is Faith,—this is Grace,” was the plain reply of the sympathetic pastor, whose spiritual gaze took in the situation at once and gave it its terse, yet true and only definition.

Have I had any difficulties since entering the Church? None at all. From the very first I have felt at home. As I had had doctrines and discipline;

devotions, ceremonies and usages explained to me, they appeared perfectly familiar, and when anything supposedly new was unfolded to me, I seemed to have anticipated it just as it proved to be. I recollect now, that time and again there recurred to my memory, as it does yet every once in a while, a phrase from the Ovid of my school days:

“Omnia iam fient, Fieri quae posse negabam:

Et nihil est de quo non sit habenda fides.”

(All things will now come to pass which I used to say would never happen; and there is nothing which is not worthy of belief.)

In regard to my daily life, conditions have changed so far, that I am now able to face almost any situation with comparative équanimity, knowing that as long as I can persevere in my humble efforts to coöperate with God's will, anything that may happen is for the best. In these endeavors I receive inestimable support from my companionship in the Third Order of Saint Francis and all it implies. My reverence for the Blessed Mother of God and the Saints, and my recourse to them for intercession, have always been a source of great comfort in my daily toil. More particularly have I been attracted by those grand exponents of Christ's true Order of nobility, the “Poverello” of Assisi and his spiritual brother, St. Anthony of Padua.

Socially my status has not been noticeably changed by my becoming a Catholic. Some of my former

associates have avoided me, not because of any disapproval of my act — pretty near all of my old acquaintances were rather indifferent in religious matters and did not care whether I was a Catholic or anything else — but more likely for the reason that my company was no longer “congenial.” Perhaps they feared that some chance influence on my part might make them feel uncomfortable, as, from their point of view, they would consider any spiritual awakening. Only once has a person of my own nationality given an open manifestation — and a very unmistakable one, at that — of his abhorrence at the idea of being a Catholic. It was a Salvation Army man, neither friend nor acquaintance, who came to collect old wearing apparel for charity. A casual remark made him aware of the fact that he was talking to a Catholic, and it almost stunned him. As soon as he recovered from the first prolonged gasp of horror, he shouted in a tone of utmost repugnance at the awful combination: “*Swedish Catholics! Swedish Catholics!*” and made for the hall door in hottest haste, as if he imagined that the evil one himself was after him. This incident was in a way amusing, but it pained me, too, to think how deeply bigoted prejudice had sunk into the minds of our otherwise good and honest Swedish people. The greater part of them are, I believe, perfectly sincere in their convictions, and I surely respect them for that; perhaps more now than I did before I had any decided tendencies in a religious

direction myself. Would that God in His merciful grace might confer on my kinsmen and compatriots of the mighty Norse race, the same favor with which He has blessed me, the incomparable grace of the true Faith.

HUGH FRASER MACKINTOSH,

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Author; editor; founder and one time Editor of the Catholic Weekly Review, Toronto; author of *Life of Father Louis dell Vagua* (Capuchin) 1888; *Life of Bishop Macdonell*, first Bishop of Kingston; *Life of Bishop Power*, first Bishop of Toronto, 1892; contributor of articles to *Century Magazine*, *Records of Amer. Cath. Hist. Society of Philadelphia*, etc.

To be asked, as a convert, to give one's reasons for being satisfied to remain a Catholic after some years' experience in the Church is, I apprehend, something like a shipwrecked man being asked to give a reason for remaining safely in the lifeboat after being rescued from the deep, rather than to trust himself once more to the mercy of the waves. To be faithless now to one's trust and to turn one's back upon so great a mercy would in truth be moral and spiritual suicide. I came into the Church thirty years ago under the firm conviction that it was the sole depository of God's revelation and the channel of His mercies, and the only answer I can now give to the question that has been asked of me is that I have never wavered in that belief. The conviction is as fresh and fixed to-day as it was on the day of my reception, with this difference, that whereas then

everything was, humanly speaking, new and untried, to-day I have long years of blessed experience to look back upon, and can say with a full heart that of the treasures that I had been led to look for in the Catholic Church "not one-half had been told me."

By this I do not mean to say that I have had nothing to try me, or that I have found Catholics individually less human than those I had left behind. Nor, I am persuaded, have my experiences been exceptional in this regard. Human nature is the same the world over, and Catholics are no more exempt than others from its frailties. I became a Catholic under no false conception of life, and consequently there was in my case none of that "opening of the eyes to realities" which Protestants are so fond of predicting for the Catholic convert. But what I have found in the Church is a reality of faith and a depth of conviction among her children — a simple belief in all that she teaches as the undoubted word of God, which has no parallel in the world outside. Religion I have found to be like a second nature with the general run of Catholics, and faith like a simple habit of mind. There may be — there undoubtedly are — occasions when some of them may chafe under this or that ecclesiastical regulation, or in a society preponderatingly Protestant, give way to that insidious evil, human respect. Under such contingencies the practice of their religion may become half-hearted, or even cease entirely. But un-

less faith altogether vanishes (and there is always a malignant internal reason for that), the old habit in time reasserts itself, and they sooner or later return to their allegiance. They at least secretly cherish the desire to do so, though it goes without saying that grace, in this particular as in others, may be, and often is, trifled with too long. But, as to the disposition I speak of, my experience is that there is absolutely no parallel among those outside the Catholic Church.

In the matter of Catholic practices all I have to say is that when I came into the Church I did so with the idea that, as Cardinal Newman has so well expressed it, it is not for the convert to pick and choose. I came rather with a deep sense of God's mercy in bestowing upon me the gift of faith and was satisfied to go to school again, and so far as the human element was concerned, to take things as I found them. And, as I may be permitted to repeat, I have in no sense been disappointed. In addition to the spirit of faith I have referred to, I have found among practicing Catholics a truer appreciation of their moral obligations, and a keener sense of devotion than I had hitherto experienced; and among the clergy and religious, a spirit of consecration that is quite impossible elsewhere.

I say nothing of the riches of devotion which I have found in the Church; of their adaptability to every condition of human life; or of the kinship with the ages which is the common heritage of her

children. These are but the accidents, though withal adding beyond measure to the wealth of their heritage. I have in mind the answer given by a Bishop of my acquaintance to a Protestant minister who had ventured the statement that he had prayed for the Bishop's "conversion." "I can assure you," was the reply, "that I am not flattered to hear you say so. You give small credit to my reason and common sense to presume for an instant to think that I could leave the old historic Church of Christendom, to put it on no higher ground, for a miserable little petty sect of yesterday."

For the rest I can but say that I have had occasion every day of my life to thank God for His unspeakable mercy in bestowing upon me the great gift of faith, and, despite my own shortcomings, to rejoice in the day that saw me admitted to the Communion of His Church. A convert may not say more: can he very well say less?

WILLIAM MARKOE,

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.

Dictated to his son, and signed by himself, August 25, 1913,
when he was ninety-three years and one month old, and
when he had been for over fifty-eight years a Catholic,
having entered the Church August 2, 1855.

Never, for a moment, under any circumstances,
has the shadow of a doubt entered my mind, as to
the wisdom and the divine guidance which brought
me into the true fold of Christ. I need only add
that the more I have learned of her wonderful sys-
tem and her divine guidance each year, the greater
has become my gratitude to Almighty God for hav-
ing led me from the confusions of Protestantism to
the clear and divine light of His everlasting truth.

REDFERN MASON,

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA.

Writer on music and the drama; connected with Birmingham (Eng.) *Gazette* 1887-1890; with Rochester, N. Y., *Post-Express*, 1900-1911. Author of "The Song Lore of Ireland," "Musical Cameos"; contributor to *Atlantic Monthly*, etc.

It was Dante who gave me my first impulse towards Catholicism — not the *Paradiso*, that was a little too rarefied for my young man's mind to grasp — but the *Purgatorio*; and later studies have only deepened my earlier impressions. The Low Church Protestantism in which I had been brought up had crumbled before the irony of the eighteenth century French rationalists and the materialism of Huxley. Dante gave me Christian doctrine endowed with reasonableness and poetical beauty. The doctrine of Purgatory, as set forth in the pages of the Florentine, so moved me that I wanted to believe. That was the beginning of my Catholic history. *Voluntas credendi est initium credentium*, says St. Anselm, and his words proved true in my case. That I had ever utterly cast off my belief in the Divinity of Christ I doubt; but the aridity and coldness of Protestantism starved my soul. I longed for a faith that would satisfy my reason, appeal to

my imagination, and give food to my emotional nature. This the Catholicism of Dante did. When the poet asks his dead friend Forese how it is that he has made such progress in the work of purification, the suffering shade replies that he has been helped by the prayers and tears of his Nella. That answer, one of many such in Dante, has always gladdened my soul. It seems as if there had been revealed to me a page of God's truth which, through some dark mischance, had hitherto been hidden. When my father died, a year or two before I became a Catholic, my mother told me that, in her prayers, she whispered "God bless John," though she did not dare to pray the words. But here in this glorious Church of hoar antiquity men and women are encouraged to pray for those who have passed out of life into the beyond, nay, it is made a virtue for them to do so. Dante taught me more; he makes clear to me that the saints in heaven are not mere well-wishers, but friends who can help me and only long for me to ask them to do so. Here again the old Church seems not only beautiful in her faith, but reasonable as well; for it has struck me as contrary to common sense that the living apostles, still burdened with the sins of humanity, should be able to pray for mankind, and yet, when they put off the frailties of nature and become the sharers of God's bliss, they should not be able to do so.

At the time when Dante made his first deep mark

upon me, I was a reporter in Birmingham, and it was my duty, on occasion, to go to the Oratory to make inquiries about the health of Cardinal Newman. Once I heard him speak; it was three words only, but the most solemnly comforting in the whole liturgy of the Church, the words "Requiescat in pace," pronounced in the Requiem for Bishop Ullathorne. The next time I saw him he lay in state between a double line of praying men and women. Under the influence of that spiritual Cæsar, the inherited prejudices of Protestantism faded out of my mind. How great those prejudices were may be gathered from the fact that, in my boyhood days, I never dared to enter the Catholic church which I passed almost daily, though the door was always open and I was always conscious of a vague desire to go inside. But Newman dead, and Newman living in the printed page, gave me confidence. The argument that conquered me and made a Catholic of me was the contention in "The Development of Christian Doctrine" that, if God had given mankind a revelation, He must have instituted some means by which that revelation might be authoritatively explained. What body could claim that office? The Catholic Church was the only one. I looked for a church that was one, holy, powerful, everywhere active. The Established church could not possibly be that body, for the Bishop of Liverpool had recently declared that there was a fundamental difference among Anglicans concerning the

office of the clergy, one party regarding them as ministers in the Dissenting sense of the word, the other regarding them as a sacerdotal priesthood. Yet the Anglican body did not, apparently dared not, take a definite stand on the subject and say that its clergy were either ministers or priests. Then again, the Bishop of Worcester had suggested the union of the Established church with the churches not claiming apostolic succession. This he did on the basis of the historic episcopate, not, as he explained, that the body was the *esse* of the church, but that it was the *benesse*. Yet in the same Establishment were men like the Bishop of Lincoln, men so strongly affected towards the Catholic position as to be regarded by the ultra-Protestant element as "Romanizers." Only in Rome did I find authority which could deal with questions as they arose and cast out error when it was found to exist. Had I foreseen the Church's action on modernism it would only have confirmed my views.

So, after instruction, I made my submission and was received into the Church. Never when in a state of grace have I had any doubts as to the Church's divine appointment and mission. She works through human instruments and there have been Judases in high places. But they have never made her anything but what her Master's promise, her history, and the comfort she gives to the penitent sinner, declare her to be,—the divinely appointed interpreter of the Will of God. Where

others promise and disappoint, she fulfills. If only Protestants and unbelievers could know the peace that comes into the soul of the Catholic when he returns from the confessional after penitently pouring forth the story of his sins, faithfully resolving to mend his life, and after receiving absolution from the priest, they would recognize that the Catholic Church can give happiness not in the world's gift. And after that comes union with Our Lord Himself in Holy Communion, not a figure or symbol, but the very body of Him who died for us on Calvary.

THE REV. B. W. MATURIN,¹

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Author of *The Price of Unity; Practices of the Spiritual Life; Self Knowledge and Self Discipline*, etc. Sometime member of the Anglican Society of St. John the Evangelist.

If the witness of one . . . wanderer from the Anglican fold may be added to that of many far greater and more worthy than he, he would say that he has found all and more than he had ever hoped to find.

The last step must always be a step in the dark, a venture of faith. And up to the very last, fears and doubts and anxieties must dog one's steps. Old prejudices die hard and follow one to the end. Things that have been said, as to what one will find when the irrevocable step has been taken, come to his ears like voices in the night and fill the soul with fear.

That fair Vision of the city of God as he had seen it for years, pales and grows dimmer as he draws nearer. What shall he find when he has passed through the valley and climbed the mountains and entered the gates? His ideal becomes

¹ From "The Price of Unity," printed with the author's permission.

clouded and its glory fades away. Perhaps after all he has been mistaken, deluded by the difficulties that he saw and felt, to build for himself the Vision of a City that exists nowhere upon this earth. All his past rises up and cries out against him, it has all been the delusion of a fertile imagination, drawing pictures in the clouds of contrasts with trials he had not the courage to bear. Old associations, memories of hopes that once had been the breath of his nostrils, and inspired enthusiasms for the cause he had once held so dear, sweep over him with a devastating and blinding force. The thought of the friendships of a lifetime cling around him with endearing memories, what will they think of him, a deserter from their ranks, a traitor to the cause they had championed together? One more gone over to those who do not understand them and so bitterly oppose them.

How lightly people talk of going over to Rome. How lightly he had talked himself. It seemed so easy in the distance, so almost impossible as the hour draws near. The Vision that so long sustained him has gone, and left behind it nothing but the convictions that forced him on, and in the hour of need have lost all their glow, all their vivid appeal, and beat upon the will with dull, heavy, and relentless blows. He had often been told that he had not the courage to endure the difficulties in which God had placed him. Well, now his courage is put to the test, a courage which demands that he

should strip himself of all the companionships and associations of a lifetime, to go forth a stranger amongst an unknown people and to an unknown land.

And so in darkness and tears and bitter anguish he goes forth, feeling only that he must go, that for good or evil the accumulated thought and workings of his mind for years must now have their way. And once more a lonely pilgrim steps forth into the darkness, and passes within the gates through which so many others have entered in solitude before him. And when the strain has passed and the novelty of the new conditions into which he has come begins to wear away, and he is able to look around him with calmness, and to understand something of what the change means, he is asked, Was it worth it? Has the gain been worth the wrench, and the cost, and the risk of the change? And he answers, Yes, it was worth it, worth more if necessary. The difference is so great that it is difficult to measure or explain it. It is only as the years go by that one realizes how far one has travelled from one's former standpoint, and how great the change is. I do not mean so much in the details of faith, as in the whole comprehensive idea of what the Church is, and what it is to be in a church that is always conscious of its own Divine authority and commission, and makes it felt from the highest to the lowest. You feel that you are in an organization that has endured the test of time and the assaults of many an-

tagonists, whose foundations are built into the solid Rock against which the Gates of Hell cannot prevail, that you breathe an atmosphere in which your own weak faith is braced and strengthened by the faith of a vast multitude, and is supported by an authority upon which you can rest. You feel indeed like an exile who has returned to his Fatherland. There is a strange sense of coming to a land, and amongst a people, to whom you always belonged, though you did not know it. The surprises that meet you are surprises that seem to awaken memories of some long forgotten past. It takes but a short time for a newcomer to feel as if he had been always there. All that was true in his former beliefs find their home and their place in the atmosphere to which they belong and from which they have been taken. They are like strains from some great symphony, whose full beauty is only recognized when the whole is heard.

To one who, like myself, came into the Church when middle life was well past, there has not been much of the sense of exaltation which some have spoken of, still less has there ever been any feeling of bitterness or contempt for what I have left. But there has been an ever-deepening sense of certainty and security and peace, with moments of intense realization of the glory and strength of the City of God, whose Walls are salvation and whose Gates are peace.

WILLIAM STETSON MERRILL, A.B.,

(Harvard),

Assistant Librarian, the Newberry Library, Chicago.

When I told a friend who had tried to dissuade me from changing my religion that I had become a Catholic, he gave me this parting advice: "Go to the best churches, hear the best preachers, listen to the best music, and I give you one year." This prophecy of my friend was not fulfilled, either within the year or within the more than twenty years that have since elapsed. What prompted him to make it was doubtless some such thought as this: The glamour of the Catholic ritual and the novel force of Catholic claims have beguiled this convert into joining a religious body whose spirit is so foreign to American ways of thinking that he can never feel at home there and will sooner or later come back.

Such has not been my experience nor do I think it is the experience of any rightly instructed convert. Music and ceremonial may, indeed, attract the non-Catholic at the beginning: I first went to a Catholic church to hear the music. Special features of the

Church will appeal to different individuals. One may admire her organization, another her unity, another her historic continuity, another the life of her religious orders. But all of these he might admire without becoming a Catholic; some free-thinkers to-day pride themselves upon the breadth of their sympathies and upon their freedom from bigotry. The inquirer becomes a convert when he is convinced not only that the Catholic Church is worthy of his allegiance but that she has a claim upon his allegiance, and that it is his duty to become a Catholic. If the grace of God now leads him to take the step that his reason tells him is right, then conviction becomes conversion.

But the land into which the convert has come, though a goodly land, is a strange one to him. The people are not his people nor are their ways his ways. They view many things in a different light from that in which he has been accustomed to view them. Catholic young men play base-ball on Sunday afternoon; the pastor of the church where he attends Mass may even announce the game from the pulpit. Although the position of the Catholic Church regarding innocent amusement on Sunday afternoon is a perfectly fair one, yet a convert reared in an intellectual atmosphere that retains any trace of Puritan influence will feel a certain shock at Sunday ball, and this feeling will be slow to pass away. On the other hand, in my own case, I did not, upon first becoming a Catholic, feel that horror

of divorce and remarriage that I found common among Catholics, simply because I had always looked upon the matter as one of social well-being. As the convert comes to apply Catholic principles to test moral and social questions, he finds these principles sound and worthy of more consideration than they ordinarily receive from non-Catholics.

Priests prove to be quite different from a convert's preconception of them. They are, as a class, neither haughty and unapproachable, nor ignorant and vulgar. Their long training for the priesthood and their intimate knowledge of human character, as they come to know it through the confessional, give them a broad human sympathy and a normal standard of judging human nature that is surprising. One finds in the Catholic priest none of the cant, the obtrusive sanctity, the narrowness of view, the eccentricity of manner that is sometimes found in the "evangelist." While there is a line of demarcation between the priest and the layman, there is no such wall of separation between clergy and people as the convert has been told there is. The Catholic feels and manifests more profound reverence for the priest than the Protestant shows for the "minister." The priest's position is recognized by all and he has no need to proclaim it. He never talks theology in company unless asked to do so, and he certainly never questions persons whom he meets as to the state of their souls.

The petty standard of contribution to church sup-

port is a surprise to the convert. He may feel ashamed, some Sunday morning, at putting only a dime in the contribution box and wonders if the usher noticed it. Later he learns that the nickel is the unit of the church collection and the ushers are surprised at finding dimes in the basket. As a boy the convert may have heard people remark upon the "avarice" of the Catholic priest and how he bulldozes ignorant servant girls into giving half of their wages toward building a new church. Now he wonders how the priests have any money at all left to put into stones and mortar. "How do the clergy ever accomplish so much with such niggardly contributions?" he asks a Catholic neighbor. "Well, for one thing," the other replies, "the priest's salary is not so large as the Protestant pastor's." "But a large church like ours must pay the pastor at least \$2,500," remarks the convert. The neighbor laughs. "Father O— gets \$600 as his salary and funds to support the rectory." The convert may well be astonished. I believe if the financial budgets of the Catholic clergy and sisterhoods were published to the world, the figures would not be believed, in this age of high cost of living and luxuries. One can scarcely imagine the result if Catholics were compelled, for one thing, to pay all the teaching orders the same grade of salary that is paid in the public schools. What would become of Catholic education?

Some personal surprises are in store for the con-

vert. He meets an acquaintance one day at a Catholic bookstore. "You here!" he exclaims. "What brings you to a Catholic bookstore?" "Why not?" replies the other. "I am a Catholic and always have been; but I didn't know you were one." The interchange of confidences that follows creates a new bond of sympathy between them. The mental horizon of each changes. Both are aware of a community of interests that they had not suspected before. A confession of this kind always makes me feel more at home with the person making it. If I take lunch with him down town, on an Ember day, I don't have to decline meat and then explain why I don't take it, although the day is not Friday. He will not urge me to go with him to hear some noted Protestant divine. If a non-Catholic does so, I must not only excuse myself but tackle that somewhat embarrassing task of trying to convince him why I am not narrow-minded in acting as I do. If I am with Catholics, and the conversation drifts into educational lines, I feel free to talk about the excellent new school erected in my parish, to which I send my children; and I am not immediately called upon to deliver an apology for not making use of the equally excellent public school in my neighborhood, where my children may receive an education at no expense to me. What a relief, indeed! I may even describe with gentle irony the singing at the country church where I heard Mass during my summer vacation without thereby giving

scandal and prejudicing some non-Catholic who had heard that "Catholic music is so grand." How careful we all have to be, when outsiders ask us questions about the Church! Is it surprising that Catholics enjoy one another's company and make of their parish a little social center? The convert did not use to understand that; he used to think Catholics very clannish. As he goes more to Catholic gatherings, hears Catholic ideas expressed and sees Catholic principles of life applied in the lives of those around him, the convert comes imperceptibly to fall into a Catholic frame of mind. Whereas he had at first felt out of his sphere, now he finds himself adapted to a new sphere; he feels at home in the Catholic Church.

Two features of the Church have always interested and attracted me: one is her consistency, the other is her catholicity. The perfect accord of Catholic practice with Catholic belief is in itself a mark of stability and truth. This is notably the case with the doctrine of the Incarnation. Catholics alone, of all Christians — save perhaps the Greek Church — seem to realize the full significance of the phrase He "was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man." Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the natural and fitting outcome of belief in this stupendous fact. Non-Catholics may say with their lips that Christ was God and was born of Mary; but they will not say "Mary, the Mother of God," thereby betraying their lack

of real faith in the Incarnation. They may talk of the communion of saints, but they have no real communion with the saints. A few Anglicans pray to the saints in times of danger or of sorrow; but even the Anglicans ridicule prayers to St. Anthony for petty temporal favors: as if the doctrine implied that the saints were aristocrats, too high and mighty to concern themselves about minor matters.

Catholics take the words of our Lord in their literal sense when the context shows plainly that He intended them to be so understood. Non-Catholics are less concerned to ascertain what our Lord meant than what He ought to have meant to bring His words into harmony with the spirit of this age. The argument for the Real Presence, simply and forcibly put by Cardinal Gibbons in his "Faith of Our Fathers," has always seemed to me unanswerable by anyone who concedes the authenticity of the Gospels. After Christ had said "Unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye shall not have life in you," we are told that some "murmured and walked no more with Him," evidently because they took His words literally. Christ not only said nothing to correct such an interpretation of His words but even reiterated them to His disciples and then asked: "Will ye go likewise?"

The doctrine of the Holy Eucharist pervades Catholic theology as the theory of gravitation enters into the natural sciences. Our worship is meaningless without it; with it, every act, every symbol is

fraught with meaning. We believe that Christ is present on the altar and we bow the knee before Him; in passing a church a man lifts his hat and a woman crosses herself. By Holy Communion we "become partakers of His Godhead who vouchsafed to become partaker of our manhood," as the Ordinary of the Mass so wonderfully expresses it. Consistency is characteristic of Catholicity as inconsistency is characteristic of Protestantism. Catholicity affirms, embraces; Protestantism denies, criticises.

Catholicity is to me the most stately of the notes of the Church. It is like a cathedral in its grandeur; lofty and solemn like the Gothic aisle, elevating like the spires pointing heavenward; resonant and stirring like the chimes in the belfry. Besides connoting the universal mission of the Church to all men, catholicity suggests to my mind the comprehensiveness and finality of the Catholic Church. She not only teaches to mankind the truths necessary to salvation but she embraces within the unity of her system all truths attained by human wisdom, genius and inquiry. Painted by the hand of Raphael upon the walls of the Camera della Segnatura of the Vatican, at the command of Pope Julius II, are four frescoes representing respectively Theology, Philosophy, Poesy and Jurisprudence—"the four grand centers around which intellectual life revolves," as Miss Starr calls them in her monumental work upon the subject. Nothing could

teach more plainly the catholicity of the Church and the place which all knowledge and achievement hold in her estimation than these symbolical works of art adorning the Capitol of the Catholic world.

Theology, philosophy, canon law, painting, sculpture, education, all point to the universality of the Church. The most precious literary and artistic monuments of the ancient world have been preserved to us by the Church. The most valuable codex of the Bible is in the Vatican Library; her museum contains the masterpieces of Greek art; historical scholars from all over the world flock to Rome to use the Vatican Archives. The theological system of the Church has been built up by intellectual giants from St. Augustine to St. Thomas. The official philosophy taught in her seminaries is the work of the keen intellects of the middle ages, based upon Aristotle, "the Master of those who know," as Dante calls him. The work of St. Thomas is a marvel of patient and critical examination of all human learning, so far as known to him at the time; an impartial synthesis of whatever commended itself to his comprehensive mind, and could be brought into agreement with the teachings of divine revelation. The revival of the philosophical principles of Scholasticism by Pope Leo XIII and the enthusiastic application of these principles, by the New Scholastics, to the solution of social and metaphysical questions of to-day, have shown how enduring are these fundamental teachings of the

Schoolmen. I may remark that after a study of English and German philosophy under such illustrious teachers as Bowen, James and Royce, it remained for me to discover in a little manual written by a Jesuit of Stonyhurst a theory of the nature of knowledge that illuminated the whole history of speculation on that subject and offered a solution of problems that I had sought in vain from modern thinkers.

But why, we may ask, has the Church, if she is truly so Catholic in her spirit, opposed science at times and hindered the course of free inquiry? The answer is two-fold: (1) The Church does not oppose science or research of any kind as such, but only conclusions of science that contradict the truths of divine revelation; (2) the Church has a duty and a right to maintain the truths of revelation just as science has a duty and a right to seek truth in the natural order. Between these two orders of truth there can be no fundamental and final contradiction; but adjustment of apparently diverging conclusions presents a difficulty. The history of what has been called the "conflict of science and religion" is really the history of efforts to solve a series of grave problems. The difficulty has been to discern the line between revealed truths and merely human opinion or tradition. If the Church has at times, in her praiseworthy zeal to maintain revealed truths, displayed a lack of consideration for scientific theories, so scientists, in asserting the

rights of reason, have manifested indifference toward revelation. The error in viewing the situation has been to overlook the rights of revelation altogether and to judge the matter entirely from the point of view of science.

Perhaps as a convert I may be asked how I have reconciled myself to that disciplinary action of the Church upon Catholic writers that seems to outsiders so at variance with freedom of speech. Nothing, I suppose, that takes place within the Church causes non-Catholics more instantly to take sides against the Church than a report, circulated through the press, that such-and-such a Catholic writer has been "condemned by the Church" and his works have been "put on the Index." No matter what the man has written, he is a seeker after truth and the Church will have none of it. So he is a "martyr."

The situation may be viewed from the point of view either of the author censured or of the Church. So far as he is concerned, discipline is no doubt trying; but is it any more so than criticism from colleagues who may "tear him all to pieces"? Nothing could be more trying to my mind than the typical mode of "taking an author down" by showing up *one* error and giving the reader to understand that the book fairly teems with similar mistakes which could be shown up if the critic had more time. The Catholic author gets no such treatment as that from the Congregation of the Index. Nor

does examination of an author accused of heresy necessarily mean condemnation. The adversaries of the philosopher, Rosmini Serbati endeavored to secure his condemnation on two occasions, and the result of the examination — in one case the Pope himself presided — was complete vindication. From the point of view of the Church, some action of the kind is justifiable in writings touching upon religion, whereas scientific matters having no religious bearing may be left for the scientists to decide among themselves. The Church is not a Royal Society for the Investigation of Theology, but a Teacher, divinely commissioned by Christ to show mankind the road to salvation. A difference in the methods to be pursued may reasonably be expected.

In closing I may say that I have never regretted the step I took in becoming a Catholic nor have I ever had my confidence in the Church, as the divinely commissioned means of salvation, impaired or shaken. The Catholic Church is not to me either a tyrant, a burden, or a prison-house. She is, on the contrary, an inspiration and an ideal. The more I learn of her the more I realize that she is, indeed, "founded upon a Rock."

THOMAS SPEED MOSBY,

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

Mem. Amer. Inst. of Criminal Law and Criminology; mem. Academy of Political Science in the City of New York; former Pardon Attorney of the State of Missouri; author of "Youthful Criminals," "The Problem of Child Idleness," "Capital Punishment," "Mother of Bad Boys," "Cosmic Factors of Crime," "The Cause and Cure of Crime," and other essays.

My adherence to the Church of Rome has brought to me no temporal advantage. Oftener than otherwise, it has made me a victim of persecution. But what of that? In a spiritual sense my pathway "beyond the road to Rome" has been strewn with flowers.

There is no inward joy comparable to that which flows from the reception of the Blessed Sacrament — contentment, sweet peace, and a living faith that keeps the heart aglow. I have long since reached the conclusion that true piety is the only enviable quality which one may possess in this world. O, what a jewel is faith; what a talisman for the timid, the weary and the sick at heart! For every problem affecting the deepest mysteries of life, it holds the solution. It warms the heart against all the chills of a frigid world; it provides inspiration,

healing and sustenance to all who are fighting the good fight; and it teaches us to grasp victory from defeat and to snatch from the grave eternal life.

It is, I am persuaded, given to but few to know the spiritual richness of the Catholic faith; but we shall grow in wisdom with the years if we do but possess the grace to see the "Kindly Light" and follow where it leads.

So firmly am I of this belief that in my latest book, "Causes and Cures of Crime," I have taken the position that religion is the one universal panacea for crime, and have cited numerous incidents from the history of the Church as conclusive proof of its benign and civilizing attributes.

I was drawn into the church by my historical studies. I am kept there by philosophy, history and — faith, the rarest gift and the greatest boon which can fall to the lot of mortal man.

WILLIAM H. McCLELLAN,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Scholastic of the Society of Jesus at Woodstock, Maryland.
Great-grandson of Colonel Joseph McClellan, whose
monument was recently erected at Valley Forge.

Notwithstanding the reluctance which everyone feels in publishing anything concerning his inner life, an opportunity of doing so for the consolation of other souls makes such action a duty, in recognition of which these few lines are written.

From the time when I first accepted a known portion of the Catholic Faith in the doctrine of the permanence of an apostolic ministry, nineteen years of gradual but steady progress elapsed before I finally embraced the fullness of the truth as it is in Christ. Since that great day I have ever experienced the increasing goodness of a God whose graces and mercies only seem to multiply in proportion to the utter unworthiness of their recipient. Rather than any marked overflow of sensible joy or enthusiasm, He has been graciously pleased to give what I value far more highly,—an increasing sense of stability in peaceful conviction, a liberty of soul, and an impulse to activity in His service, which has not only shed a higher light upon the path of life,

but has come as a new revelation of what it is to live indeed. This I can say in all deliberation and with perfect truth, after nearly five years of life as a Catholic, and after three years and a half in the Society of Jesus, towards which my confidence and affection daily increases.

MRS. THÉOPHILE PAPIN,

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The years of my life as a Catholic have, perhaps, held nothing worthy of publication; but very far have I been from anything like disillusion with regard to my religion. There has been constantly with me the ever present thought of God's great goodness in permitting me to become a member, though all unworthy of His great and glorious church, and of bringing up my family in the Faith. Necessarily I have known a good many converts, but of them all a very small number failed to persevere. Worldliness, indolence, or promiscuous reading might make them fall away for a time, but I was struck by the fact that in the presence of death they were only too happy to die in the bosom of the Church, a striking illustration of the saying of Luther's mother: "The Protestant church may be a good one to live in, but the Catholic is the only one to die in."

I had a very dear friend, received in childhood into the fold, whose home life became very unhappy, largely on account of the ridicule heaped on her belief by members of the household, and whose cir-

cumstances rather hindered the practice of her religion (she was a highly intellectual woman), and who, for distraction and relief from her troubles, took to reading Huxley, Darwin, etc., which had the effect of weakening the spiritual bonds that held her to the Church. But on her death-bed, it was my privilege (at her request) to take her a priest, who told me that her "difficulties were but trivial." I could mention another whose life after conversion was the farthest from anything spiritual or edifying, but who nevertheless, when he saw death approaching, begged his mother (a Protestant) to bring him a priest. Instances of the sort might be multiplied. Lapses from faith there often are, but Cardinal Newman has declared that between the Catholic Church and infidelity there is no true halting place, and such seems to be the feeling of those who have once known the Truth.

FELIX ALEXANDER REEVE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Solicitor of the Treasury; lawyer; colonel of a regiment of loyal Tennesseans in the war for the Union; native of Eastern Tennessee, and a Presidential appointee in the Department of Justice for more than twenty-five years.

My journey Romeward and homeward was first through Methodism, the faith of my fathers, and then through the high and low grounds of the Episcopal Church, until by the guiding hand of Newman and other great Catholic writers, and to some extent by the feeble light of my own reason, I reached the tranquil haven of the infallible Church.

Since I became a Catholic, in the year of 1873, my spiritual life has been peaceful and uneventful and without disturbing doubts as to the one true church established by Christ for the salvation of man in all the ages of the world.

I do not mean to say or imply that my life-journey since reaching Rome has been wholly uneventful, for I have experienced many vicissitudes, more or less disagreeable, but they have been of a too personal or private character to interest the public.

Cicero says that there is nothing that tires a traveler so much as a long road that is level except a short road that is hilly.

Applying this as a simile to my sojourn beyond the road to Rome, I can say that my life has been neither very hilly nor monotonously level, but for the most part agreeably varied.

My first step in becoming a Catholic was the most painful and difficult of all. Such has, I believe, been the experience of most converts. To leave the church in which we were brought up — the church of our parents and brothers and sisters and all of our relatives — the church of our most intimate friends on earth, and of the dear ones while living, who have gone before, and unite with a communion so little known in many sections of our country and so much misunderstood by non-Catholics everywhere — is apparently from a temporal standpoint a reckless adventure on unpathed waters for undreamed shores!

While I have met with some obstacles to my success in this world, yet they have been outweighed by the consolations of the Catholic faith.

If I cannot say with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight," or "I have finished my course," I trust I can say, with the great Apostle, as I look back over forty years, that "I have kept the faith."

JAMES A. M. RICHEY,

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

Son of the late Canon Richey of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Nashotah, B.D. 1895. Asst. S. Paul's, Beloit, Wis., 1896-98. Rector, St. John's (P.E.) Church, Mason City, Ia., 1898-99; Trinity Church, Janesville, Wis., 1899-1905. San Diego, California, 1905-09, organized All Saints' parish; founder and editor of "The Crusader" and "American Catholic." Now a candidate for Holy Orders under His Grace, Archbishop Glennon.

The history of Christianity — in conformity with the consensus of the Fathers (confirmed by the changefulness and conspicuous failure of dissent), demonstrates the fact that the Christian Faith is safe only in the Catholic Church and the Catholic Church is stable only on the Chair of Peter. This is the scope or limits of that fundamental ecclesiastical law of Christ—"Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

The Divine Saviour established this law; the Fathers were agreed concerning it; every succeeding age of history has confirmed it, and Simon's Ship Herself—in and out of which the God-Man instructs the multitudes, making Her the Ark of Safety and the Home of the Truth—proves it; for

She has sailed through fire and water, neither of which could destroy nor quench Her. She has been the true Dreadnaught, sailing the boisterous waves and turning the darts of the wicked from Her impregnable armor-plate.

Demons assailed her, for only that which was Divine was worthy of their implacable hatred. Men fought her because they loved darkness rather than light and wished to be rid of the continual reminder of Sin, Righteousness and Judgment. Kings and nations arose and fell. Reformations, schisms and sects proceeded to illustrate confusion worse confounded, and all have made confession of failure in their attempts at a pseudo-unity.

Through it all, the Bride of Christ — not a national church, but One and International — has ever had the earth for Her foot-stool while reaching upward to a constant communion with Heaven. The Son of God has delighted daily to visit His Temple and have His habitation with the sons of men.

He Himself, in these days, bears this witness to His Church — “If any man will do His Will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.”

Where is the center of world-empire to-day — an empire greater than that of ancient Rome in all her heathen glory? Where is the throne of Peter — the Rock? Where the Apostolic See? Where the spiritual Shepherd of all peoples and languages? Where the international Seer whose very deportment proves his Mission in all the world? Where the

unchanging witness to The Faith? Where the center of Unity?

Try to answer these questions by thinking of Canterbury, Constantinople or any other place on earth than Rome or any person save the Pope — and you find it impossible. Thought refuses to think any other; and yet the non-Catholic world stops its ears or closes its eyes lest it should hear with its ears and see with its eyes and understand with its heart and be converted. And this is the witness which Christ bears to His Church in the First Century and in the Twentieth. It was with some such reflections as these that shortly before I became a Catholic I had a long interview with my Bishop; an interview which, in spite of his kindly intention, left me with the feeling that I had lost his friendship.

That is a thing which must be counted upon as part of the cost of becoming a Catholic. One must lose friends — many friends to whom he has been bound by the close and fraternal ties of a former allegiance. It is part of the cost which our Blessed Lord Himself prescribed. It would be too much to expect that it could be otherwise. The good Archbishop to whom I made my submission, said, "You will lose friends," lest I should not have reckoned the cost.

The very act of submission is an accusation against them. It says — That which you High Churchmen delight to believe yourselves — you are not. The borrowed light of Catholicity does not

make one a Catholic. The "Catholic Party" believes its name until it makes its submission to the Catholic Church.

This is not palatable nor can it be. To them it seems the unkindest cut of all that one should leave the "Catholic Party" in the Episcopal church to become a real Catholic. Such action is fundamentally necessary if one is to move through the shadow to the reality; yet many abide in the valley of the shadow, and friendship is severed as others pass into the reality. It is the thrust of that sword which the Divine Redeemer said He came to send through the earth. It cuts friendship and pierces one's own soul also. New friends are made, and quite as true they are, but one cannot forget the old. A certain loneliness is assuaged by the conviction that one has done the Will of God, and by the comfort of a larger truth, the inspiration of a more universal outlook, together with the hope and prayer that they also, who are left behind, will be guided into the One Fold of the One Shepherd, that we may be one in Him.

The Holy Spirit breatheth where He listeth and there is a true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. It would be false to this Light, and the facts of experience, to assert or allow to be supposed, that one's spiritual experiences under a former allegiance were not real and soul-stirring. One felt at times that God spoke to him as really as to the child Samuel,—and yet

more really, because Samuel supposed that Eli called and we knew that it was the voice of God. It called, and called again, before we gathered its true import. As with Abraham, of old, it led one out of his native land to one of promise, and, as with Moses and the dwellers in the land of *Gessen*, it led, from a bondage of four centuries, back to that promised land once more.

About four hundred years ago, the *Pharaoh* of England, Henry VIII, drove out bishops, priests and religions who would not submit to his tyranny; he confiscated the Church's property, and placed under the bondage of his own pseudo-headship, the people of God that remained, commanding them to make brick without straw.

Within the last century, a giant among men, Cardinal Newman, started his people, through a long and toilsome wilderness journey, back to their Father-land. It takes some people just about forty years to arrive there, as it did the writer.

One need scarcely apologize for speaking of his own experience in such a connection. As one looks backward he can aptly illustrate the Divine saying — He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. It has ever been a strong argument with many that "what was good enough for my father is good enough for me," never realizing that this "logic" would not hold water with grandfather or more remote ancestor. Our fathers of four centuries ago were Catholics, and were

placed in bondage by an English king who paid with toil and husks the prodigal nation which strayed from its Father's Fold. Then other fathers arose whose fathers had been members of the Church of England, but who were themselves, in turn, Methodists, as was the case with my grandfather, who was head of the Methodist Conference in Canada for six terms. He seemed to have the wisdom to stand in the way and see; for when my father told him of his intention to leave the Methodists and join the Church of England, he said he would place no obstruction in the way as Methodists were fast leaving the principles of Wesley. Thus my father started on the return journey. He came back a long way, for he was Canon and acting Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac, for nine years; did much to make the Diocese of Fond du Lac widely known as the advance guard of the High Church movement in this country, and nominated Bishop Grafton at the Diocesan Council which was to elect a successor to Bishop Brown. Where, after years of usefulness and toil, he was compelled to cease his pilgrim's progress, there, by the grace of God, I was permitted to continue the journey, and to experience in a very real sense the cordial greeting which awaits returning wanderers who reach the true Fold. This experience could be duplicated by untold numbers. Incidentally, it should illustrate the fact, and this is its chief purpose here, that the only way to be true to one's

father's religion is to follow the guidance of the same Holy Spirit Who was leading him homeward — until the journey's end. To be true to his father's religion as he was to his father's, and he to his, until the ends meet once more and unite in the bond of Divine compact — that the wandering child cannot find rest until he arises and returns to his Father's House, abjuring his spiritual prodigality, and rests in the bosom of his Mother — the Church.

How truly Motherly was Her welcome Home! How reassuring the Spirit by which She spake! How convincing that Spirit, independent of utterance, in its refreshing of the inner man! Yes, we have had fathers of the flesh, and ecclesiastical Agars in bondage with their children, but never any spake like these Fathers-in-God nor gave us the satisfying nourishment of the Mother of us all.

As one journeys through the days and years, after becoming a Catholic, one digests this restored relationship more and more. We see the transcending greatness — the breadth — of the Catholic Church. She draws a line straight down through two thousand years and crosses this with Her active and personal acquaintance with all nations, which, like the after-lights of a ship, illumine the path behind, adding to Her faith — experience, and to experience — patience. It was this fact which caused an Episcopal bishop once to say: "The Church of Rome is a wise old Mother."

She stretches out Her cruciform arms, like Her Divine Saviour, to embrace all—to draw all to Herself. She is Universal in Her very character. This is so whether we consider in a retrospective way Her prevailing conquest throughout history over the gates of Hell; or, in a cosmic way, Her Universal Mission to all nations as the light of the world; or, in a spirit of introspection, as supplying all the spiritual needs of individuals, whether as Friend of sinners or Mother of Saints.

As Catholics we can personally possess, and perhaps convey, the certitude of conviction, where volumes would scarcely meet the specious arguments of diverse controversialists.

Such religious conviction is not to be had outside the Catholic Church. It is the basis of that faith by which we know the Truth and are made free. "We know and are sure" that "Christ is God" and "if a man neglect to hear the Church he is to be counted as a heathen or publican." In other words, with the Apostle, "we know whom we have believed."

For men must and will awake to the absolute necessity of Authority. There can be no complete nor unwavering faith where there is doubt concerning the witness to that faith. The Catholic Church is the Witness of Christ unto the ends of the earth, and to the end of the world. Add to this the light which God vouchsafes, and our conscience, and we have, no doubt, the measure of hu-

man responsibility. It is the office of the Holy Spirit to guide into all truth, and doubtless the sin against the Holy Ghost is to choose one's resting place, stop there and refuse to be led further. St. Teresa says: "In the conduct of an enterprise that conscience counsels or commands, there is only one thing to fear — that is fear."

Only in the steady light of the Catholic Church — the pillar of Truth — can one really see the great issues of time and eternity and estimate the movements of times and nations. She holds the keys. She acts like Her Lord. She opens and shuts and no man can reverse it. She is a persistent Reality — a Voice sounding down the ages, a Kingdom, standing through them all, for the rise and fall of other kingdoms; and whatever She suffers in the process by being persecuted among all nations for His name's sake, She ever continues, ever prevails, ever has an identity which sets her apart, and by which she can be identified in any age or nation.

These are some of the things which we converts know are confirmed, ratified and crystallized into the certainty of Truth. By close and familiar association with the Bride of Christ — our Mother, She disarms prejudice and shows us the verity of those things which have drawn us to Her.

MISS ANNA F. RUTH,

SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

It is the duty and privilege of the convert to the Church, as he starts on the road beyond, to grow in the knowledge of his holy religion; and, as a Catholic, it is a special delight to learn daily how truly the Bible is a Catholic book.

One is not teased by its mysterious parts, for they are clear to the common mind of the Church. The more one studies the subject the more evident it grows that the Protestant interpretation was an after-thought; the true old meaning rests in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

One of the most striking features of one's new position is the additional light thrown upon Christian doctrines by the seven deuterocanonical books which Protestants never quote for proving doctrine, and which are found only in their large Bibles. Naturally, then, one who has been a Protestant can appreciate better the new light cast in many directions by Tobias, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and the books of the Maccabees; especially the latter with its teaching about prayers for the departed.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins,"

so says the second book of the Maccabees. It seems therefore nothing strange that Raphael in his great painting of the Disputa, in the Camera della Segnatura of the Vatican, has placed the renowned Hebrew warrior, Judas Maccabeus, next to the Virgin Mother of God, the chief intercessor of the human race. Do not the devotions connected with prayers for the dead, and the touching ceremonies associated with them, bring the other world very near to us? It is not so wholly a foreign country — this land that lies beyond the veil that separates us from the spirit world. I have often felt this at funerals where a Catholic can taste, as it were, the certainty and power of the world to come. Never does the Catholic faith seem so certain to me as in the presence of death.

Thus, more and more one appreciates the advantages of possessing a complete Bible. I would like to have a compendium in popular form of the important light thrown on Christian revelation, as taught by the Church, by these books of the old Law. It is this witness of the Bible, and the harmony of all Catholic doctrine which has impressed me the most since I became a Catholic. The conditions for salvation are clearly defined. Yet the Church is far more liberal than the average Protestant creeds with their hard, narrow dogmatism; their "Word of God" is mostly the word of man, whereas the Catholic interpretation is that the Word of God was given by the Spirit of God, and the

Church alone can teach what that divinely revealed Word is.

In toleration and charity for those not of our Faith the average Catholic shows more virtue than the average Protestant; I have known Catholics and Protestants of many nationalities, and have proved the truth of this assertion, which some may be inclined to deny. Since I entered on the "road beyond" I have travelled in many lands, and one of the things that has strengthened and grounded my faith has been the miracles of the Church, past and present. I have seen with wonder, and at close range, the Liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. I have deeply studied the marvellous cures at Lourdes. What is called superstition in Catholics is often only an evidence of their deeper and wider faith; they have experienced so many more than natural things that they find it hard to set a fixed boundary to what *may* be. They are surrounded by the supernatural in which there moves, not one Saint, but all the Saints of all the Christian centuries.

But preëminently, there is one thing, especially, that roots and grounds our faith as we journey beyond the road to Rome, and that is the doctrine of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—the Real Presence; and after that—Confession. That perpetual indwelling of Christ in His Church, who can describe it? The door of the Church always open; the red light of the sanctuary lamp guiding our

footsteps to the Friend in the Tabernacle — He who sits above the Mercy Seat, and is Himself the fountain of all mercy!

Or take Confession. Is there any greater consolation for the soul than to have a true friend for a counsellor? How different confession looks *within* the Church from what it looked without. When one has gone to confession in different countries, and in different languages, one realizes afresh the divine power of this Sacrament; it is like the kindness of the Good Shepherd, and one of its features is the bond of Christian intercession which it strengthens. "Say a prayer for me," says the Confessor. "Pray for me," says the Penitent.

Two things that impressed themselves on me after my reception into the Church have to do with confession. I had been taught the doctrine of grace habitual and actual; sacramental grace; the graces of Faith, Hope and Charity, and the necessity of gaining the grace of Final Perseverance. All this as a systematized doctrine was new to me. I knew of grace as the help of God, but until I became a Catholic I did not know what was meant by sanctifying grace. This and the distinction between mortal and venial sins solved several mysteries for me. It showed the absolute need of a second sacrament for the forgiveness of sins after baptism, since we could lose the sanctifying grace of the first sacrament, and it also showed what was meant by this forgiveness of sins — a subject not explained in

the Prayer-book Catechism. My dear father, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, was an old-fashioned High Churchman, caring little for ritual. One of his teachings was the obligation of belonging to the Visible Church, and he was very strong on the point that there could be but one Catholic Church in a country. Both before and after my conversion this question of jurisdiction claimed my close attention, and as a Catholic it all became very clear and simple to me. Living among the Spanish people and their descendants, of California, made me realize the absurdity of intruding a later religion on that established by the Friars. These people had not the slightest doubts as to which was the rightful church, and their stand was perfectly logical. The Episcopalians, according to my father's theory, were the schismatics, condemned by his own principles; for they had intruded on a diocese organized before the Americans took possession of California. I was quite satisfied that this cut the knot, and proved that the branch theory of the Church was not true.

I will relate one other incident that happened to me in Rome two years ago. It was the Vigil of Pentecost at St. John Lateran. We had followed the procession to the Baptistry of Constantine. We had seen the blessing of the water and had returned in procession outside the Basilica to the front portals and up to the High Altar. Solemn High Mass followed. It was the most impressive

ceremony I had seen in Rome. Beside me stood two American ladies who made some slighting remark about what they did not understand. I saw it was ignorance, not malice, and accosting them I ventured to explain the ceremonies as they occurred. There are few seats in these Roman churches — the congregation is truly *circumstantes*, "standing about," near the altar rails. When the Gospel was being read they were much impressed by the reverence shown the Sacred Volume. "Oh, I see," said one lady, "reverence is the reason Catholics are not allowed to read the Scriptures." This gave me a chance to correct her mistake and say I had just heard an Italian preacher urge his congregation to read the Gospels, especially on Sunday. The ladies continued to follow the Mass with close attention and at the end they said, "We thank you for explaining what we have often watched before in utter ignorance — for no one has ever before told us what it meant."

Incidents of a like nature occurred many times on my travels, impressing me profoundly with the fact that once on the road beyond, we should make it our duty, when the opportunity offers itself easily and naturally, to explain to others as much of our religion and its customs and ceremonies as we can. These ladies I met in Rome, women apparently of refinement and education, did not even know that the *Gloria in Excelsis* was an old Christian hymn.

Thus it is that our Catholic Faith, as simple to

us as the proposition that two and two make four — growing clearer and more marvellous the further we journey beyond the road to Rome — remains such a sealed book to the average non-Catholic. We can but practice unwearied love, unwearied patience, in explaining it; giving our reasons for being satisfied, our joy because of the hope that is in us. The opportunity may only come in little things by the wayside; but who can tell but that some day that seed may bear fruit a hundred fold?

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The ways of the Lord are mysterious, profound wisdom and goodness. Foolish is he who attributes to chance whatever he sees happen in the long chain of events which occurs in life and in the world. God alone can be, and is, the regulator of these things, directing all with strength and sweetness to His greater glory, no less than to the immortal and only good of man.

I was born in the city of L., in Sweden; a cathedral city having a beautiful, historical XIIIth century cathedral, a palace for the bishop, a castle for the residing governor of the province, and a college with about a thousand students. The faith of our fathers, as every schoolboy in all Scandinavia knows, had once been Catholic and Catholic only. Since Martin Luther's days we have been Lutheran, or nothing. Catholicism was banished and considered as dead; had been so for centuries. But the venerable Lutheran Bishop of L., being my father's personal friend, the grace of God fell upon me, much against my own will, for at the age of six-

teen I received private instruction for confirmation and communion from the Bishop of L. himself.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell where it cometh and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the spirit."¹

Once a week, for a whole year, I together with another young man, now high officer in the Royal Swedish army, and ten young society girls, all about the same age, assembled in the Bishop's palace around the table in his study. But outside the palace windows was the beautiful old cathedral where the Supernatural Presence of God with His Crucified and Risen Love was no more. Thither my thoughts often went, wondering what it all meant? And with the great saint of Sweden, St. Bridget, my soul cried: "*Amor meus crucifixus est*" (my love is crucified).

I learned to love, most dearly, our beloved teacher, the Bishop, for he taught me how love conquers all things. "Love is life," he said, "but hatred is death. Not your father, nor your mother loved you as God has loved you, for it was in order that you might be happy that He gave His Only Son for you. When He bowed down His head in the death hour, love solemnized its triumph. Love is atonement, and depths of love are atonement's depth. The Prince of Atonement descended from Heaven to imprisoned spirits that waited for the

¹ John iii.8.

Deliverer. Transfigured He thence reascended. But not from your heart likewise did he ascend, for there He still lives in the spirit, loves and atones evermore."

So I was confirmed and received Communion, finding therein that my heart had to be the only Tabernacle and the Holy Bible my only rule and guide. The Bishop seemed to hesitate when he wrote with his own dear hand these words on the fly-leaf of my Bible, words which later seemed to me almost like a prophecy: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."¹

Here my "Via Dolorosa" began, but not before my parents were dead, when I, at the age of 27, left Sweden and began my road towards Rome, as a candidate for Holy Orders in the General Theological Seminary of New York City.

I came in quest of something lost in the Protestant Church; doubting I asked with St. Thomas: "Lord, where is the Way?" I sought the Living Christ, the Heart of God; for with Dante I believed that "God's will is our peace." St. Paul, the first convert, testified, when the Supernatural love was revealed to him and called him, on the road to Damascus, that he was "crucified with Christ,"² "Risen with Christ,"³ "Hid with Christ in God."⁴ And he also says: "If I speak with

¹ Matthew x.32. ² Gal. ii.20. ³ Col. iii.1. ⁴ Col. iii.3.

the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”¹

This is harmony. This is confession of Christ. This is Catholicism. But, alas! I was still a Protestant. Nevertheless, when love called me I pressed onward; for had I not once been confirmed, as the good Lutheran Bishop said, into depths of love and atonement’s depths? Love called me from New York even to Rome, Italy, giving me there all the desire of my heart, all that was beautiful, all the love which the world rarely gives. Yet my soul was still in atonement, for I realized how Our Lord stood a beggar at my door, asking me: “Am I not as good as My gift?” I could not answer until suddenly the light of the supreme command of Grace was shed on my soul: “Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.”² “For greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends.”³ So I went in quest of the road whereon to lose my life for my friend — for *the* Friend. “For what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” This is the Christian’s choice: God or nothing.

I am asked to give a testimony, interesting and

¹ 1 Cor. xiii.1.

² Matthew xvi.25.

³ St. John xv.13.

convincing to Catholics and non-Catholics, as to why I am a Catholic. Shall it be the testimony of a season I spent in Rome, the Eternal City, beneath sunny Italian skies, a Christmas night spent in the Coliseum and on the Steps of the Ara Coeli — memories most dear to my heart — or shall it be the remembrance of a Christmas quite different that I spent at the North Pole, in the eternal ice and snow. Assuredly the one at the North Pole, where I lost my hearing and found my soul, even as St. Paul on the Damascus road found his soul when he was stricken with blindness. "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth the works of His hands."¹ There, in the far North, the glory of God made clear to me His words: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

"If I take the wings of the morning and go to the uttermost part of the sea, Thou art there," sings King David. Some of us, who went, were given the grace to hear His Voice and see His Wonders in the silence reigning supreme at the top of the earth.

I may be asked what practical benefit the world derives from the attainment of the poles? To this I can only answer that we should consider anything that tends to inspire men, or becomes an incentive toward higher things, as a practical benefit to humanity. What lies beyond the mysteries of the

¹ Ps. xviii.1.

poles? Figuratively I answer: What lies beyond the conversion of a Protestant and persecuting mind to Supernatural love, to God's mystery of Grace in the Catholic Church. Can the Sacred Heart of the Creator, the source of Divine Love, come down upon earth for the conversion of souls to God?

It was midsummer and midnight. The midnight sun was shining brightly and a giant American steamer full of tourists was at anchor in the fjord at North Cape, the uttermost part of Norway. They were there to see the midnight sun.

Splendidly they had entertained us on that magnificent steamer; at last we have said farewell to our kind hosts and hostesses, the flags are waving and the ship's cannon booming! Good-by! Farewell to civilization! Our own ship, loaded with provisions and equipments, is now steaming out toward the unknown. Shall we ever return? Shall we be able to accomplish our task? Shall we solve the problem? For weeks and weeks we sail through the Arctic Ocean. At first the sun shines night and day. Rapidly it declines more and more. Soon there will be only night: we must hurry on, ever northward, that we may go into winter quarters somewhere, at some rock or land, before the darkness overwhelms us. But nothing is to be seen but surging water and floating ice. The dogs begin to be uneasy, we have some four hundred of them, strong, handsome, Siberian dogs trained for

sleighing. Their instinct tells them that the long winter night is upon us. Already we are caught in the ice-floes and at last the ship is frozen solid in the ice. Here we must settle down for the winter; snow huts are built for the dogs, while we live in the ship, which furious blizzards already have half buried in the snow. There is no immediate danger although death lurks everywhere. Unless the ice is broken up by the treacherous undercurrents and the huge icebergs crush us, we are safe, at least, until the sun returns next year. The long night has set in, it will last for many, many months. It turns bitter cold, 50 degrees below zero, with raging blizzards, while in the body of the buried ship we sit silent in the glimmer of the greasy, smoking blubber-lamps. How weary and long and lonely is the night! Truly we are the men "sitting in darkness." But behold, the stars, the eternal, wonderful stars, how radiant they are in the dark night, how beautifully they look down upon us, telling us that we are not forsaken.

And what glorious light is this suddenly surrounding us and then vanishing as suddenly as it came? Is the firmament on fire? Ah! it is the all-enchanting Aurora Borealis: the whole horizon is ablaze with shining colors, long streamers of green, crimson and golden light playing together. The Eskimoes on Greenland believe it is the spirits of their dead playing. Suddenly the light dies out, the next moment to return again, and we stand for

hours wrapped up in our heavy furs gazing and gazing upon the wonder.

Other nights the calm, sweet moon is silvering the barren wastes of snow, shining over the greenish-glittering ice. A huge, white polar bear comes playing in the stillness with her little cubs. It seems almost a sacrilege to shoot them. But we must secure food for ourselves and the dogs; for on them our sleigh journey toward the pole depends. In the moonlight and silence we must go hunting, finding sometimes a walrus, huge as an elephant, rising to breathe where the hidden gulf stream keeps open water, or some seals, polar bears and foxes. We must eat, too, of the game we can catch to save us from scurvy — and later on from starvation.

A time comes when there are no stars, no Aurora, no moonlight, only darkness; darkness and chaos as it must have been on the First Day of Creation. Despair almost overwhelms us. Will the sun never return? Shall we never be set free from our prison? Then like a miracle, like a prayer answered, the star of Venus appears in the dark sky. She comes alone, luminous, radiant, and the darkness gives way for the blue circle of light surrounding her loveliness, reminding one at once of the Madonna in her blue mantle. She comes, a herald of the advancing sun, and we begin to hope again and count the days of deliverance. A soft light soon appears at the horizon at noon, separating

night from day. Every day it grows brighter. Shall we be disappointed? Nay, nay! At last there is a golden ray, a glimmer toward the East. The next day at noon we are standing watching, waiting. There it is again, it grows higher, higher. The whole orb of the sun rises and we fall on our knees, mute and almost blinded in the splendor of this glory of God.

Now the sun shines night and day again over the frozen desert. There is no warmth in its rays, only light.

We must hurry now, leave the ship, and with loaded sleighs and dogs start onward over the ice-hummocks toward our aim — the pole. Ah! what hardships, what difficulties, what sufferings; snow blinded, frozen, deaf, starving. Then appear open channels of water impossible to cross, and soon the whole Arctic Sea only a mass of surging ice-floes; we drift around on the floes, men, dogs, seals and walruses and a million sea-birds, to — we know not where. Did we reach the pole? We do not know. Perhaps we drifted across it! Struggling back, at length we managed to reach safety.

We had to retreat, and return defeated to America, for which we had wished to win glory and fame. But to me it was not, and never can be, a mere Polar trip; it was something else besides. Do you ask what else? Listen to the words of Job and you shall know. "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth

Thee." In the depths of trouble, sorrow and suffering in the frozen North, I too had seen His Face.

Returning to civilization, I sought entrance to a monastery — a Protestant Episcopal monastery — only to find that I yet possessed but half the truth. I will not linger over the details, but the time came when my decision was made, and I stepped over the wall; I crossed my Jordan and entered my heart's promised land. There in a Franciscan Catholic monastery, opposite West Point Military Academy, I was immediately received into the Catholic Church, for had I not been a Catholic in my heart always? And now my work of love for God is the wondrous work among Christ's silent children, where hundreds of deaf ears are made, as it were, to hear, and lips are made to speak. *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*; this is the work I found beyond the road to Rome. It is very personal and private and precious, and therefore I would prefer to say with St. Paul: "I am hidden with Christ in God." My work "beyond" means Divine love found on earth in the Sacred Heart; it means the lost coin found; it means the sheep brought back to the fold; the prodigal son returning home; it is the precious pearl I bought and for which I sold all I had; it is the Kingdom of Heaven; the Bride who seeks her spouse — Christ. How should it be otherwise? This love for Him who loved us unto death should show itself by outward acts. Who can comprehend

this love and delight? My answer is: Go and make a trial of it. It is to be found in the Catholic Church on earth, and in the Catholic Church only. It is love triumphant in God. It is the *Heart of God*, the heart of the Universe throbbing with everlasting love; it is the eternal union of the finite and the infinite, these two wills in accord; it is the conqueror of death which is disunion and disintegration; it is the destruction of hate; it is God and His creature supreme, triumphant—"My beloved to me and I to him." No longer does my spirit doubt or ask, "Lord, where is the way?" All I won, all I found, I found in Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Like the Spouse in the Canticle I exclaim, "I have found Him whom my soul loveth, I hold Him and will not let Him go."

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It is often asked of the convert — sometimes the question is put to him directly and with evident sincerity, Are you happy in your change of religion? If I may be permitted to make my personal answer to the inquiry I will reply that I have not always or altogether found entire happiness since my conversion. And I will add, furthermore, that whatever lack there has been in this particular is connected with the change I have made. In one of his characteristic challenges to the thinking world Carlyle asks what act of legislation was ever made whereby man might be assured of happiness; and he reminds his readers that there is a higher than happiness, namely, blessedness — “the eternal yea that silences all contradiction.”

This blessedness that is promised, and necessarily follows upon obedience to the divine will, is what I understand to be the end expected, if not immediately sought, by the convert. And I have discovered in these many years God has spared my life on earth that, so far as it is humanly possible to do so,

a man is asked to pay for what he receives from heaven — for “unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required.” And he often pays with his heart’s blood.

For the convert has to turn away from many old and dear friends, partly through change of environment and partly because they sometimes turn away from him. He may have to pull up his stakes and wander hither and yon before he can find a place to set the sole of his foot and rest his head. Meanwhile he is conscious that he has given pain to those he loves, and that even they may, while many others surely will misjudge him personally, and that not one of them can really know the state of his mind or understand his religion. He knows that he is right in the step he has taken, and that the Catholic religion is true, for God has spoken as He never spoke before and doubt has given place to a certainty that is incontrovertible. But who that has never travelled this path and found the truth, can understand the clear illumination of mind and peace of soul that God gives to one who has long wandered beyond the confines of the Catholic Church and now is sheltered securely within her walls?

And there are readjustments, not easy to make, not always easy to determine. Where shall he go? What shall he do? Will those who have been trained from infancy in another system of religion than his — can they understand his ideals? Are those ideals the outgrowth of a Puritanism that

has certainly influenced all forms of Christianity outside the Catholic Church, or are they to be cherished because they *are* Catholic, while they may appear extravagant or impossible to his present associates? These new friends, Catholic-born, are they narrow and unsympathetic at times, or are they absolutely right and is it the convert who must somehow do everything to adjust his ideas to that absolute standard? And, on the other hand, while other ideals appear to contradict the ethical standards of that Puritanism that modern systems of Christianity have never quite been able to slough off, can they be surrendered for that reason without the sacrifice of a liberty wherewith Christ hath made men free?

Very likely both sides are at fault. Human nature being what it is, one cannot expect that faith and sacraments will always perfect character. Give God a fair chance and He will do something; He will make a soul love and desire goodness. Give Him entire freedom in a soul and He can make a Saint. But, alas! most of us must content ourselves with a little goodness and thank our stars if we get to heaven in the end. And so, as the convert once found some people kind and generous, some small and exacting, thus it will be now. Speaking for myself, I am free to say that I have found both sorts in the Catholic Church; but, while I do not expect everybody to believe this statement, I will say that I have found more little narrow peo-

ple in the communion I left than I have found in the Catholic Church, and that ordinarily Catholics are not a fault-finding people. Some would say that this opinion is, of itself, a proof of Roman Catholic bigotry: I think, on the contrary, that it is the result of the fact which I have indicated, the persistence of a Calvinistic temper in Protestantism, and the absence of fixed standards of doctrine and of an authority that is real, not theoretical. Whether or no, I will testify herewith that I have experienced amongst Catholic Clergy and laity, much kindness and many instances of generosity and forbearance. In the presence of many difficulties consequent upon my conversion, good friends stood by me and cheered my way. The Archbishop under whom I began my studies received me with consideration and kindness, gave me unexpected freedom in the Seminary course, and ordained me to the priesthood at the end of ten months. And of the loving and patient friends I found in the Faculty, the Fathers of the Society of St. Sulpice and their colleagues, I can never think or speak of them except with a mingled feeling of reverence and affection.

So much, it is fitting, should be replied to that oft-repeated inquiry, Are you happy? If one might bare his soul to the world and if he were able to put into words the experiences and sensations that have found lodgment within, he could write of a joy that is unfailing, of a faith that rests upon un-

changing truth, of a calm that is so deep and fixed, so altogether unruffled by exterior events that these seem but the trifles of life. He could testify that never a single doubt has crossed his mind to disturb this interior peace; that once the step had been taken in obedience to the guidance of the Holy Ghost, that good Friend forever closed up every avenue of return. And so it will always be when the convert keeps faith with Him.

It may sound hard and ungracious to the ears of friends he has left behind if the sometime Anglican speaks of the gradual disappearance from his memory of his former religion and its concerns. Monsignor Benson, in his *Confessions of a Convert*, writes of the "rapidly fading impression of Anglicanism upon his memory and the continually deepening experiences of the Catholic religion." Supply any other word you wish for that one, "rapidly," and the phrase will ordinarily suit the circumstances in the life of every convert. He may not cease to love his old associates or forget many pleasant associations—I believe that with most converts affection deepens rather than diminishes, and I should almost suspect the goodness of heart of one who remembered only to condemn—but as it was with Newman so it has been with those who followed him, "I went by and lo she was gone, I sought her but her place could nowhere be found."

And upon the ruins of the past rises before the

eyes of the newcomer a wonderful edifice, a church that is One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, a church that is world-wide in extent, in sympathy, in capacities of adaptation to races and peoples and eras, and age-long in her venerable history, a church that from her very width and greatness must have all sorts of children and therefore, by the principle of contrasts, must seem now wonderful in sanctity, now incongruously worldly. But gradually, as he lives in her communion and is absorbed into her life, differences become balanced and the vision assumes a right perspective. The convert is no longer looking with dimmed eyes, seeing men "as it were trees walking," for the gift of faith and the illumination of the indwelling Spirit, unhindered now by ignorance or obstinacy, make clear what once was so dark.

People who are not Catholics will not believe, or will question the assertion, that until one has crossed the line that separates the false or the imperfect from the true, a man *cannot* understand the Faith of the Catholic Church or her principles of action. She seems to them to be temporizing when she is acting in the patience of God, hard when she is jealous for His honor, imposing observances when she is permitting souls to liberate their piety in various forms of devotion, disproportioned in what she herself puts into practice when her own children are taught from infancy that neither Saint nor any other creature can come between the soul and its

Creator to deprive Him of the first and highest place in the spiritual life. They talk of her exactions in faith when she *demand*s a very little as de fide, in morals when much in this sphere is of counsel only. They stand outside the portals of the Church, look in at what to them is a beclouded atmosphere, and pass an ill-formed judgment upon things that are so mysterious that they appear fantastic.

All this the convert sees. At first he would fain discuss and explain. But he might better wait and spare himself, for when he has waited and possessed his soul in patience he will reach the conclusion that only a new birth in the Kingdom of Heaven on earth can give a man the sanity of judgment and clearness of vision to comprehend the solid realities of that divine society we call the Catholic Church. And then he will turn to God in prayer; he will go to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament and place in its unfathomed depths these souls that, if dear to him, are unspeakably precious to the Saviour of the World. He will never lose an opportunity to lead an inquiring brother to the light of Faith — though for this he will be severely judged by those who resent his act and discredit his motive — but he will render better service to his friend and leave the area of divine operation less impeded if he lives his life as a consistent Catholic and trusts more to prayer than to words.

To the convert who has passed the earlier stages,

in which much will often seem strange and confused, there comes this further experience, the witness on the part of his brethren in religion of an unwavering conviction that the Catholic Church is unique and exclusive. They do not commonly discuss this conviction in their own minds, and even when controversy is forced upon them they may not always formulate the idea. For it is a part of themselves, not as a mere intellectual tradition that lingers on and influences thought spasmodically, but as a spring of both thought and action. The Catholic, unless he gives up or denies his religion, can never be anything but Catholic in his point of view or determine a line of conduct except upon the principles of Catholic theology. He may act inconsistently with those principles, but still they serve in some fashion as a deterrent, whether to arrest a step contemplated or to induce him to acknowledge and repent of his fault. He believes what the Catechism has taught him, not self-consciously but spontaneously, and he measures right and wrong by the simple moral theology of the confessional, with neither introspectiveness nor capitiousness. Unless or until he has observed at close range the working of non-Catholic religions, he has only the most vague and indistinct notions of what their disciples believe; and why they should so differ from him or differ at all from anything so transparently true as the Catholic religion, is an odd thing to his philosophy. He is commonly dis-

posed, though he is often thought to be the opposite, to be charitable towards Protestantism and to think that Protestants are acting in good faith. But they and their systems are a puzzle to him, and unless he is an amateur theologian or — that undesirable person — a proselytizer, he is much more inclined to leave them alone than meddle with their views. But of one thing he is certain, that God has revealed Himself unerringly to man, that He has set upon earth a Church that is indefectible, in which the Holy Spirit dwells uniquely, and which is possessed of an authority and of forces that are wholly divine in their origin and are divinely directed in their operation.

This is a wonderful thing to the convert when he realizes it — as it is, indeed, a wonderful thing to the whole world. Once in the Catholic Church, not only does a man understand, as he never before understood, her spirit and genius; he also sees that anything else that looks like this Church, but lacks one or another feature of resemblance, is quite another thing. High Church Anglicanism is to him no longer “Catholic not Roman,” or “a Catholic Church without the Pope” — it is an entirely different religion. Say what you like of its broad culture, and gentle people, and aesthetic habits, it is not the Catholic Church and has no part or lot in her inheritance. The Church that is Roman is the Church that is founded upon a rock, and has proved to the world her competency to stand out

against all the storms of the centuries by the fact that she has done so. The world may distrust, or dislike, or fear the Catholic Church, and this is as our Lord said it would be, but her extraordinary vitality, her wonderful powers of recuperation, the faith, the loyalty, the obedience of her children have long ago compelled the amazement, if they have not always evoked the praise of the people of every age since the Day of Pentecost. And "the world judges securely." This, I say, is a remarkable thing to the convert, and gives him fortitude amidst the trials that his conversion may have brought into his life.

Again, I note that constant sense of the presence and the movement of supernatural grace in the Catholic Church. It is impossible to describe it, impossible to convince many that it is at all different or higher in quality than the workings of the Holy Ghost in other spheres. But it *is* different, more steady in its flow, more distinguishing in its qualities, more pervasive in its influences. Others of other religions have been good and holy; who could or would deny that? God works outside the Catholic Church and deals both justly and generously with those who are in good faith. If they think they are receiving grace through sacraments, they may receive it at the very time they so look for it, but not in the way they think. If they obey God and keep His commandments, and want to be, and try to be saints, let us not limit the operations

of the Most High. We give these people credit for all they are and all they do. But, nevertheless, in the Church that God has constituted amongst men, and by her sacraments in a way that surpasses all others, we expect and believe that He does wonderful things such as are done nowhere else. *Si quaeris monumentum, circumspice*. If you ask for proof of this, look abroad and look back; see the Saints of the Catholic Church, her Religious Orders, contemplative, active, expiatory, missionary; her altars with their multitudes of daily communicants, her devotion to our divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the sacrifices of her poor children, the generosity of her rich, the *perseverance* in grace of Catholic people — a thing unparalleled in other religions. And judge her, not by those sins and failures in human life that are common to the race, but by those triumphs of the Holy Ghost in the souls of her children that have been equalled nowhere else.

As I close this paper I will speak of one criticism that is sometimes made upon the career of the convert after he has become settled in the Catholic Church. It has been said of one or another that he has turned from a life of activity and serviceableness to one of obscurity, where his gifts, small or great, are little employed. Well, this may be true. One can readily understand that somebody might have been very useful in, say, the High Church Movement and now be of little use as a

Catholic. Whatever talent he possesses the Church is likely to employ in some way, but it may be she has no urgent need for that talent or that she subordinates it to something more desirable — just as a priest, suddenly realizing his vocation to a Religious Order, may be required by his Bishop to remain for a time in a work where the need is immediate and imperative. Moreover, we must not forget that the range of action has become, not necessarily limited but altered. Conditions are changed, and so may the activities be changed; they may become more interior, less pronounced. Emphasis was laid once upon this or that line of work; now the demand may be supplied already, and the man be called to fulfill a different service. It is strange how persons outside the Church who have often been heard to express their admiration for her wisdom in making use of everything that comes to her hand, will in other circumstances find fault with her for her unwisdom in neglecting opportunities.

But it may, nevertheless, be added that the reasons for conversion are not economic. A man does not become a Catholic because he thinks the Church needs him, but in obedience to a divine call, and in order that he may assure himself of grace and salvation. The shock, especially in middle life, is sometimes too great to allow continuance in a course that was entered upon in earlier days. Sometimes it hinders for a period, sometimes it arrests

altogether the spontaneity and alertness with which one began, and the life seems or may be, in fact, inert. It need not be so, but it may be. Yet what is that to the convert, to Almighty God Himself? Have not some men glorified Him by suffering rather than by action, "in the fires" rather than by walking here "in green pastures"? Intellectual failure is not moral failure and the Cross is greater than a laurel-wreath. Nor are spiritual results measured by apparent accomplishments — men can be living to God when they are said to be dead and buried.

I do not pretend to suppose that this testimony of one who has passed beyond the Road to Rome will be of any extraordinary value to those who dwell without that City of the People of God. There are, indeed, some minds that will ever be possessed of what seems an incapacity to see her beauty and understand her heavenly wisdom. There are those, I know well, who are invincibly ignorant of the greatness of the Catholic Church; to those she is only great at all in her narrowness and willful exclusiveness, for she loves to shut out and condemn. There are others who look upon her with wonder yet are afraid to come near and hear what she has to say to them. There are yet others who cherish in their hearts bitterness and strife; they cling to what they have championed and hope to sustain their claims by false accusations. And there are numberless souls who are weary with the

strife of tongues and long for a place of rest — and “now they desire a better, that is to say, a heavenly country.” And for such, who hunger and thirst, these words have been written.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Author of A Virginia Cavalier; The House of Egremont;
The Fortunes of Fifi; The Sprightly Romance of
Marsac, etc.*

I became a Catholic by inverse methods, as most converts do; that is to say, my reason became convinced and faith followed. The same reasons, which made me adopt the Catholic religion, keep me in the Church. Incidentally it has given me great peace of mind; I could not say any more than this in ten pages.

THE VERY REVEREND JOHN SPENSLEY,
D.D., Ph.D.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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University of America.

Did I ever regret having taken the road to Rome? Never! Having found the True Faith, there has been no desire to trifle with it. Many years have elapsed since I made that journey and during those years I have watched with keenest interest the destinies of those who came after.

Of these some reached the goal only to turn back, after a little while, and retrace their steps. I can think of no more melancholy spectacle than the convert who becomes confused, loses his hold on spiritual verities, and wanders back to the realm of doubt and negation. Such a one bids farewell to mental peace. When the light shines in the darkness and the darkness but briefly comprehends the light, then indeed does the subsequent night become hideous.

I have always been humbly and reverently grateful that the Lord permitted me to see the Road so clearly that retreat would have been intellectual suicide. It was very simple. In my youth, faith and

reason united to show me four things: Christ is the Son of God; He founded a Church; this was the Catholic Church; He promised to that Church His presence and the guidance of the Holy Spirit even to the consummation of the world. These truths once grasped and understood, all matters of detail, controversy, doctrine or dogma lost their perplexing and sometimes terrifying aspects in the realization that Christ would not allow His Church to err. A description, then, of my experience "Beyond the Road to Rome" might be summed up in one word: "Peace."

However, by way of casual analysis, there is a feature of the Church, viewed as a human society, that is evident to all yet not understood by all: her conservatism. Because of this she often proves disconcerting to converts and trying even to those born with the faith.

One reason for the backsliding of converts is mental reaction. To them is given suddenly the wonderful vision of the City of God. All the spiritual beauty of the Church is unfolded at once. They are dazzled by the spectacle; their minds are exalted; they move about in a kind of golden dream. They imagine that all Catholics must be in the same intoxication of spirit and when they come in contact with crudeness, with plain workaday realities, they are shocked. They forget that they are still living on the dull drab earth; that clouds must frequently roll between them and the heavens until they shall

enter the life beyond the stars. With sorrow and astonishment have I seen enthusiastic converts fall away after a few weeks, only, of life in their new environment.

Others of deeper mentality gradually fell away because they found the Church, in her government and methods, "out of tune with the age." In this frame of mind they had for companions many who thought themselves practical Catholics. Yet to me the slow conservative attitude of the Church in dealing with the world's problems has been one of the strongest reasons, from a human standpoint, for remaining within her fold.

In her government you will never find the Church indulging in glorious rainbow dreams. Heaven help us, did she do so! The guidance of the Holy Spirit would then be an even more stupendous miracle than it is. Utopians, misguided reformers and Socialists indulge in dreams of such brilliancy that they sweep whole communities off their feet. Even science, with all her reputation for sanity, indulges at times in the most fantastic dreams; though her honesty brings her steadily along the path of truth. She never wanders long from God.

But the Church does not dream. She is inspired, but she is practical. What has impressed me from the first is the calm way in which the Church takes the unpopular side of great questions and patiently waits, through storms of abuse and even persecution, till the world comes around to her view. She

does not love to be unpopular, but she has to be right. And often it has been weary waiting till humanity came to its senses.

She has been ridiculed and execrated for her stern attitude in the question of divorce. Yet now the serious minds of all creeds and nations recognize in that attitude the only salvation from an evil that is undermining the State. In our own country her stand on the school question has brought upon her the rancour of many Catholics and the general detestation of Protestants. She has been called intolerant, treasonable, inspired by most despicable motives. Yet now, other denominations are shyly attempting the experiment of parochial schools, while non-sectarian educators, confessing the inadequacy of their system, are trying to invent a secularized composite religious training with which to strengthen it.

The Church cannot be hurried or bullied or hypnotized into policies that will lead her children astray. She looks generations, even centuries, ahead and takes her stand upon principles, though experience may foretell the rack and the stake. We do not have to worry, thank God, about matters of faith. But even in merely human affairs it would almost seem as though the Church were likewise infallible.

I dwell, in this article, upon her conservatism because it is so often misunderstood by the untrained convert. If Catholics themselves occasion-

ally come under the spell of modernism—that archaic compound with the new name—it is not surprising that newcomers may sometimes have their doubts. The watchwords of the age are very captivating to the average ear and they are the watchwords of eternity. Pyrotechnics are often more interesting than beacon lights. Let the convert, therefore, in moments of anxiety concerning those things on which he has not the assurances of faith say: “Even in these, O Church of Christ, thou hast the words of eternal life!” If ever the thought comes that he cannot remain in the Church and be honest with his intellect, let him think calmly on the lessons of history. Then with deep joy will his soul exclaim: “Thy light shines far, O City of Sion, into the darkness of the night!”

THE RT. REV. MONSIGNOR WILLIAM E.
STARR, D.D.,

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A few years ago, in compliance with a request for a contribution to the book, "Some Roads to Rome in America," I furnished a brief account of the process by which I found my way thither. My life had been so uneventful and the steps by which I became a Catholic were so easy that there seemed but little to record. Of a reverential spirit, but by no means devout, I had no misgivings concerning the foundations of religion until about my eighteenth year, when I discovered that my elders, my natural guides and teachers, had themselves no firm grasp of the subject. In fact, I very soon perceived that they were annoyed by my questions which they put down to the conceit of a youthful prig, not to be taken seriously. Any explanation vouchsafed at all was driven home and clinched by an injunction against being too wise. I had grown up loving the Bible and was disconcerted to find that there were so many and such irreconcilable views of its character and content. Christianity, as it was presented to me, was a hopeless mixture of discordant

sects. The account it gave of itself I found distasteful, perplexing and illogical, a palpable compromise under which each sect claimed to live by letting all the others live. Upon one thing they were all passionately agreed, that God had given no infallible expositor of His Word, and that any claim of the sort was to be sternly reprobated. Upon one occasion it was suggested to me to seek an interview with the pastor of the church which I attended, the Presbyterian, and lay before him my difficulties and my heartburnings. That course seemed to promise well. The minister was a scholarly man and an interesting preacher, with a large and influential following. Before venturing upon the interview, I hazarded a question as to its outcome. I was anxious to know if he would guarantee the results of his Bible study as so indisputably true that no other clergyman of equal gifts with himself had ever drawn different and even opposite conclusions. I can recall my disgust upon being told that he would be a very arrogant and presumptuous man, if he did. The ridiculous *impasse* never seemed to strike my friends. When I remarked that it was hardly worth while to bother about it, I was told that I was an infidel, a skeptic, an atheist, and a lot of other reprehensible characters. If agnostics had existed in those days, I should doubtless have been pilloried with them, if hopeless ignorance be agnosticism. This was the more pitiable, as I had a reverent mind for God and

all holy things. I knew good, devout people in plenty; but they could afford me no help. It was no longer a question of personal worth and piety. The foundation itself of all reverence was at stake and there was no one to help me lay it. But the climax of my troubles was reached when a man failed me to whom I was devotedly attached, a man of serene intelligence, and unblemished integrity, the factor of the most of my opinions, upon whose faith I confidently leaned. Upon my putting a question to him concerning one of the fundamentals of the Christian religion, which called for a clear and straightforward answer, he shuffled for a moment or two and then declined to answer me, saying that he feared his views on the subject would not be considered orthodox. There were then, and still are, I fear, numbers of men in a like cruel dilemma. They are ill at ease, and would be most unhappy were they to undertake the study of their religious position. They dread becoming unbelievers, and the Roman Catholic Church is an impossible alternative not to be for an instant considered. For relief from their perplexities they throw themselves heart and soul into benevolent and philanthropic activities. The problems of the soul are covered up and put out of sight, smothered under a multitude of projects for the uplift of the submerged masses. All this may seem quite aside from the purpose of this book, which seeks to know how we converts have fared since we crossed the great divide. And

yet in my case the prospect of the old confusion of mind, and spiritual disquiet, gives the reply to the question. God in His own good time brought me face to face with His Holy Church and by His grace "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Not only have I never had the slightest temptation, much less inclination, to examine the Protestant position as to the rationale of Faith, but the passion of my life is to teach and to defend, to the utmost of my poor faculty, God's Holy Catholic Church. That is my one enthusiasm. Her teachings completely satisfy my mind, her precepts are all I need to guide my life; and the type of holiness which she displays has no exemplar among the most devout souls whom I have ever known outside her fold.

WM. FREDERICK PAUL STOCKLEY, M.A.,

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Author, Educator; Professor of English and French, University of New Brunswick, 1886-1902; Professor of English, University of Ottawa, 1902-03; Head Master, St. Mary's Collegiate School, Halifax, 1903-05; Professor of History and English Literature in the National University of Ireland, teaching in Queen's College, Cork (now University College) 1905-09; Professor of English in same University, 1909 to date.

Unfortunately I cannot write as many Catholic years to my credit as I can non-Catholic; but if some fifteen years are added to my life, I shall have been a Catholic awakened, for as long a time as I was a self-opinionated controversialist or an impenitent doubter; and I shall have a cause for my daringest thought that thus

“'Twill be merry unto the grave to go.”

Still, twenty years merry, and after youth is gone, are no bad test ground for any stuff of a man's life which weathers them, and which is found a basis stronger at their end than at their beginning of a better self, of mental freedom, and of moral wisdom; stuff which holds out, resists, bears up; on which is built a firm place of vantage to watch

with pity and without swelling or pride, the errors and tempests in the vale below ; the impossible ideals, the vain striving therefor, the fighting to gain the tyranny of license, the blind endeavors to find rest, the unreality, the folly, the absence of standards by which to judge these things: the false self satisfaction, the pretence and pretentiousness, and the slavery to men's opinions in matters of mind. In contrast with this, Catholicism means right judgment, checked only by the weakness or wickedness of Catholics. As we enter on the road beyond, not only does the secret and suppressed heart find a champion in the Church for the visions which young men see, for the generous resolve, for the love that is unselfish, for that desire to give up life to a cause, which some lives have expressed, and which youth still burns to emulate, when it is still in its glorious time of saying "what others have done may not I do?" and then of doing it—not only is the Church the champion of the heart, the scorner of the commonplace, the refuge for the divine madmen and martyrs; tolerating in her bosom those of a less heroic mould, but ever thinking in her heart of hearts of the ideal of the saints, men who take less count of who's in, who's out, than even Lear or Plato's philosopher; men who would make life impossible, as we say; and who think the things that poets think and artists dream, whose mouth cannot content it with mortality, yet whose charity covers all weak sinners but themselves, those whose

odd cares and unworldliness make them mocked at by worldly lips, while they are revered in every heart's recess where Catholicism lingers, where it lives again in the renewed revelation of death, where it strikes the rock through which still can trickle some drops, from its unworldlike fountains.

Not only is the great heart of humanity thus defended by the Mother of Saints, but the honest mind which thinks her thoughts is strangely enlightened; and, in its wisest thinking finds itself forestalled. Indifference or cynicism or despair may well seize the mind left by Calvinism to reject nature, or by free thinking to neglect grace. But the Catholic mind is marvellously encouraged to rest on reality and moral certainty; it acknowledges difficulties in darkness, yet reiterates its confidence that truth cannot contradict truth.

And here it is, as I repeat, that you are strengthened and encouraged in all thought, whenever you think and are a Catholic. It is simply intolerable — the present writer speaks as having come out of Anglicanism, and out of doubts — to be told that such and such a century had not the devotion to Mary as we cherish it, when such and such an earlier century had not *explicit* teaching of the Incarnation, until an Œcumenical Council clearly defined it. None the less intolerable is it to have it said that the Church of one age is right in fixing, say, the Canon of Scripture; but wrong is the Church

of another age defining Transubstantiation. You cannot go hobbling all your life on such awkward tumbling down crutches.

I turn now to the thought of how beyond the road to Rome, with the Eternal City as base of operations, the indestructible Church being still there, we must live and think, and face the life of others, and understand them, if we are to help them, and to guide. As, in a conversion, there is a world known only to God and the soul He remakes, so in things spiritual there is what we cannot discuss, for to himself and his Maker a man standeth or falleth; and here we must live, as we must die, alone. Nevertheless man is asked "Where is thy brother?" and so far as he can he must help his brother. It is God's will that we bear one another's burdens, for by works of mercy men will be judged. To instruct the ignorant is possible to the simplest by our good example. Others again have to answer more at length, by word written or spoken; thus illustrating the relation of Catholics to the world without. Every convert to the Church universal has this opportunity. In a sense, a Catholic, as to himself, has nothing to say. I mean — and it is not easy, I think, for others to understand this view, for the Catholic is on one side, and all other men are on the other — he no more discusses his own position than he tries to escape from off this planet, or out of his skin. In the Church he lives, he is; he accepts her teaching because he is a Catholic. Before

his conversion he may have been, like Newman, going to submit, or acknowledge or see things as they are in Church and World, or he may go into Catholicism without knowing Catholics, and disliking what he hears of them; he may be like Coventry Patmore, when in, with a half fanciful horror of priests; or like Manning, seeing the causes for the Church's slow progress in the faults of Catholics. But of one thing he is sure — that once a Catholic his position needs no apology, even though he may, to help others, explain it. The great Church of Humanity suggests, as a Matthew Arnold felt, all the pell mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays. The Church has the burden of the world on its back; and the buzzing critics have often charged her with all the ill doings of followers and chiefs, reflecting in their lives the ill deeds of their times. Unluckily, said Cardinal Newman — he means, luckily — we never kept a record of Protestant scandals. Nor do we see the clergymen converts to Catholicism get up and rail; like the poor ex-priest over the garden wall. He might indeed add that not only are the bad doings of Catholics, or their imperfections and dulness, chargeable to the Church just because she has been the Church of all sorts and conditions of men; but that also these doings may be matched in the good she has done. For, besides her benefactions, has she not been a putter down of the mighty, a queller of the barbarian in primitive forests, an organizer, a beau-

tifier? We are not going to hear any more, in the world of comparative history, to the effect that the Puritans loved liberty for others as well as for themselves, and that Cromwell's toleration meant toleration for the vast majority of Christians; that Elizabeth's rack did not go daily, though we never hear that it had any of the legal safe-guards of the Inquisition in Spain; or that priests and nuns were not flayed, tortured, burnt, massacred, amid wholesale devastation of churches, cloisters, homes, and all beauty of civilization, by the murderous Calvinist fanatics of France, retaliated on by the furious Paris Catholic mob on St. Bartholomew's Day; even as Irish Catholics, provoked at that time beyond any others (so a Burke thought), more mildly retaliated, in the rising of 1641. I am told that there are Catholic school histories in English which make no mention of persecution under Queen Mary. I have looked. I never saw one. But was there any one Protestant school history, when we were young, which told of the priests of the old religion in England who died for saying Mass under Queen Elizabeth; praying for her as their queen, but refusing her newly cut out religion as their plan of salvation? I never saw one, nor heard of one, nor of anyone who heard or saw. Green published his *Short History*, at that time, without mentioning them. In his later editions, he felt the coming on of truth, and he put in at least one paragraph on the English Catholic martyrs.

And so, as I say, to recount crimes of Catholics, or even of Popes, is old despairing or desperate talk; and to tell of how disagreeable religious people and Catholics may seem, as compared with their unguided or misguided fellows, is no talk to the point either. Of course there are always those who are humanly bad. But Catholicism is much too old a doctor not to understand human nature; the Church of the confessional knows too much to be caught with chaff or siren song. There is one thing certain, and it is this: that talk about worldly success, and progress in wealth, and luxury, is killing more souls than ever were killed by starvation; all these things must ever seem to the Catholic Church and to her greatest souls as things essentially indifferent, as a part of the passing show. It is the realities of life that seem to us of greatest moment. I never was in a Catholic church where ears polite would not be shocked by hearing of judgment to come, and of sin as the one thing to fear; there, at least, one feels that real equality underlies all, and that the true worth of man lies in what each has to guard, the eternal jewel of his soul.

Whoever saw the poor as he sees them in Catholic churches? "I sadly confess," said Archbishop Benson of Canterbury, "that abroad the (Catholic) Cathedrals belong apparently to the poor; the greater the churches, the more the poor seem to use them. Not so here (in England). I yearn for that sight." Which sight Dr. Benson's

Catholic predecessors saw all over England. His son, Monsignor Benson, preaching in new Catholic Cathedrals in the New World, has also seen this same sight. What other religion has such an experience of missionary work, in huts and camps, in filth, and cold, in misery of ice and vermin, amid bestiality, brutality and murder, as that, for instance, which its cultivated French Catholic confessors went through who have left us *Les Relations des Jésuites*, the first records of North American history? The good earnest work of many Protestant missionaries, perhaps specially High Church Anglicans, has nothing of the terrible heroism of the great evangelizing Church. It is Bossuet at Versailles and not Jeremy Taylor across the channel in his Golden Grove, who echoes *le cri de misère* which he hears with shame from the poor. It was connection with Rome that saved French Catholicism from the subserviency which the English schismatic Church showed. . . .

The Hon. Dudley Wooten, member of Congress from Seattle, Washington, has said to us lately: "I am not myself a member of the Catholic communion, but I do recognize — what every impartial observer realizes — that the Catholic Church is to-day the only form of organized Christianity that is vital enough to merit consideration, and faithful enough to command respect. It is perfectly natural, then, that the allied forces of infidelity, indifferentism, and a decadent Protestant-

ism should combine in an unholy crusade against it. To do so, however, in the name of religious liberty and toleration, is so manifestly insincere and disgusting that I must decline to read the literature of such a syndicate of hypocrisy and malice.

"Every intelligent man in the United States who is enlightened enough to be capable of discernment, and not so prejudiced as to deny the truth, realizes that amid the disintegrating and disorderly elements of our civilization, the Catholic Church stands as the defender and conservator of all that is most vital and valuable in the constitution and institutions of civilized society. She takes an active and intelligent interest in politics and legislation to that extent and for that purpose only — to preserve the sanctity of the home, the authority of organized government, the safeguards of virtue and piety in public and private life, and the equal recognition and protection of every religious creed that is not in itself a denial of lawful authority.

"It is the deliberate judgment of all thoughtful men, both in the Church and out of it, that she is destined to achieve her highest triumphs of usefulness to mankind in this Republic." . . .

There is no end to what I could say, had I time and space, of the essentials for us, of the accidents against us. If there is a revelation, if there is a Church, Catholicism is the most interesting thing in the world, as its Papacy is the most serious institution existing. The outward manifesta-

tion of it to historians is but a slight wonder to what has been its power, not only in the hearts, but in the minds of men, who differ otherwise in all that can keep men asunder. This unity of belief binds Pope as it binds peasant, and in this communion alone can no one be priest ridden, or ridden by any man's opinions. And Catholics of all mankind are most happy in supernatural light.

Outside the Church they ask us: "Did you find peace and security?" "Not that, but certainty and reality."

May I recall the words of one ¹ whose name, as ours, will be forgotten, but one so beloved when an Anglican minister, that his rough farmers came and wept on his shoulder when he had to leave them and go to Rome? Whatever be his religion, I shall have Mr. Alexander at my death bed, one of his wandering sheep lamented; for all knew him, when sorrow and death were near. It was my privilege to be received into the Church with him.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man.
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.

If there is ancient honour in the world, it was in this exiled lover of his England. He had been near a quarter of a century a good parson; he was near a quarter of a century a better Catholic layman; buried, last year, in the habit of St. Francis.

¹ Finlow Alexander, once sub-dean of the cathedral, Fredericton, New Brunswick.

“What can I do but send them my love?” was his commission to me when I asked for a message for some old parishioners who wished to be remembered by him. “Tell them how ever more and more strongly there reveals itself to me that the Catholic Church had, in God’s mind, for its main design, the meeting of the spiritual needs of the poor. Ask them, for me, if, in their heart of hearts, they can say this of their own experience in the Church of England, apart from any affection they may have formed for any particular clergyman belonging to it. Ask them, in short, from me, if the Church of England, *as such*, has ever filled any spiritual void in their hearts; has been to them, in any degree, what the Catholic Church is to the poor; their strength, their stay, their support, their solace, their joy, their daily food—their all—‘an eye to the blind, and a foot to the lame.’ Tell them, from me, what I see in Montreal, how from five in the morning till six at even, the ebb and flow of the poor, to and from their loved Church, goes unceasingly on—how, burdened and broken-down they enter, how, cheerful and strengthened for their many and awful trials, they come away—and ask them if their experience of the Church of England answers to these things.” *Sit anima mea cum illo.*

Then, every English-speaking convert of middle age would like to quote his master, and that would be Cardinal Newman, a Catholic in 1845.

In 1848, Newman said:

"I shrink to contemplate the guilt I should have incurred, and the account which at the last day would have lain against me had I not become a Catholic; and it pierces me to the heart to think that so many excellent persons should be kept in bondage in the Church of England, and should, among the many good points they have, want the great grace of faith, to trust God and follow His leadings. This is my state of mind, and I would it could be brought home to all and everyone who in default of real arguments for remaining Anglicans, amuse themselves with dreams and fancies." And some fifteen years later he says in words purposely strong ("so that questioners will believe me, and have done with it")—"This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention and never had any intention of leaving the Catholic Church, and becoming a Protestant again would be superfluous, except that Protestants are always on the lookout for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact. Therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess *ex-animo* with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No! 'The net is broken and we are delivered.' I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in

my old age I left 'the land flowing with milk and honey' for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

And in one of the last letters he wrote, he says:

"I will not close our correspondence without testifying my sincere love and adhesion to the Catholic Roman Church. . . . And did I wish to give a reason for this full and absolute devotion, what could, what can I say, but that those great and burning truths which I learned when a boy from Evangelical teaching I have found impressed upon my heart with fresh and ever-increasing force by the Holy Roman Church. The Church has added to the simple Evangelicism of my first teachers, but it has obscured, diluted, enfeebled nothing of it; on the contrary I have found a power, a resource, a comfort, a consolation in our Lord's Divinity and atonement, in His divine and human power, which all good Catholics indeed have, but which Evangelical Christians have but faintly. But I have not strength to say more."

An Irish convert would like to add a quotation from one with whom he thus likes to think he has fellowship, Father Maturin; words written by him ten years ago:

"For the last six years" (i. e., ever since his conversion) "I have never had a doubt, nor has the question of the claims of the Anglican Church ever crossed my mind as a practical one. I am serenely happy and wholly at peace in my mind, and the

questions which disturbed me for years have passed from my mind altogether. . . .

“From the day I made up my mind and went to Beaumont to be received, the English Church melted before my eyes, and as a Church has never taken substantial form again. As Newman said: ‘I went by and lo! it was gone; I sought it and its place could nowhere be found.’

“Perhaps I could convince some of those who say that I am inclined to return . . . how untrue that is, by telling them in unmeasured words what the English Church has seemed to me since I left it; but I will not stoop to such means, either to convince or silence them. It affords me no consolation to abuse what was once so great a reality to me, and what most of my dearest friends still belong to; and I have never been able to understand or respect those who seem to think that it does honour to their present convictions to ridicule what once they revered. It has been enough for me to try and follow Our Lord’s words: Let the dead bury their dead, and go thou and preach the kingdom of God; . . . and I believe such positive preaching in the long run must be more effective than any bitterness towards what to me is dead and buried.”

“I never performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one more in accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by Divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than

when I kneeled to the Bishop of Boston," said Brownson, "and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my abjuration," of Presbyterianism, Congregationalism, Universalism, Humanitarianism, "and publicly professed the Catholic Faith; for the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility; and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God's word on His own authority."

Personally, and as a last word, I add, that my only regret is that I can never again so kneel and abjure — I should like to do so daily — and by the act of submitting to the Catholic Church declare my union with good and truth wherever found.

To any prospective Catholic, as to any Catholic, in fact, I would leave the parting words which one of the best and most thoughtful of men, an Anglican clergyman, wrote to me:

"Let not your words go beyond your actions, nor your actions fall short of your words."

I myself have received little but kindness since I became a Catholic. I probably am somewhat the worse therefor. But, anyway, and chiefly, let ye who are called higher, or can climb further, even if through much suffering, refuse not your high calling. Listen and look; hear Catholic words from Catholic priests; look at the Church, that great institution, and at its works as they are exemplified in those who live thereby. Go to its con-

vents, read its prayer books, see what part love and not hate has in its ideals. Then: "fear ye not the reproach of men."

FATHER FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, PASSIONIST.

(Very Rev. James Kent Stone, A.M., LL.D., D.D.)

One time President of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, and of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.; entered the Church 1869; Passionist 1877; established the Order of Passionists in Argentina; Provincial of the Order in U. S. 1905-8; returned to South America in 1910; author of *The Invitation Heeded*.

Four and forty years have passed since Our Lord in His goodness brought me into the fold of His holy Church. It does not seem so long. I can understand how the aged Patriarch could say to the Egyptian King: "Few and evil have been the years of thy servant," for, great as was His mercy in leading me to the truth (and I have never ceased to thank Him for it), more wonderful has seemed to me His patience through the years, spent indeed in His service, but marred by so much ingratitude and so many sins, until the time should come when I could say from the depths of a happy heart: "I grew tired of offending Him before He grew weary of pardoning me." If a Saint could say this, surely a sinner may learn to say it, too. During the brief day of life that is left, may His grace keep me from offending Him any more.

I have been asked whether I could tell of things which have "strengthened the certainty" in my mind that "I took the right step" when I became a Catholic. I do not think that anything could increase a conviction which was based on the certitude of faith; and yet, in a true sense experience may be said to confirm our faith, by illustrating its beauty; throwing fresh gleams on the gold-embroidered vesture of the Queen *circumdata varietate*.

Doubts there were not, and could not be—"ten thousand difficulties," as we know, "do not make one doubt"; but the vanishing of what once seemed difficulties is a consoling, and perhaps strengthening experience, and there is honest pleasure in telling objectors that their cavils spring from an ignorance that was once our own.

Had I the time and the strength, I would gladly attempt some little narrative that might prove serviceable, culling, it might be, from memories of life in quiet monasteries, or of mission work in fields afar. More especially would I desire to say something for the sake of my Catholic fellow-countrymen in the North, something positive and plain, concerning the true state of Catholicity in this beautiful but little known Southern continent of America. This brief word is to say that the years which I have spent here have left me edified and humbled. There are scandals,—of course there are, if we look for them. But there have been Saints and martyrs here of whom the world knows nothing.

And there are saints still, heroes and heroines of devotion and charity. The history of the Catholic Church in South America has never been written, may never be written; but it would be a great work: a story of devotion, of abnegation, of faith, both fascinating and true.

In the Sierras of Córdoba, Argentina, Feast of the Assumption, 1913.

MARIA LONGWORTH STORER,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Wife of the Hon. Bellamy Storer, sometime Ambassador to
Austria-Hungary.

More than a hundred years ago Count Joseph de Maistre wrote a "Lettre à une dame Anglicane," in which he asserted that "an honest man never *changes* his religion."

These words express a great deal in one sentence and they are absolutely true. A man whose religion *changes* has let go of something which he once held sacred; he has "killed the thing he loved" by Denial; he has not been honest with his own soul, but through self-conceit he has deceived it into the conviction that its religious belief was a delusion; and (if he be afflicted by Modernism), he keeps on changing and denying, until he barter the poor remnant of his former creed for a godless humanitarianism. His religion is destroyed, and he, himself, is responsible for its destruction. "An honest man never *changes* his religion." Conversion is the exact opposite of negation. Conversion *changes* nothing; it fosters and develops in every soul even the smallest existent germ of religion. No briefest atom of sincere faith, however humble or primitive,

or rudimentary (even if it be only the groping of a poor savage toward the Great Spirit and the happy hunting-ground), is despised or rejected by God; and every honest soul who seeks Him (no matter by what devious way) shall surely find Him waiting at the end.

“O poor little one tossed with tempest, without all comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in order; and will lay thy foundations with sapphire.”

Thus does God's grace build a temple of faith in every soul that prays for it; and when the temple is complete, it becomes the shrine of Christ, the Lord! Finally, one can say also of a Catholic: “An honest man never *changes* his religion.” When temptation and the darkness of evil threaten him, and Christ says to his soul: “Will you, too, go away?” he answers, with Simon Peter: “Lord, whither shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.”

When I became a Catholic, twenty-one years ago, some of my non-Catholic friends accounted for the vagary in a way quite satisfactory to themselves; they said that I was lured into the Church by the beauty of her temples and by her impressive ceremonies. It is quite true that the Catholic Church appeals to the senses and satisfies them. The eye revels in the wonders of Catholic architecture; the master-works of Catholic art as seen in the sculpture of tombs and altars, the coloring and splendor of pictures and of vestments. The ear is enraptured by Catholic music — the grandeur of masses

and anthems and the dignity of Gregorian chants; even the sense of smell is delighted by the soft breath of incense, or the odor of roses and lilies before Our Lady's altar. The beauty of the Catholic Church is undeniable to the senses; but it has a deeper meaning to the soul, as the Shrine of God! If Protestant demonstrations of prayer or praise seem meagre and plain in comparison, one must remember that the "reformers" would have it so. They were eager to hack in pieces the statues and to shatter the stained glass windows; to simplify the Church of England and to divest her ministers of their "trinkets" and "muniments of superstition." In all this they were quite logical. Having driven the King from His tabernacle, there surely was no longer any reason for preserving His Royal splendor; nor the beauty of the House where His Glory dwelt, after that Glory had departed. In every Protestant church, therefore, the minister is the central figure; his sermon the important event. If he talks well and is amusing (above all, in these modern times, if he be intelligently heterodox) he draws delighted crowds; if he be a pious and dull man, he has only a small congregation of strict "church-goers" and they complain about his preaching!

For us Catholics, on the contrary, the sermon — if there be one — is a mere episode — the Divine sacrifice is everything; for the Old Testament prophecy is fulfilled in every Catholic Church

throughout the world: "They shall make me a Sanctuary, and I will dwell in the midst of them." At every celebration of the Mass Christ's promise is kept; "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you." "The Bread that I will give is my Flesh for the life of the world. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." Here is the source and center of Christ's Church, whence Divine Light goes forth like rays from the sun; here is the beating heart of all Christendom, the magnet that draws souls to the Sacred Tabernacle. Take that away and the whole fabric would fall to pieces. This Divine Life is in the Catholic Church, and nowhere outside; for the Reformation deliberately banished the Real Presence, suppressed the sacrifice of the Mass, and even substituted tables for the altars of God.

The axe of the "reformer" cleft the root of the Vine—and the severed branch has been slowly withering ever since, until the Protestant "Religion of the Future," as defined by Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, "is not bound to any creed, dogma, book or institution." With regard to his own countrymen, Dr. Eliot asserts that "Millions of Americans find in Masonic organizations, lodges of Odd Fellows and fraternal societies, granges and trades-unions, at once their practical religion and the satisfaction of their social needs. The Spiritualists, Christian Scientists and Mental Healers of all sorts manifest a good deal of ability to draw people away from the traditional churches

and to discredit traditional dogmas and formal creeds!" What is left of Protestant Christianity in Dr. Eliot's new religion? Can any sane soul be tempted to abandon Christ's Church upon the Rock and stray through marsh and mire into this howling wilderness? It is indeed incredible that any human being who has been once set free by the Truth should willingly go back to darkness and vacancy: to merge himself once more in the ghastly tragedy or the tiresome farce of a careless heathen world. Even to return to the Anglican Church (nearest to the Catholic) would be, as Monsignor Benson puts it, "the exchange of certitude for doubt, of faith for agnosticism, of substance for shadow, of brilliant light for somber gloom, of historical world-wide fact for un-historical, provincial theory."

The personal history of all renegade Catholics, and the effect of their lapse from the faith of the Church upon their children and their children's children, makes one absolutely certain that such a step invariably leads toward infidelity. The great majority of these individuals abandon even nominal Christianity altogether, and they invariably are possessed of one strongly marked *phobia*: a bitter hatred against the church which they have deserted. One sees this in many countries, but it is especially apparent in France; where the Republic, under Radical tyranny, has become a hot-bed of religious persecution.

I hope that I have answered clearly the question

why I am "satisfied to remain a Catholic," and that I have given good reasons for it. After all, the simplicity of our faith is its greatest attraction, because it is the faith of a child; without which Our Lord Himself has said no one may enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Let me end by a translation of a little prayer in verse written by Saint Catherine of Sienna — the words are literally rendered, but the metre is changed, as the "terza rima" is very difficult in English.

"Nearer to God, His will to serve,
Spirit Divine, my spirit draw:
Inflame my heart with love and awe,
From evil thoughts my soul preserve;
Lord God, uplifted by Thy Might,
My faltering courage waxes bold
To front all ills that life may hold;
Oh Christ, my Love! Oh Christ, my Light!"

CARLTON STRONG,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Architect; mem. Am. Inst. of Architects; Am. Soc. of Civil Engineers; Royal Soc. of Arts; late President of the Anglo-Roman Union; pen name, Thomas L'Estrange.

I

The religious predilections of the average person are usually inherited and, unless a family tradition is somehow disturbed in a preceding generation, the prejudices of a family habit will often survive the beliefs from which they take their origin.

Once one or both parents or grandparents have chosen to depart from the habitual family viewpoint, those that follow are more apt to imitate their example of freedom than they are to adopt their conclusions.

Even under the most favorable circumstances, all sectarian conceptions of Christianity lack the fecundity requisite to normal reproduction; when once disturbed, their hope of continuance is gone in the direction of the disturbance. When, after a break in the family tradition, one finds himself at the age of religious consciousness being brought up in a Darwinized type of Zwingilian Anglicanism, it is not surprising that he should soon afterward be

reading Thomas Paine and similar writers with the results that might be expected.

By this route, one may readily become a full-fledged "free-thinker"—so-called—at the age of fourteen. But "free-thinking,"—so-called—is not so bad if it leads to real freedom and activity of thought, and to the cultivation of the open mind. At any rate, the writer came in time to regard Christianity and Catholicism as interchangeable terms; and because of its fruits, or effects, he felt that it should be upheld as an influence for good for which there has never been any adequate substitute.

It was through the instrumentality of a High-Church clergyman, of blessed memory, that he was eventually led to accept Christianity as reasonable and true, and by him he was still later led to believe that the Protestant Episcopal Church had never been released from the obligation to teach traditional and Scriptural Christianity, that is to say, Catholicism. Although—as he readily admitted—it had not always nor everywhere done so.

In spite of her captivity to political and other evils, Anglicanism was pictured as the normal center of religious unity for the English-speaking race, and especially was it the duty of those whom God had placed in her fold to labor for the restoration of her past glories in freedom of faith, Catholic practice and good works.

But this position will lead one in time to become more or less acquainted with the "arrogant" claims

of another "great Communion," and while we were rather strenuous in our effort to make her past glories our own, we were inclined not only to exaggerate her faults, but to insist that they were too great to be curable without the example and influence of a purified Anglicanism to guide her back to the Primitive model.

When one has at last made all these, and many more points of view to the same purpose, his own, it is very disturbing to be confronted, against one's will, with a growing conviction that Anglicanism owes its separate existence as an institution to motives and deeds which were not such as a well meaning man can entirely commend. In fact, he comes to see that the separation was accomplished by fraud and violence and for mixed purposes that were, for the most part, essentially evil.

The questions then quite naturally arise: "Were these men with these purposes right and the body of the old believers consequently wrong?" "Did the property of infallibility, which they admit resides in the Church, leave the old body headed by Rome and attach itself to them and to their work?"

These questions are not merely disturbing, but they lead one to take up a very disagreeable and unwelcome line of investigation. In the end, such an investigation,—unless grace intervenes to save the trouble,—finally narrows down to the question of Orders. One is afraid in his conscience to deny the validity of sacramental forms given and received

in good faith, and with comfort at the time, without the clearest and most certain conviction; at least not until he has properly grasped the old principle of a living final authority.

The period of experimentation was never more tersely summarized than by a recent lecturer¹ at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, when he said:

"The Established Church, as such, is the child of Elizabeth. The last convocation of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* in 1559 declared its belief in the Supremacy of the Successors of St. Peter. But the politicians . . . drew up an oath deliberately repudiating the doctrine. With one exception the entire hierarchy of England refused the oath *and was deposed* and, with two or three exceptions, suffered the martyrdom of life imprisonment. With that act the . . . *new hierarchy* and its followers severed their communion with

- (a) the *Ecclesia Anglicana* of the convocation;
- (b) with the Patriarch of the West (the pope of Rome);
- (c) with the *Ecclesia Catholica*.

This was the moment of deliberate separation from Rome."

Elizabeth's choice for first Primate of the new line fell upon Matthew Parker, whom she knew as one who had willingly served as chaplain to her mother, Anne Boleyn. Her mandate to several

¹ Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P., quoted in *The Lamp*, July, 1913.

bishops in good standing with the old church to consecrate Parker as Archbishop of Canterbury was refused by all of them.

After much scurrying about, four persons,—Barlow, Hodgkins, Scory and Coverdale,—were found willing to “consecrate” Parker on Royal authority and impart to him, as far as they could, the “Apostolic Succession” and the mission and jurisdiction of an episcopate of which they had never themselves been members. Scory and Coverdale were creatures of the Edwardine rite and therefore not Catholics at all. Coverdale did not believe in the episcopal office and never, save at this time to please the Queen, would he consent to act as a bishop. Hodgkins was a *suffragan* and consequently never held the title or jurisdiction of an English See on any authority.

The claim for continuity between the old and the State Church of England must therefore rest entirely upon Barlow, “sometime bishop of Bath and Wells,” who is referred to as the “chief consecrator” of Parker. Although no record or proof of Barlow’s consecration has ever been discovered, he is the only one of the four who is *claimed* to have been consecrated to, and to have held the title of, an English See under the old Pontifical.

But by who’s authority? Barlow, it seems, was a monk who, under Henry VIII, acquiesced in the confiscation of his own religious house and in the betrayal of his brethren, in consideration of his being

made a "bishop" by Royal authority. And this at a time when the King, being short of friends, was willing to reward those who supported him in his struggle with the Church on a plain moral issue!

Against the Church and his brethren, Barlow stood with the King "with a zeal born of favors yet to come."

But did Barlow thereby become a bishop of *Ecclēsia Anglicana*? Let the Primitive church, to which the reformers appealed, speak for itself. If one can suppose the bishops under Henry VIII, after the separation, to have been in good standing with the old Church, and that they actually did consecrate Barlow under the old Pontifical by Royal authority,—a better status than history warrants,—we have something like a parallel to some primitive cases.

Canon XXX, of the Apostolical Canons,¹ says:

"If any bishop obtain possession of a church by the aid of *temporal power*, let him be deposed and excommunicated, and all who communicate with him."

The Second Ecumenical Council,—I Constantinople,—A. D. 381, says:

Canon IV. "Concerning Maximus the Cynic and the disorder which has happened in Constantinople on his account, it is decreed that Maximus *never was and is not now a Bishop*; that those *who have been ordained by him are in no order whatever*

¹ Dr. Percival's text. Anglican.

of the clergy; since all which has been done concerning him or by him, is declared to be invalid." (Ibid.)

Maximus, surnamed the Cynic, was a scamp who betrayed his friends and who fooled and won the backing of many Churchmen, including the Patriarch of Alexandria. He sought his ends by fraud and violence and, about A. D. 379, was intruded in the See of Constantinople after a private consecration by legitimate bishops whom he had won over to his cause with the aid of supporters imported from abroad. He affected zeal for the Nicene Faith, though he mixed this with cynic philosophy. He posed, of course, as an uncompromising reformer, and questioned the regularity of the friend whose place he plotted to obtain.

These canons appear to establish the principle that Episcopal Orders cannot be validly conveyed on *temporal* authority, nor even by real bishops when acting for themselves or for a party against the normal and public authority of the Church.

The case of Maximus was referred to Pope Damasus, who condemned the proposal "to consecrate a restless man, an alien from the Christian profession" to such an office. Even the most zealous Anglican students ought to be satisfied when both the Pope and an undisputed General Council are agreed on a general principle, especially when the quotations given are from Dr. Percival's text.

Now as touching necessary faith, Cyril, in his Epistle to Nestorius, about 431, says:

"But it would not be *sufficient* for your reverence to confess with us only the symbol of the faith . . . for you have *not held and interpreted it rightly*, but rather perversely; even though you confess with your voice the form of words." (Ibid.)

The first canon cited was reaffirmed by the Seventh General Council, II Nice, A. D. 787. The ancient Epitome of Canon III says: "Every election made by a secular magistrate (prince) is null." (Ibid.)

Can anyone hesitate between a Primitive General Council and the opinions of the Elizabethan court circle? ¹

Is there any room for the suspicion that the Spirit of Truth may have left the old Church and followed a clique of political and religious experimentors who, for the most part, are pictured as scamps by reputable historians?

¹ This statement may lead to some controversy; it may be thought I do not distinguish between what is *invalid* and what it *illicit*. But it involves *intention*; a person conferring orders must intend to do what Christ intended. It is debatable whether the men who consecrated Barlow or Parker had the requisite intention; the Holy See has said they had not. I think the General Council that condemned Maximus felt that the "Consecrators" lacked the necessary intention when they acted for a party, and not for the Body of Christ—the Church. The claim of Maximus was stronger than that of either Barlow or Parker, and the early Church said he was no Bishop. I have pointed out the parallel, and let the Council speak for itself. It is clear that the conclusion the Council arrived at expressed the *mind* of the Church.

II

For the pilgrim from a far off land, the journey to the Eternal City is often a long and troublesome one. Steadily, as he finally approaches her gates, his admiration of her splendid antiquity and present stability deepens within him. Under the spell of a near view of her lights and shadows, he will probably slacken his pace, and delay for a time his entrance, so that he may the better and more thoroughly contemplate her for the last time from without and once more sift the reflections that crowd in upon him.

He knows that he cannot enter half-heartedly; that the final step that will complete the journey will cut him off from many ties of kindred and friendship that are hard to part with. Even his motives will be attacked with so much bitterness that every act of his past life will be questioned as never before. He will become a "pervert" to those whom he was wont to regard as his friends.

But the ways of the City of God are not the ways of the world. The age-long effort to harmonize them has always come to naught. He must definitely choose between the two. The pleasant things that he must leave behind are, after all, but of a fleeting and temporary kind, whilst those which he will find in the old pathways of the City are the kind that endure.

Upon entering the Eternal City, the soul of the

pilgrim will rejoice in its escape from the irksome tyrannies and conventions of the world outside. He is at last free to believe, and it is in the atmosphere of this new-born freedom that he soon comes to sense for the first time that peace which the world cannot give. He finds quiet modest goodness everywhere about him, if he will but look for it, for here goodness is not "puffed up," nor self-seeking. Whatever his station, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, of good repute or ill repute, the weary pilgrim is given a hearty welcome and is made a partaker of Gifts that afford him eternal consolation.

III

The Church of God is likened to an ark or ship, because she saves us from the deluge. She is the Gate of Heaven, because through her portal all who are redeemed must pass, even though they be unidentified by her in this life.

We look about us for a standard or type of her people and we find all types.

We look for an outward and worldly calm and we are astonished by the whirr of her activities.

We are told that she is foreign to our race, yet she was the spiritual mother of our forefathers.

We are told that she speaks in strange tongues, yet we find her constantly speaking our own.

She is charged with ignorance, and we find her the mother of learning; with children at the fore front of every constructive and progressive effort,

in literature, science, art, mechanics, and in every field of human endeavor.

The leaders of the Church are assailed by those outside for their love of pomp and glory, yet their poorest critic would scarcely trade personal expense accounts with her venerable Head himself.

The Church is charged by some as being too democratic, and, by others, as being too aristocratic. The truth is, she is bound to be both, because Christianity inculcates high and therefore aristocratic ideals, of which real democracy is essentially a fruit. Consideration for one's fellows, and especially for the weak and dependent, is a hall-mark of Christian character and without it there can be no democracy. A man is only a Christian and a gentleman when he follows and reflects the life and character of the Gentle-Man,—the Founder of these distinctions.

It is a common saying that the Church is losing ground; that she is out of touch with the spirit of the day, that her influence is exerted against progress and development. The fact is, her following is larger, more loyal and more rapidly growing than ever before, and she is almost the only effective opponent of the most crying evils of the day.

It would be a profitless task to attempt to catalogue all of the criticisms that have been and which are now aimed at the old Church, but against all of them she exhibits a degree of wisdom and prudence that is not possessed by any other society of men in

the world. This eternal and ever present gift is, in itself, a phenomenon of startling significance. She has observed, catalogued, digested and systematized the wisdom and experience of twenty centuries, yet however enriched, her ever living wisdom is superior to any systematized effort that she may have made in the past, or to the mere intellectual attainments of her leaders in any crisis; for these are often over-ruled and saved from themselves by an Everliving Leader, "who, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps."

And in the hour of trial, the humblest and meanest of her members may have recourse to this inexhaustible treasury of wisdom and receive what is suited to his needs in any emergency.

The convert must needs pass through a season of readjustment; but what, to himself, will probably be the most noticeable change will be in the direction of his relationship to his fellow-men. Toward them he will come to have and to feel a more compassionate and kindly interest than he did before. He will be more inclined to view them in the light of their limitations and talents, and with less regard to the accidents of birth and fortune. He will delight in the goodness and wholesomeness of those whom the world classifies as at the bottom. To him, many of those will occupy positions at "the top." In short, he will come to view the social order from an infinitely higher and more Catholic plane than he did before.

And what, after all, is the best reason for entering the Gate, and setting our feet on the path that lies beyond the road to Rome? My answer is, and only can be, that the best reason is because we have seriously come to the conviction that it is the right thing to do. There is no other reason that justifies the step. With such a reason, no consideration, however vital it may seem, should keep us from doing so.

J. SELWIN TAIT,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bank President; author of *National Banks and Government Circulation; Our Financial Upheavals: Their Cause and Cure; The Relation of Banking Reform to Corporate Financing*, etc. Author, also, of several works of fiction.

My reasons for leaving the faith of my fathers and joining the Catholic Church may be described as a growing consciousness of the insufficiency of the teachings of the Church of Scotland and, later on, of the Episcopal Church, to satisfy my spiritual needs, and a conviction that the teachings of the older church met those requirements — as I understood them — much more fully.

Born in the south of Scotland, where antagonism to the Catholic Church was so marked that stained glass windows and instrumental music were frowned upon because they were believed to savor of the papacy, I absorbed all the native hostility to the Catholic Church. Still, even as a boy, I thought I perceived in the stern doctrines of John Knox an inconsistency with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. The religious gloom which shadowed our Sabbath days and the dull and lengthy services in our churches, bred a spirit akin to re-

sentment in my mind with the existing condition of things. There were undoubtedly great numbers of godly people among our church goers — people of high moral character and lofty ideals — but I could not understand a religion whose injunctions, in actual practice, stopped short at the cardinal virtues such as the observation of the Lord's Day, honesty, etc., and ignored those qualities of abiding love and charity — which are the crown and glory of Christianity.

The church of my youth had but little to do with the beauties of Christianity, but much with the rigors we here identify with Puritanism. The somber shadows of those Scottish Sabbath days in the beautiful valley in which I was born is recalled even now with a feeling akin to horror. If I ventured to raise a humble protest and to inquire why we did not have more brightness in our churches, and our services, the graves of the Covenanters were pointed out to me and I was reminded of the attitude taken by my forefathers on religious questions, and asked if I wanted those things which they had died rather than have. When in my early teens a religious Revival occurred in my native town and throughout the south of Scotland, then, for the first time, religion became to me a living actuality and my faith a vital force. At last I had cast the husks away and was feasting on the kernels of life's true nourishment. Then I had to leave my native town and go to London — a lad of

eighteen. Alone in that great city, cut off by distance from all my later religious associates, without a church to fall back upon which exacted observances, and had its claims allowed, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the fire which had begun to burn so brightly in my soul, languished and for a time threatened to become extinguished altogether.

Still the flame was not wholly quenched. The Episcopal Church of which I had become a member appealed more to me than my own church. I liked its beautiful service, its exquisite hymns — and there was more brightness in it.

Absence from my native land had given me a better viewpoint, and when I thought of the way Scottish Protestantism declared itself in my native land, I felt a glow of resentment that so beautiful a religion as the faith of Christ should have been so darkly interpreted in that lovely Scottish valley. As I studied the history of my country more closely, it seemed to me that in driving out the Catholic religion all the brightness and gayety of the Scottish Border had gone with it.

About this time a dear relative passed away. With this — my first great loss — I went on my knees in sorrow and despair to pray for the dead. My church, however, forbade it — “as the tree falls so must it lie,” was not actually said, but it was inferred very clearly and in a very final and conclusive fashion.

Hot in revolt, one lovely summer evening in a

suburb of London, I called upon a Catholic priest and told him of my desire to enter his church, where I felt I could at least pray for the repose of the soul of the loved one who had passed away. We knelt in prayer and his utterances seemed to me to be only of Holy Church and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Looking back upon that time I think that priest was ill qualified to win converts to Catholicism. Had he taken the trouble to inquire as to the place and manner of my bringing up, he would have discovered that my whole religious training was violently opposed to that line of thought. "There is one mediator between God and Man — the man Christ Jesus," had been the article of my faith that above all others I had clasped to my soul with hooks of steel. It was the inalienable franchise of my soul, this right of direct approach to the Throne of Grace in the name of Christ and in appearing to substitute the Creature for the Creator he shocked me beyond measure. In later years I comprehended how terribly I had misunderstood him, and I learned the priceless value of the ministrations that my mind then refused to acknowledge.

I rose from my knees hot and despairing and I never went back to him. All unconsciously he had discouraged me as absolutely as if he had taken me by the shoulders, and put me out of the building. If he had dealt gently with my prejudices and had been only half as tactful as all the other

priests I have met since have been, I would have joined the church then. As it was he pushed me away from the church — just thirty years.

After that long interval of time had passed with all its joys and sorrows and heart breaking bereavements once more I approached the Catholic Church. Why? Well, because the old feeling had come back — perhaps it had never wholly gone away — and I was still unsatisfied. I found I did not go to church at all unless I expected to hear an especially good sermon or fine music. The fact is I went to be entertained. Then I had become very intimately acquainted with certain Jesuit priests, whose sole purpose in life seemed to be to spend and be spent in the Master's service. Such total self-surrender, such unfailing steadfastness, such devotion to their great work I had never imagined possible.

The heaven was working gradually. Now and again I dropped into Catholic Churches and saw with growing amazement large edifices full of people intensely occupied with their own devotions. The fact that there was no fine singing (that is, in the churches I went to; of course, there is some exceedingly fine music in some of the Catholic Churches), no long, eloquent sermons as the central and great attraction, made no difference whatever. Service after service — from five o'clock in the morning until eleven on Sundays — saw the pews filled with all sorts and conditions of people in-

tensely engaged in their own prayers and entirely oblivious to their surroundings. Such intensity of worship I had never seen. First I was startled by it, then profoundly impressed. In fact, no single feature in the Church affected me more than this.

Then I noticed that at the bed of death, where the Protestant clergyman relaxes his hold on the dying man as one who bids a parting friend farewell and says "I am sorry I cannot accompany you further"—that it is at this point that the priest takes his stand by the side of the dying man, cheers him through the dark valley of the Shadow and by his divine privilege receives his last confession and places a shriven soul in the arms of its Saviour.

This seemed to me what I wanted: a religion to meet all the troubles and trials—and no less the prosperities—of life, and to conduct me at last through the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. It was the one religion of a man's daily life and his great consolation at the end when all earthly help failed.

As the years went on I was honored with the friendship of that very great and good Christian prelate, Archbishop Diomedé Falconio, at that time Papal Delegate to the United States, and now Cardinal at Rome. Although my inclination once more was to join the Catholic Church, there is no doubt that it was due to his faithful ministrations that I finally decided to leave my own church and join his. On looking back upon that period I can

see that I still bristled with sensitiveness and prejudice and it must have taken a world of patience and kindly tact to satisfy my scruples. I owe to His Eminence a life-long debt of gratitude for his great patience with me.

All that I saw in the Church as I trod my road to Rome, I have found since I reached the path beyond, for that memorable step once taken has never been regretted. On the contrary, I find that life has assumed a different aspect since the change. The daily Mass nourishes and sustains my soul in every relation of life and keeps me in touch not only with the Infinite but with that tremendous sacrifice which rescues us from the burden of eternal woe, and no less from the burdens of our daily lives.

The gloom inseparable from the religion of my youthful years has fled away and been replaced by a sense of comfort and peace, which deepens with age and will, I am well assured, endure the final test triumphantly.

THOMAS PAYNE THOMPSON,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Banker; author of *Louisiana Writers; Guide to the French Quarter of New Orleans*; Vice-President, Marquette Association; President and Director of numerous Companies, Associations and Charities of Louisiana.

The matter of how it feels to be a Catholic by the mature individual who deliberately becomes one from conviction, is to me after twenty-five years of communion with the Church of Rome, rather a difficult question to answer. I am almost as one who does not remember ever being anything else. Having elected myself into this environment after due consideration, and now having fitted myself by habit into it, I am to-day grooved to the complacency of an inheritor of the faith, and do not feel that any apology or explanation could be given, if necessary. The exposition of a post-convert experience humanly told might partake of an apology or an arrogancy. Not desiring to enter either class, but with a willingness to say a few words to encourage any faint heart that may be hesitating at the gate, my first comment would be: "Walk right in, I have found the 'road beyond' most excellent"; for, once inside and familiar with the environment,—all is well; there comes serenity and

quietude, a feeling of brotherhood and charity toward all the world.

The Catholicity of the Church begets this certainty and peace; you feel and know that no matter where you may roam you will find in all climes and languages, under the sign of the cross, a familiar church, and at its altar a sympathetic priest offering the self same Sacrifice; and with the same Latin prayer book that you used around the corner, you may follow him. You may commune and feel that there in God's House you are not a stranger among strangers.

The literature of the church is intensely satisfactory to those inclined to read.

Its history is most fascinating to the student of the past.

Its art appeals to lovers of statuary and painting.

Everything about its devotion and worship is of significance, and is attuned to the better part of our nature. Hence the convert who comes into the fold of so noble and ancient an institution, is given at once continuous spiritual occupation and interest.

The lure of the many devotions of the Church ranges from the simplest service to the pomp and pageantry of great festivals. Every variety of viand is being offered, and all appetites unceasingly satisfied.

At first the convert may not understand or be entirely in sympathy with all that happens about him, the essentials are there, however, and after a

time these devotions, which originally seemed strange, and many of them bizarre, become clear to his comprehension, and he is soon quite willing that the humble devotee should kiss the polished toe of a bronze St. Peter,—even if he be not tempted to do the same, and if another desire to pray before a doll-dressed Infant Jesus of Prague, he feels it is all right. He quickly learns that the essential parts of the faith are being participated in by every Catholic, whether he be a peasant or the Duke of Norfolk; the convert who at first balks and shies at many new and unfamiliar sights, some of which his unused eyes do not approve,—later subscribes to it all, with increased familiarity and a full appreciation of his Church's Catholicity;—its way of reaching into all degrees of intelligence; and keeping alive there the glow of faith. I say then that when the convert has been with his Church long enough to appreciate its efficiency in adapting itself to all environment,—being Mexican in Mexico, Irish in Ireland, and Catholic everywhere and throughout the world, he then begins to see and understand the unfolding of a marvellous organization, the mechanism of which proves astounding in its completeness.

The one time Protestant feels that in this great Church are included nearly all of the segregated bodies that separately called themselves Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, etc., and excluded are

all pseudo-beliefs which do not bend to the majesty of God, and to the divinity of His Son.

What at first he has looked upon as superstition, he comes to recognize as a garment that encloses the real germ of faith in a simple limited soul,—a lowly saint, maybe.

The love of form, mysticism, and the supernatural, all have a part in the practice of a Catholic, and as the convert becomes steeped in a deeper knowledge of his faith, he is quite willing to subscribe to all that he may find in it, and even if he may not indulge in every devotion he has great respect for all the others who do partake, each to his comprehension.

The best thing I have attained, I think, in becoming a Catholic is the knowledge that I need never go further in search of a religion.

Almost every protesting faith has some part of the truth; the Protestant sects are ever restless, and are always inquiring further,—and comparing. If “half a truth is worse than a lie,” is it not a great thing to have so large a truth that it includes all that is good in faith and fact: all, in one splendid satisfying religion,—the Catholic?

JUSTINE BAYARD WARD

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Wife of the Hon. George Cabot Ward, sometime Secretary of State and Vice-Governor of Porto Rico. Author of *Reform in Church Music*; contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Messenger*.

I have been asked for a few of my impressions of the Catholic Church since having entered it some nine years ago, and I will put down a few notes without any attempt at orderly sequence.

Before becoming a Catholic, the exterior unity of the Church is what strikes the convert. After a few years of experience as a Catholic the exterior unity becomes valuable — not only in itself — but as a figure of the interior unity which the Catholic Church alone supplies. The whole interior life is ordered and at peace; not with the peace of inactivity and passive acceptance, as is so often supposed by those who judge by the shell, but the peace of *ordered activity* of mind and heart that springs from a common source and motive power; that allows no deep disquiet to take root in the soul; permitting storms to ruffle the surface but never to penetrate to the interior of the soul.

Becoming a Catholic changes the whole of life. Everything is seen in fresh perspective, with new

and startling relation to oneself and others. This has been my experience. Some things lose their importance, others become the centre of the picture, but the striking sensation is that of finding all things in life taking on a sudden, an intimate connection with everything else; of each thing falling gradually into its place, held together by a spiritual principle of gravitation. The puzzles that agitated the heart before as to the reasons for things, the apparent inequalities and injustices of life, the meaning of sorrow and of physical pain — all these things, with many more, suddenly fall into place.

One becomes conscious of a new motive power: love. Before, the love of Christ was, and in a sense could only be, the cold impersonal admiration, or enthusiasm, that one feels for a historical character, a person known through a book. After coming into close personal contact with Christ, day by day through the Sacraments, He is known and loved as an intimate friend.

A difference which has struck me perhaps more forcibly than any other is the contrast between the Protestant attitude and the Catholic toward *sin*. In general the Protestant attitude is that a good person will *not be tempted* to commit serious sins. The Catholic attitude is that *all are tempted*; therefore *watch and pray*; if you stand beware lest you fall. If you fall, there is a remedy — so rise up quickly. The Protestant attitude tends to foster hypocrisy; if you commit a sin you must hide it.

The Catholic attitude fosters humility; admit the sin and try to do better.

The institution of the Sacrament of Penance is in itself an admission that we are all sinners. It is humiliating. It teaches us to know ourselves as is possible in no other way. It teaches us to have very little faith in our own strength as we watch, week by week, the startling divergence between resolution and accomplishment. We learn that without the life giving power of the Sacraments we could do nothing and less than nothing.

The mere fact of admitting a sin in words makes an impression that no amount of private repentance could do. Moreover, the psychological effect of starting fresh — forgiven — with a clean slate, saves us from despondency and despair. When, to the psychological effect of believing this true, we add the actual effect of its being in fact no delusion, that the sinning soul is *actually made clean* by the power of Him who healed the lepers, then it will be seen — or rather it cannot be so much as conceived by one who has not experienced the effect,— what a weight is lifted from a crushed soul, what power is infused by contact with this sacrament.

As Catholics, we are not only taught to use these Sacraments to stimulate growth. We are also carefully *trained* in the religious life, in spiritual understanding. The soul is not left to grow as a weed, but is led, guided, supported, educated, in general through the ordinary activities of the Church in re-

gard to her children, and in particular through retreats and through the confessional. The personality of a soul is recognized and treated as wisely as an able physician of the body deals with the physical characteristics of a patient. Thus a sane and sound mysticism is possible and is not at all an exception; real spiritual experiences are distinguished from false ones and the danger of self-deception is minimized.

Perhaps the most striking impression of all is the power of the Catholic religion in the crises of life. Where other religions fail because they offer mere words, the Catholic Church succeeds because it *infuses power*. Words, even of the highest wisdom may or may not kindle a response or illumine an obscurity. To infuse power is something entirely different. It needs no words, and if words accompany the action it is the action and not the words alone which produce the result, which act when the heart is too sad or the spirit too crushed or the body too weak to grasp the meaning of words, Christ comes and *touches* with His life-giving personal contact.

I do not think that anywhere else the same emphasis is given to the value of *simplicity*. It is often very surprising to one who has grasped the Catholic ideal to receive non-Catholic commiseration because this or that priest may not possess all the mental complexities which to their minds is associated with "culture." We have realized that a direct and cer-

tain grasp of supernatural principles is more apt to live in a mind which is either naturally free or has freed itself forcibly from complexities in its outlook upon spiritual truth. The great Saints have all been either simple by nature or simple by acquisition; the complex among them having worked around the entire cycle of complexities and found at last the one simple and complete truth: the Word of God. The Mystics were absolutely *single*. Contact between mind and mind, moreover, does not depend on those things which are often called "culture," but on possessing firmly certain fundamental things in common.

When I entered the Church it was not through any feeling of attraction, but through a forcible overcoming of a deep seated aversion. Indeed it was only the conviction that I could no longer be a sincere person and remain outside the Catholic Church which forced me to enter. There has been no Catholic practice that I have not approached with dislike, and later learned to love, as the prejudices which arose from a supernatural knowledge, melted away before a deeper understanding.

The sensation which has grown with the years has been that of having stepped out into the open, and of having found at last LIFE,—nourished, balanced, adjusted, poised in relation to God and therefore poised, as it were, by reflection, in its relation to the world. One felt oneself in focus, for the first time.

For the first time, one felt *free*. One dared to look as far as the eye could see — unafraid. The whole great organism planned by God for the human race could bear investigation. The old half faced fears lest a gaze too direct into the foundations of faith might show up the whole structure as unsound, had vanished. Moreover, the solidity of the foundation has meant a rapid, free expansion of the superstructure.

To become a Catholic does not mean restriction in any sense. It means, as I have already said, *life*. "He led me forth into a Large Place" has been literally true in my case. In the nine years that it has been my privilege to stand in the "large place" I have never felt the boundaries restrictive. I have never found the Church standing for restriction of sound growth or of true liberty. Where her restraining touch is felt — in the rare cases when it is felt at all — is precisely where growth would entail weakness, a scattering of energy; where exposure would mean disease; where unchecked development of the poisonous weeds of character would eventually choke the normal growth of the whole person. This is not what is commonly meant by restriction, however. It is, I take it, what we mean by *education*.

In moments like the present, when we are looking at many of the old problems with fresh eyes, when we have the courage to face frankly the rising flood of moral scourges that threatens to engulf our

country, when we find ourselves opposing them so often with still more dangerous "cure-alls"—the patent medicines of our civilization; when unsound catch-words and misdirected enthusiasms fill our eyes with their dust and our ears with their clatter; at such times we turn with unspeakable relief to the scientifically planned little Ark, which, though fiercely assaulted, sails serenely upon the muddy waters. It is comforting to know that our compass is in working order; it gives us confidence to feel, from time to time, the force of the rudder and the jerk of its stout readjusting pull.

THE MARQUISE CÉCILE DE WENT- WORTH,

PARIS, FRANCE.

Pupil of Edouard Detaille. Received medals at Paris Salon, Lyons, Turin. First gold medal at Tours. At Exposition Universelle, medal on portrait of Leo XIII. Decorated by the French Government; Officier de l'Académie; Officier de l'Instruction Publique; Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, 1901. Decorated by Leo XIII, Grand Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, at Rome.

Why I became a Catholic has been so often answered, that it is well to suggest another question: Why I remain a Catholic — why I have continued “Beyond the Road to Rome”?

My transition from Protestantism to the one Holy Church was much like that of others. Years have since passed, but the peace, and happiness which came with my conversion have not decreased, the more I have seen and known of Holy Church, the greater has been my appreciation of the grace bestowed upon me, the blessing it has been to me.

I have lived much in convents, and have seen the inside home life of the Sisters, whose vocations have called them to consecrate themselves in a special manner to the service of God. In these re-

ligious houses I have found true piety, devotion to the poor and sick, and to the education of the poor. For these works of charity the Nuns make a willing, cheerful sacrifice of self for the good of others.

I have not found that the Sisters have adopted the convent life, because of disappointments in the world, as so many Protestants believe. Some of them had wealth, titles, beauty, position, and everything attractive to retain them in the world; but influenced by the purest, highest motives they relinquished all, and entered the religious life, and there they are contented, cheerful and happy in doing their works of charity for the love of God.

A great part of my artistic life has been devoted to painting religious subjects; the Sisters have posed for me for many pictures, representing them at their devotions, at work for the poor, in the garden at the time of recreation, and other scenes of convent life. One of them, an important picture, was placed in the Museum of the Luxembourg by the French government. It represents the penitent, dying Magdalene, with the Sisters ministering to her and soothing her last moments.

I have known many priests, bishops, and cardinals. Quite a number have at times shared the hospitality of my home. I have ever found them sincere, honest, and devoted to their high mission; simple and unassuming in their manners, regarding themselves as the humble instruments, the human agents, called by a special grace and vocation, to

carry on the work that is to continue until the end of time.

The journey Beyond the Road to Rome is a much more peaceful one than the one leading to it. All doubts and uncertainties are gone, all questions solved. All the spiritual desires of the soul are satisfied and the heart is full of gratitude for the gift of faith, the light of truth.

JOHN W. WILLIS, A.B., A.M.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Jurist; has served as Attorney-General of Minnesota, and in numerous other public and private capacities; contributor to the Catholic Encyclopædia.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 18, 1913.

My Dear Miss Curtis:

I entered the Church on Christmas day, 1884, and every moment of the time since that day has given me new inspiration, a new and lofty conception of Divine Revelation and grander conceptions of the universe and its Creator. I think that the best way for me to serve you is to send, herewith, copies of two letters which you may incorporate into your work. . . .

Sincerely,

JOHN W. WILLIS.

Dear Judge Willis:

I received the papers you very kindly sent me this morning. . . . You must think me very negligent in acknowledging the Rosary and Catholic papers. I appreciate the attention you have shown me, although my ideas on the subject remain unchanged.

To be truthful, the more I look into it, the less it appeals to me. . . .

Affectionately yours,

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MISSOURI,

November 28, 1812.

My Dear _____

I assure you that the receipt of your cordial and interesting letter conveyed to me a distinctive pleasure. . . . None of us will stay here long, and then, what? We shall then be fully alive and shall exist forever, but in a new environment. . . . Contemplating an eternal existence and realizing that a Creator who has planned its manifold beauties and advantages must be, in Himself, all that should inspire love and reverence, every true Christian feels irresistibly impelled to conform with the Will and glorious Purpose of the Creator. . . . He has not made two or more revelations, but, simply, one. That revelation, intended as the supreme guide of mankind and womankind, has been made through the work of the seer and prophet, through the work of divinely inspired record-makers and, lastly, by the Creator, Himself, who, descending to this very world of ours, merged Himself into a human form, at the same time assuming the earthly title, Christ, the Anointed. He founded a society to perpetuate His Incarnation and His work. He called that society "The Church." Exercising a power and au-

thority which feeble humanity can neither deny nor withstand, He declared that The Church was to be His Body and that He was the Head of that body, that The Church was a living body and that The Church would never fail.

Now, unless we are blasphemous and assert that Christ's word has failed, then we must admit that He has been present with His Church at every moment since the day of His crucifixion and is still present with that great, that incomparable society. The incarnate Creator founded only one Church. He founded only one system of teaching. He founded only one Philosophy.

There is only one institution that existed among the people of our race — the Caucasian — at the commencement of the Christian Era, that still exists. There is no merely human government, no system of human law, no corporation that existed in the days of Cæsar Augustus that has not since perished.

Without a break in her continuity, The Church has remained intact from the hour of Christ's Ascension until the present hour. Her course began among the hills and valleys of Palestine. The Apostles — Peter at their head — transferred her central seat of teaching and authority to the City of Rome and there it still remains, august, serene, imperishable. The Church preserved all the learning, all the civilization, and all the art of classic times when barbarism overwhelmed Europe. She

converted the barbarians to the Faith of Christ. She founded all the great universities of the Eastern Hemisphere. She covered all the countries of Europe with stately and beautiful structures which are still, and ever shall be, the models for architects and builders. Under her inspiration, Art glorified Europe and the light reflected therefrom sheds its radiance over America.

Maintaining unflinchingly what Holy Scripture calls "The Faith once delivered to the Saints," she has survived many and various hostile assaults and her adherents constitute a majority of all professing Christians.

Even though we should have the hardihood to minimize the force of Christ's sayings, "There shall be One Fold and One Shepherd" and "Lo, I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world," yet we can scarcely assume that the vast majority of Christians are in error or that any one of the different sects among the minority carries the banner and wields the authority of the One True God. The *probability* is that the majority, especially as its organization has extended, without break, from the days of the Apostles to the present time, *is absolutely right*. Providence cannot justly be said to have permitted the majority to go astray; and point is lent to this proposition by the inability of the minority — the non-Catholics — to agree among themselves.

The society which has preserved, in marvellous

manner, its world-wide organization, amid the wreck and disappearance of all other organizations, which still lives and possesses an ever-increasing vitality, is The Holy Catholic Church, often called The Roman Catholic Church. This latter name has deep significance. Its meaning is that The Church is "Roman as to the centre and Catholic (universal or all-embracing) as to circumference."

The Catholic Church may not appeal to all. To some art is meaningless, poetry uninteresting. Some persons are unresponsive to the dramas of Shakespeare, to the poems of Dante and Milton. To many the beauties of nature are never revealed. To quote Wordsworth:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

I was, once upon a time, outside The One True Fold. I was a non-Catholic. Divine Providence led me to search the Holy Scriptures and in prayer and meditation upon life here and life eternal to seek the Truth. My prayers were answered. I was led out of darkness by the "Kindly Light." Now that I stand under the sun-lit dome of Divine Truth, I am conscious of breathing a new and vital air spiritual, conscious of a larger hope, of the coming of everlasting peace.

This is the reason for trying, in my humble way, to direct your attention to the faith which, happily

for him, is the faith to which —— adheres and upon which he, his foster-mother and I base our hopes of eternal salvation.

With assurances of regard, I have the honor to remain,

Sincerely,

JOHN W. WILLIS.

ROBERT FRANCIS WILSON,

RANELAGH, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

From the City of the Seven Hills the vistas are many, and most are fair beyond all human word or thought, for are they not closed by flashing glimpses of the glory of the heavenly Kingdom? But there is one avenue barred to the true convert. It is that road which leads away from Rome back into the quagmires of Protestantism and Agnosticism over which still hang the mist and chilling fog from which he emerged into the light and heat that flood the holy places on the hills. It is literally true that in the cases of all the converts I have intimately known a shudder of real horror would pass over them at the very thought of abandoning the City of Peace for that which was once their home. For myself I can only say that, travelling much, and alone, it would, at least a dozen times in my life, have been quite easy to have reverted to Anglicanism had I the slightest misgiving as to the wisdom or rightness of the step I had taken when I became a Catholic. So much for the idea that one may be disillusioned with Catholicism but may not have the moral courage to break away. But a non-Catholic friend may say that this is only speaking in general

terms, and after all, it would really help him more to tell him what I found in Catholicism which makes it impossible that I should ever regret having embraced it. A certain amount of egotism is inevitable in these papers and it will be forgiven if I state at the outset that I have lived in many countries, and under varying conditions, have mixed with men of all classes, of almost all nationalities, and of all shades of religious belief, and this may give me a right to be heard to which otherwise I would have no claim.

Upon becoming a Catholic the first thing which struck me was the extraordinary sense of intellectual freedom which the change gave me. My whole mental horizon became widened, and many events of history and movements of human thought had a light thrown upon them which revealed a purpose and relation hitherto unnoticed. In a word, they got an explanation. A certain mental bigotry or obscurantism entirely disappeared. In Protestantism one seemed like a child who had been taught by some mischievous imp that two and two made five, and whose poor little head was therefore perpetually worried because its sums came out wrong. In Catholicism one is taught that two and two make four, and therefore the sums come out right. This may help to explain the intellectual freedom. In Anglicanism one was continually held up in most interesting discussions because it was instinctively felt by every one present that if conducted on the

same lines they must, by an inevitable logic, lead to the adoption of the Roman position. Even when this was not the case, how often have we known, when conversing about religious subjects, or even reading about them, that the Catholic view of the matter was absolutely ignored. I appeal to any Protestant or High Church Anglican reader to ask himself how often at Bible Classes, for instance, he has known the discussion to be cleverly headed off, or shall we say "side tracked," because it was running on Roman lines. Well, how can truth be arrived at by such methods? In Catholic seminaries anything and everything is discussed. In fact, in certain methods of dispute practiced every working day of the year it is the bounden duty of the student deputed as opponent to bring forward every objection he can think of to the thesis stated by the opener. And it does not matter whether the argument is Protestant or Agnostic, it must be propounded and refuted. Surely this is how truth is really defended. Hence, again, the intellectual freedom of Catholics.

Then in literature and art I found among High Church Anglicans an incredible narrowness. It was considered not quite proper to read anything not written by "Catholics." Even Browning and Tennyson were not cultivated as much as they might be, as they were not "Catholics." I remember that it came upon me as somewhat of a shock to find that a poem of Milton's found a place in the curric-

ulum of a Catholic College. Of course, as a Catholic, I saw that if a boy was allowed to study Homer, Virgil, Plato, Cicero, Sophocles and other Classical Pagan writers, there was certainly no reason whatever why he should not study Milton. For, unorthodox though he may have been, at least Milton was nearer Christianity than Homer or Virgil. The same great contrast was observable in the study of history and philosophy, but I have already emphasized the point sufficiently and pass to the second phenomenon of Catholic life which struck me as soon as I came into contact with it. It was how entirely Catholic priests were unlike the Protestant idea and description of them. I was taught to think them crafty, designing, underhanded, hypocritical. Instead of this I found them the most unaffected class of men in the world. I found them natural, free, open and hearty in their manner, and true in every relation of life. In all my experience I think I only met one priest whom I could describe as morose, and he was in ill health. In the pulpit it was the same. They spoke in a natural tone, not with that "pulpit voice" so much affected by Ritualistic clergymen. Why this openness and sincerity of manner in crafty, designing men? One or two might deceive one for a time, but not the hundreds one met in different countries and lived with long enough to know intimately. Surely no man who thinks seriously at all can resist the obvious conclusion that Catholic priests are sincere,

open, honest, frank because they are Catholic priests, and for no other reason. This point brings me to another in connection with the priesthood. I found no people really less "priest-ridden" than Catholics. In fact, the use of the word is one of the things which invariably raises a smile at Catholic gatherings. The intercourse of a Catholic with a priest is far more frank and open than that between the member of any Protestant body and his minister, and this is true of the humblest peasant as well as of the proudest king. Have we not known, too, in Ireland how the merry gathering might jest with "Father Tom" or "Father Pat," and yet, when it came to a matter of his sacerdotal dignity or function how his sacred office was at once recognized and his person enshrined from any suspicion of disrespect.

Then to pass from priest to people. If it is asked, plainly and straightly,—After all, if Catholics are no better than other people, what good is their religion? Have you found them better? I answer with equal plainness,—Yes. It is a favorite trick with Protestant controversialists to contrast the evil lives of certain classes of nominal Catholics with respectable members of their own body. But a little examination shows the unfairness of this. Comparing class for class in the different populations, I have found Catholics invariably the better people. Perhaps more than anything else in the lives of Catholics what struck me was their patience

and submission in grief and trial. Their absolute resignation to the Divine Will under the severest strain, as contrasted with the petulance, willfulness and rebellion, in some cases almost amounting to blasphemy, of those outside the fold, could not but convince one of the entire reality of their faith in Divine Providence. This was true especially of the poorer classes. But another and very important matter to which I must bear most emphatic testimony is this. Among non-Catholic young men, whether brought up as members of the Church of England, or as Agnostics, there is little or no sense, now-a-days, of personal purity.³ This is true of the very highest classes as well as of the lowest. Even among well-bred, high-born young Englishmen sins against chastity are condoned easily and indeed taken as a matter of course. But among Catholic young men of similar rank in society this is not so. Though the experience of the latter in life may have placed them in similar circumstances to their non-Catholic companions, yet their view of the heinousness of this particular sin was entirely different. And so one has found that an accusation which a young Irish gentleman, for instance, would regard as a mortal offense, a young Englishman would look upon almost as a compliment. This is very plain, hard speaking, but I must repeat that I write with a good deal of experience obtained from travel and actual contact with facts.

So far indeed what I have said has been about

others — my fellow-Catholics. But again an Anglican friend may ask: What has Catholicism done for yourself personally which makes it so entirely impossible that you should ever abandon it? Of course a full answer to such a question might be thought too intimate for such a paper as this. But at least the outlines may be given. First, then, Catholicism encourages *reality* in the individual. If there is one vice from which Catholicism is more free than any other religious system it is the vice of hypocrisy. Be real, be yourself, do not pretend or pose, this is the lesson. The confessional almost inevitably brings this about. You must be in earnest, you must be true there or you get no absolution. From this fact arises sometimes a strange result. Faults are discovered in converts which were unsuspected before, or may we not rather say conventions are disregarded by them which were observed before? So much of the religion of Protestantism consists in respectability that the true motives of conduct are lost sight of altogether. The supreme question as to whether an action is right or wrong in itself is not considered. And so it happens with many Protestants that acts refrained from in public are done furtively, with a decided ultimate weakening of the moral stamina.

Then what sincere convert has not found very quickly how a searching, purifying process begins in his life. The weak points are discovered one by one. The first real hour of prayer, the first well-

made meditation show one something of one's own meanness and most ignoble failing. The fight may be long and bitter, the failures may be many, but as he responds to grace and makes use of the Sacraments, the character is strengthened until the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" is reached.

That scandals arise in the Catholic Church is no doubt true, and I cannot deny that more than once I have been in "perils from false brethren." But it should be remembered that the Church, like her Divine Founder, welcomes all. The worse men are, the more they need her care. And as the standard which she sets is not that of a mere outward respectability, but a thorough change of heart, is it any wonder that many fail when her test is applied?

Again it is entirely forgotten by her slanderers that she does not reform men by a sort of magic. The coöperation of the human will is necessary, and that will has a bias towards evil. The wonder, indeed, is — not that the Church has failed in this or that case, but that she has accomplished so much. Almighty God will not force the submission of any creature He has made, and we cannot expect His Church to do what He will not do. Judged by her best products Catholicism is supremely triumphant when compared with any Protestant form of faith, no matter how closely the Catholic ideals may be copied, as in the case of High Church Anglicanism.

But the Catholic Church can stand a severer test than this, for, in the case of individuals and even populations which are semi-Catholic or nominally Catholic, there is at least something to work upon and some appeal to make. The fair test, of course, of any religious system is what it does with those who respond most loyally to its teaching. The Catholic Church points to her saints and challenges the world.

Before I became a Catholic I had been told that Romanism only attracted people of a certain temperament, that, in fact, the whole thing was a matter of temperament. But inside the Church I found people of every temperament, and these not only among born Catholics but among converts. And for the spiritual benefit of these what abundant provision was made. For laymen and women the numerous sodalities and confraternities, and the Third Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic. Then, among the religious orders, what a variety of vocations were fostered and matured! Yet among all this wonderful variety what an even more wonderful unity; Oratorian, Jesuit, Franciscan, Dominican, Benedictine, Carthusian, all believing the same great doctrines — all acknowledging the one supreme head! In the Catholic Church I found the apostolic ideal of a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit; I found the great fundamental laws of humility and obedience, and upon these the great edifice of her sanctity was raised.

But more than anything else in the Catholic Church which makes it the true home of the human soul is the abiding sacramental presence of Our Lord. How can tongue or pen describe what this means to a Catholic? It is this which makes the supreme, the crucial difference between the religious systems. How often has one noticed the terrible chill and blank that are felt in a non-Catholic church. It does not matter how beautiful the interior decoration of such a building may be, there comes the impression, amounting sometimes to a sense of physical pain, that some One is absent.

On the other hand, one may visit a Catholic Church which, as far as architecture is concerned, may be little better than a whitewashed barn, yet as soon as we enter we feel that the Divine Guest is there. I had thought that this impression might be merely imaginative and confined to converts, but I found that born Catholics got exactly the same sensation of chill and drear abandonment when visiting non-Catholic places of worship. One is as certain of this difference as of that between the day and the night, or of that between the caressing warmth of Southern climes, and the cold gray of a snow-bound winter. How can all this be explained by non-Catholics? They can explain it no more than they can explain the miracles of Lourdes. There is only one explanation and that is the Catholic one.

To pursue this matter further. How often be-

fore Holy Communion have we felt dry and even indevout, and come away strengthened and refreshed for the constant battle waged against the world, the flesh and the devil.

And after all is it not fitting that this should be the supreme reason for remaining a Catholic? To have the high privilege of access to the hidden God, to be near Him, to know His Presence and His power, these are the things that keep us Catholics. One five minutes in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament, is more to us than all the years of honours of Anglicanism or any other non-Catholic system. And so we cannot choose but stay.

To conclude. It has often seemed to me that the position of a convert in the Catholic Church is very much like that of a child of noble birth stolen by gipsies when very young. For a few years they keep him and in their own rough way they are kind to him, and he responds to whatever affection they may show him. But all the time his heart is hungry for his true mother and his true home. An unerring instinct tells him all is not right. At length he is discovered. With great joy he is restored to his ancestral house. He wanders through its long corridors, through its great hall where hang the portraits of many heroes of his line. He visits the library where are thousands of volumes of great age and great price, the products of ripened thought and the choicest literary art. From room to room he strays, and his wonder grows. He finds at last the Chapel

where the prayers of the household have ascended unbrokenly for centuries, through days of persecution and prosperity alike, and in this shrine of high tradition he kneels in humblest gratitude and adoration. To the other children of the house all these things are matters of course and they wonder sometimes at the enthusiastic zest of his enjoyment. But the thought that all these things are his also overpowers him while it uplifts.

So it is with the convert. The years pass and the wonder and the beauty grow. No thought can exhaust the treasure of the Church's wisdom, no demand can find her help unready. Each Mass brings its own gift and its own message. At one's side in joy and sorrow, in sickness and in health, in affluence or poverty, in failure or success, in life and in death, day by day, unfailing stands the Church that so, "beyond the Road to Rome," the feet of the pilgrim may still be set towards the gate of that other City, the goal of our desire, and fair beyond our dream and hope.

THE EDITOR.

Literature, taken in its different aspects, is many sided. Collectively it is a great teacher, while approached from one side or another it appeals to different minds. History, philosophy, poetry, fiction, the ideal and the realistic, each attracts certain temperaments, while the tendency, in some cases, is to narrow the view, if too much time and attention is given to one line of thought to the exclusion of the others. Hence the man who from choice, necessity, or habit, devotes his pen to one form of literature only, is usually supposed to have no ideas or tastes or talents beyond his particular field.

This is the prologue, or perhaps apology, for the statement that I have been accused by non-Catholics of being an idealist. It is said that this is shown plainly in my writings, and that therefore, as an idealist, I view the Church, and the convert's road to Rome, through such rose colored spectacles that I can see in the convert's life no element of trial, in the Church, through her human side, no flaw.

I shall endeavor in these pages to show that if I am an idealist it is not because I do not know the seamy side of life, for I do; not because I am not well acquainted with the stumbling blocks which a convert meets both before and after he becomes

a Catholic, for I know them very well; therefore I shall try to enumerate, as far as I am able, what the real essential explanation is of these perplexing questions that confront the convert in his relations to the old and the new.

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The first few weeks of the convert's life after his reception, when the heart and soul are full of brightness and thanksgiving, has in it something of the intoxicating joyousness of the first weeks of a happy wedded life. He is past the waiting time, and all the difficulties of the way; he rejoices to think he is at last a Catholic, and in his soul there is the grace of the neophyte. It is very fair—this dream city that he has reached. He needs now, as all converts need, the Gospel of encouragement; he should find it in friends and books and in his environment; but no life, except the life in Heaven, will ever be without trial, and to the convert, as he progresses on the road beyond, there will surely come stumbling blocks and difficulties even in spite of his glorious heritage. To meet them and understand them and analyze them he needs the clear eye of truth joined to an unflinching faith. Happy will be the convert who, in this spirit, takes what comes to him, for then he can rise triumphant above the criticisms of non-Catholic friends, and his own individual temptations.

Perhaps this condition is more strikingly illustrated in the life of the man or woman who has left

the Anglican communion to become a Catholic than in any other. On his journey along the road to Rome the questions he has met with are no greater than those encountered by converts from other religions; but they are far more subtle. If he is a High Churchman his friends talk about their church services in a way almost identical with the Catholic manner of speaking of public worship. When he has at last crossed the Rubicon and started on the road beyond, he is, as a rule, free from any aggressive attempts to make him turn back; but the conditions he now encounters are of a different kind. His friends worry if the church he attends is not up to the standard of aesthetic good taste that marks their own. Every bit of Roman news in the newspapers is brought to him to read, and he is asked what he thinks of it, especially if the issue as to the right or wrong of the matter is in doubt; if he replies — which is the best answer he can always give — that he will wait till he sees what his own church papers have to say on the subject, he is looked upon as quite Roman crazy, and incapable of forming his own opinions. In fact, he is assailed on every side with comments and questions about things that are absolutely apart from truth.

And here I strike at the root of the difference between Catholic and Anglican belief. In the *Life of Mother Theodosia Drane*, edited by Father Bertram Wilberforce, she says some remarkable things about the difference between the Beautiful and the

True. And the whole question between the Catholic church on the one hand, and High Church Anglicanism on the other, rests on that. In this country the Episcopal church stands for refinement, culture, and the educated class. She has all that attracts the eye and taste; joined — among thousands of her members — to a religious spirit and sincere devotion.

The Catholic church, on the other hand, is crowded with the poor. Her churches, except in the large cities, are small and plain (quite often without any claim to the beauty of architecture or decoration that marks the Catholic churches and Cathedrals of Europe, and the English Cathedrals that were built in pre-Reformation times). She has been struggling to build these churches, usually with little money — to minister to her rapidly increasing population — to foster vocations — a crying need of the day — and to meet and solve the thousand and one questions with which she is constantly confronted. Many of these things make hard conditions, for the convert, unaccustomed to the democracy of the Catholic church.

To sum up, then, the situation between the Catholic and the Anglican churches, as it appears to me: In the former the faults, or disadvantages, are all on the surface, easily seen, and because seen, known to have nothing to do with the church's doctrine or faith. In the latter, however, the faults are not on the surface, they are not visible to the eye or senses,

and hence her members rest in a false security and peace. It is only when an especial call to which they respond, is vouchsafed to them, that they can see that the Anglican church is weak in those things which have to do with the very fundamental basis on which she stands — in a word, she is heretical and schismatical. But this is out of sight for the average man, or else he has been taught, and believes, an entirely false theory about it.

In chapter the eighth, page 151, of Monsignor Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," he has some reflections on this same subject. He says that "judging from an experience of nine years as an Anglican clergyman, and eight years as a Catholic priest, there are defects in both the Catholic and the Anglican communions; that in the case of the Anglican these defects are vital and radical, since they are flaws in what ought to be divinely intact — flaws, that is to say, in such things as the certitude of faith, the unity of believers, and the authority of those who should be teachers in the name of God; and that in the case of the Catholic church the flaws are merely those of flawed humanity, inseparable from the state of imperfection in which all men are placed. The flaws of Anglicanism, and indeed in Protestantism generally, are evidences that the system is not divine; the flaws in the Catholic system show no more than that it has a human side as well as a divine, and this no Catholic has ever dreamed of denying."

To the convert, who looks on with unbiased vision, the meaning of it all is clear. Therefore let him not be disturbed if his Anglican friends ask him useless questions, as some one once asked me, with a pitying smile, how I liked a poor little representation of the Grotto of Lourdes, in my parish church; for such questions are beside the way.

If our churches are often poor, at least we never do the queer things that are done in some Anglican places of worship. Let me explain.

In 1911, during a trip to Europe, I came to Canterbury, and the first thing I did was to visit its glorious cathedral. This building, with its Catholic memories of the martyred St. Thomas à Becket, of St. Anselm, the Black Prince, Prior Henry d'Estria, Cardinals Bradwardine and Pole, the saintly Isabel, Countess of Atholl, and a long line of prelates and laymen, who were loyal to the church, is now in the hands of the church of England, and because of that it has a tale to tell.

Down in the lofty crypt there is a small chapel, where for over three hundred years a French Protestant service has been held every Sunday for the descendants of Walloon and Huguenot refugees of the Reformation period; an original grant of Queen Elizabeth. The Very Reverend Dr. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon, in a little book of which he is the author, says: "The continuance of a Presbyterian service in an Anglican cathedral for more than three centuries is a special and honorable feature of

Canterbury.¹ Comment is almost unnecessary, but I venture to ask, what do High Church Anglicans think of such a practice? And, further—in what Catholic church or cathedral in the world would a Bishop or Priest allow any part of his edifice to be used for a schismatical and heretical form of worship?

Let us then be glad that we have leaped over the barrier that separates the Beautiful from the True; and because in so doing we see with a clearer vision, we look to the faith and devotion and prayer that erects our churches; and we care very little whether that edifice is a glorious cathedral, a small wooden chapel, or a room in an attic; for in each and all the One Saving Sacrifice is offered, from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, by priests who are priests forever, according to the order of Melchisedech.

¹ Canterbury Cathedral published by Isbister and Co., Ltd., of London (1897), page 41.

THE END

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